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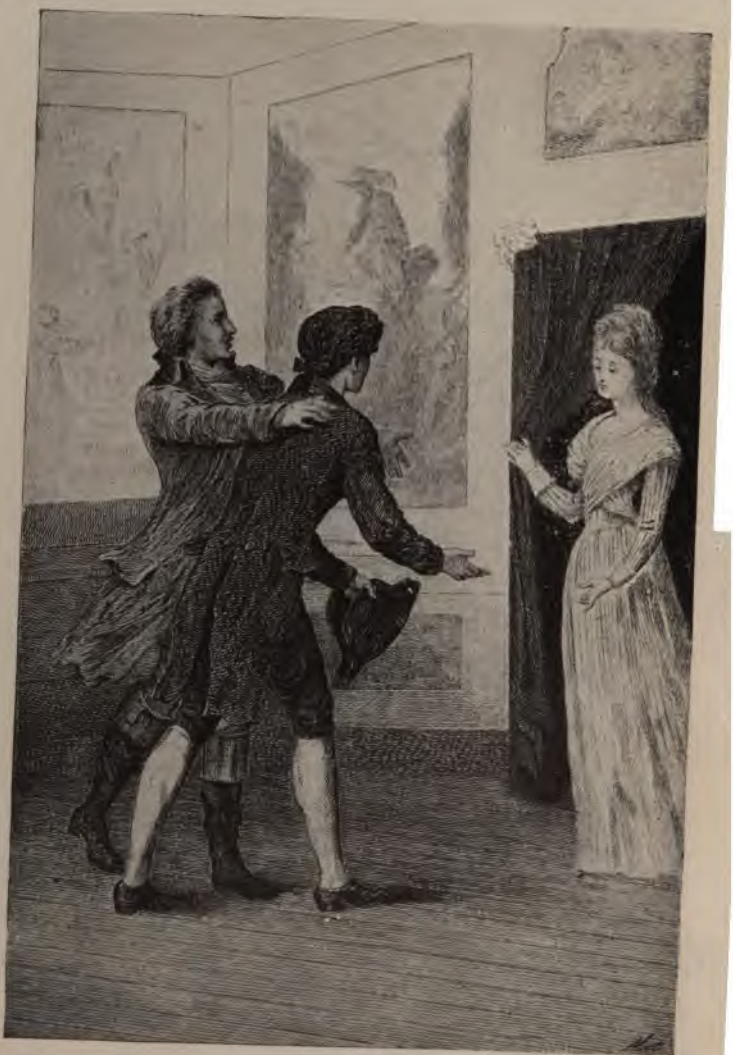

"Maurice advanced toward her, smiling."

THE ROMANCES OF

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

THE CHEVALIER DE MAISON ROUGE

Volume One

The Marie Antoinette Romances

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

The "Chevalier de Maison-Rouge," though it deals with events subsequent to those covered by the earlier stories of the Marie Antoinette cycle, was written at an earlier date. In it we are introduced to a new set of personages, and see no more of the characters whose fortunes furnish the fictitious as distinguished from the historical interest of the earlier stories.

The months which elapsed between the execution of the King and the appearance in the Place de la Révolution of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette were thickly strewn with tragedy, particularly after the final conflict between the Gironde and the Mountain, and the decisive victory of the latter, resulting in the undisputed supremacy of the band of men in whom we now see the personification of the Reign of Terror.

Those portions of the narrative which describe the life of the queen at the Temple, and subse-

quently in the Conciergerie, are founded strictly upon fact. Of the treatment accorded to the little Dauphin by Simon, who is given much prominence in the story, it need only be said that it falls far short of the truth as it is to be found in numberless memoirs and documents. There is nothing in all history more touching and heartrending than the fate of this innocent child, who was literally done to death by sheer brutality in less than two years; nor is there any one of the excesses committed by the extreme revolutionists which has done more to cause posterity to fail to realize the vast benefits which mankind owes to the Revolution, in the face of the unnamable horrors which were perpetrated in its name.

The noble answer of Marie Antoinette to the unnatural charges brought against her by Hébert (not Simon) was actually made at her trial.

There is no direct historical authority for the various attempts herein detailed to effect the escape of the Queen, although rumors of such were circulating unceasingly. The titular hero of the book is not an historical personage, nor are Maurice Lindey and Lorin; but the latter are faithful representatives of a by no means small class of sincere and devoted republicans who turned aside

with shrinking horror from the atrocities of the Terror.

The mutual heroism of Maurice and Lorin in the final catastrophe reminds us of the similar conduct of Gaston in the "Regent's Daughter" when he fails to reach Nantes with the reprieve until the head of one of his comrades had fallen. Nor can one avoid a thought of Sydney Carton laying down his life for Charles Darnay, in Charles Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," wherein the horrors of the Terror are so vividly pictured.

One must go far to seek for a more touching and pathetic love-episode than that of Maurice and Geneviève, whose sinning, if sinning it was, was forced upon them by the cold and unscrupulous Dixmer in the pursuit of his one unchangeable idea.

On the 16th of October, 1793, the daughter of the Cæsars lost her life through the instrumentality of the machine which we saw Cagliostro exhibit to her in a glass of water at the Château de Taverney more than twenty years before. Then she was in the bloom of youth and beauty, a young queen coming to reign over a people who had just begun to realize their wrongs and their power. To-day she is a woman of thirty-eight, prema-

turely aged, but bearing about her still the noble dignity of her ancient race, and proving anew, as Charles I. had proved, and as her own husband had proved, that the near approach of death brings forth the noblest qualities in those of royal lineage.

We cannot better end this brief note than by quoting the characteristic but powerful apostrophe of Carlyle in his essay upon the "Diamond Necklace."

"Beautiful Highborn, thou wert so foully hurled low! For if thy being came to thee out of old Hapsburg dynasties, came it not also (like my own) out of Heaven? *Sunt lachrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.* Oh, is there a man's heart that thinks without pity of those long months and years of slow-wasting ignominy: of thy birth, soft-cradled in imperial Schönbrunn, the winds of Heaven not to visit thy face too roughly, thy foot to light on softness, thy eye on splendor: and then of thy death, or hundred deaths, to which the guillotine and Fouquier-Tinville's judgment bar was but the merciful end? Look *there*, O man born of woman! The bloom of that fair face is wasted, the hair is gray with care: the brightness of those eyes is quenched, their lids hang drooping, the face is

stony pale, as of one living in death. Mean weeds, which her own hand has mended, attire the Queen of the World. The death-hurdle, where thou sittest pale, motionless, which only curses environ, has to stop; a people, drunk with vengeance, will drink it again in full draught, looking at thee there. Far as the eye reaches, a multitudinous sea of maniac heads: the air deaf with their triumph yell! The living-dead must shudder with yet one other pang: her startled blood yet again suffuses with the hue of agony that pale face which she hides with her hands. There is, then, no heart to say, God pity thee? O think not of these: think of HIM whom thou worshippest, the Crucified, — who also treading the wine-press *alone*, fronted sorrow still deeper: and triumphed over it, and made it holy: and built of it a Sanctuary of Sorrow for thee and all the wretched! Thy path of thorns is nigh ended. One long last look at the Tuileries, where thy step was once so light, — where thy children shall not dwell. The head is on the block: the axe rushes — Dumb lies the World: that wild-yelling World and all its madness is behind thee."

LIST OF CHARACTERS.

Period, 1793.

MARIE ANTOINETTE, THE DAUPHIN, MADAME ROYALE, THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH, — prisoners at the Temple.

CHEVALIER DE MAISON-ROUGE, M. DIXMER, GENEVIÈVE, his wife, SOPHIE TISON, — engaged in an attempt to rescue the Queen.

LIEUTENANT MAURICE LINDEY, a patriot, in love with Geneviève.

MAXIMILIEN-JEAN LORIN, his friend.

SANTERRE, Commandant of the Parisian National Guard.

SIMON, a cobbler.

PRESIDENT HARMAND, of the Revolutionary Tribunal.

FOUQUIER-TINVILLE, the public accuser.

M. GIRAUD, the city architect.

CHAUVEAU LAGARDE, counsel for the Queen.

JEAN PAUL MAROT, ROBESPIERRE, DANTON, CHÉNIER, HÉBERT, FABRE D'ÉGLANTINE, COLLOT D'HERBOIS, ROBERT LINDET, — Montagnards.

MM. VERGNIAUD, FERAUD, BRISSOT, LOUVET, PÉTION, VALAZÉ, LANJUINAIS, BARBAROUX, } Girondins.

MM. ROLAND, SERVIEN, CLAVIÈRES, LE BRUN, and MONGE, } of the French Ministry, August, 1793.

GENERALS DUMOURIEZ, MIACRINSKI, STEINGEL, NEUILLY, VALENCE, DAMPIERRE, and MIRANDA, } officers commanding the French armies on the frontiers.

HENRIOT, Commandant-General of the National Guard.

CITIZEN DEVAUX, of the National Guard.

CITIZENS TONLAN, LEPITRE, AGRICOLA, and MERCEVAULT, } of the Municipal Guard.

GRAMMONT, Adjutant-Major.

TISON, employed at the Temple Prison.

MADAME TISON, his wife.

ARTHÉMISE, ex-dancer at the opera.

ABBÉ GIRARD.

DAME JACINTHE, his servant.

TURGY, an old waiter of Louis XVI., attending the royal family at the Temple.

MUGUET, *femme-de-chambre* of Dixmer.

MADAME PLUMEAU, hostess of an alehouse near the Temple.

AGESILAUS, servant to Maurice Lindey.

ARISTIDE, concierge at Maurice's house.

GRACCHUS, a turnkey at the Conciergerie.

RICHARD, jailer at the Conciergerie.

MADAME RICHARD, his wife.

DUCHESSE, GILBERT, } Gendarmes at the Conciergerie.

SANSON, the executioner.

LE

CHEVALIER DE MAISON-ROUGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE ENROLLED VOLUNTEERS.

It was on the evening of the 10th of March, 1793, ten o'clock was striking from Notre Dame, and each stroke sounding, emitted a sad and monotonous vibration. Night had fallen on Paris, not boisterous and stormy, but cold, damp, and foggy. Paris itself at that time was not the Paris of our day, glittering at night with thousands of reflected lights, — the Paris of busy promenades, of lively chat, with its riotous suburbs, the scene of audacious quarrels, and daring crime, — but a fearful, timid, busy city, whose few and scattered inhabitants, even in crossing from one street to another, ran concealing themselves in the darkness of the alleys, and ensconcing themselves behind their portes-cochères, like wild beasts tracked by the hunters to their lair.

As we have previously said, it was the evening of the 10th of March,1793. A few remarks upon the critical situation of the country, which had produced the changed aspect of the capital, before we commence stating the events the recital of which form the subject of this history.

France, by the death of Louis XVI., had become at variance with all Europe. To the three enemies she had first combated, — that is to say, Prussia, the Empire, and Piedmont, — were now joined England, Holland, and Spain. Sweden and Denmark alone preserved their old neutrality, occupied as they were besides in beholding Catharine II. devastating Poland.

The state of affairs was truly frightful. France, more respected as a physical power, but less esteemed as a moral one, since the massacres of September and the execution of the 21st of January, was literally blockaded, like a simple town, by the whole of Europe. England was on our coasts, Spain upon the Pyrenees, Piedmont and Austria on the Alps, Holland and Prussia to the north of the Pays-Bas, and with one accord from the Upper Rhine to the Scheldt two hundred and fifty thousand combatants marched against the Republic. Our generals were repulsed in every direction. Miaczinski had been obliged to abandon Aix-la-Chapelle, and draw back upon Liege ; Steingel and Neuilly were driven back upon Limbourg ; while Miranda, who besieged Maestricht, fell back upon Tongres. Valence and Dampierre, reduced to beat a retreat, did so with a loss of half their number. More than ten thousand deserters had already abandoned the army, and cleverly scattered themselves in the interior. At last the Convention, having no hope except in Dumouriez, despatched courier after courier, commanding him to quit the borders of the Biesboos (where he was preparing to embark for Holland), and return to take the command of the army of the Meuse.

Sensitive at heart, like an animate body, France felt at Paris — that is to say, at its core — each and every blow levelled at it by invasion, revolt, or treason, even from quarters the most distant. Each victory was

a riot of joy; every defeat an insurrection of terror. It is therefore easy to comprehend what tumult was produced by the news of these successive losses which we had just experienced.

On the preceding evening, the 9th of March, they had had at the Convention a sitting more stormy than usual; all the officers had received orders to join their regiments at the same time, and Danton, that audacious proposer of improbable things (but which nevertheless were accomplished), — Danton mounting the tribune, cried out, "Soldiers are wanting, say you? Offer Paris an opportunity of saving France. Demand from her thirty thousand men, send them to Dumouriez; and not only is France saved, but Belgium is secured, and Holland is conquered." This proposition had been received with shouts of enthusiasm, registers had been opened in all the sections, calling on them to assemble in the evening. Places of public amusement were closed to avoid all distraction, and the black flag was hoisted at the Hôtel de Ville, in token of distress. Before midnight, five and thirty thousand names were inscribed on the registers; only this evening, as it had before occurred in September, in every section, while inscribing their names, the enrolled Volunteers had demanded that before their departure the traitors might be punished.

The traitors were in fact the "contre-revolutionists," — the hidden conspirators who from within menaced the Revolution, thus menaced from without. But as may be easily understood, the word "traitor" extended to all those to whom the extreme parties who at this period tore France wished to apply it. The traitors were the weaker party; as the Girondins were the weakest, the Montagnards decided that the Girondins must be the traitors.

On the next day, which was the 10th of March, all the Montagnard deputies were present at the sitting. The Jacobins, armed, filled the tribunes, after having turned out the women; the mayor presented himself with the Council of the Commune, confirming the report of the Commissioners of the Convention respecting the devotedness of the citizens, but repeating the wish, unanimously expressed the preceding evening, for a Tribunal Extraordinary appointed to judge the traitors. The report of the Committee was instantly demanded with loud vociferations. The Committee met immediately, and in five minutes afterward Robert Lindet declared that a Tribunal would be formed, composed of nine judges (independent of all forms, and acquiring proof by every means), divided into two permanent sections, and prosecuting, by order of the Convention or directly, all those who were found guilty in any way of attempting to mislead the people.

This was a sweeping clause, and the Girondins, understanding it as their death-warrant, rose *en masse*. Death, cried they, rather than submit to the establishment of this Venetian inquisition.

The Montagnards, in reply to this apostrophe, demanded to put the matter to the vote in loud tones. "Yes," exclaimed Féraud, "let us vote to make known to the world the men who are willing to assassinate innocence under the mask of the law." They voted at length; and against all expectation the majority decided — (1) that they would have juries; (2) that these juries should be of equal numbers in the departments; (3) that they should be nominated by the Convention. At the moment when these three propositions were approved, loud cries were heard; but the Convention, accustomed to receive occasional visits from the populace, inquired their wishes, and were informed in reply that it was

merely a deputation of enrolled Volunteers, who, having dined at the Halle-au-Blé, demanded to be permitted to display their military tactics before the Convention.

The doors were opened immediately, and six hundred men, armed with swords, pistols, and pikes, apparently half-intoxicated, filed off amid shouts of applause, and loudly demanded the death of the traitors. "Yes," replied Collot d' Herbois, addressing them, "yes, my friends, we will save you — you and liberty — notwithstanding their intrigues." These words were followed by an angry glance toward the Girondins, which plainly intimated they were not yet beyond reach of danger. In short, the sitting of the Convention terminated, the Montagnards scattered themselves among other clubs, running first to the Cordeliers and then to the Jacobins, proposing to place the traitors beyond the reach of the law by cutting their throats that very night.

The wife of Louvet resided in the Rue Saint Honoré, near the Jacobins. She, hearing these vociferations, descended, entered the club, and heard this proposition; then quickly retraced her steps, and warned her husband of the impending danger. Louvet, hastily arming himself, ran from door to door to alarm his friends, but found them all absent; then fortunately ascertaining from one of the servants they had gone to Pétion's house, he followed them there. He found them quietly deliberating over a decree which ought to be presented on the morrow, and which by a chance majority they hoped to pass. He related what had occurred, communicated his fears, informed them of the plot devised against them by the Cordeliers and Jacobins, and concluded by urging them on their side to pursue some active and energetic measure.

Then Pétion rose, calm and self-possessed as usual,

walked to the window, opened it, looked at the sky, and then extended his hand, which he drew in covered with moisture. "It rains," said he; "there will be nothing to-night."

Through this half-opened window the last vibration of the clock was heard striking ten.

Such were the occurrences of the 10th of March and the evening preceding it, — occurrences which, in this gloomy obscurity and menacing silence, rendered the abodes destined to shelter the living like sepulchres peopled by the dead. In fact, long patrols of the National Guard, preceded by men marching with fixed bayonets, troops of citizens, armed at hazard, pushing against each other, gendarmes closely examining each doorway, and strictly scrutinizing every narrow alley, — these were the sole inhabitants who ventured to expose themselves in the streets. Every one instinctively understood that some unusual and terrible plot was in progress.

The cold and drizzling rain, which had tended so much to reassure Pétion, had considerably augmented the ill-humor and trouble of these inspectors, whose every meeting resembled preparation for combat, and who, after recognizing each other with looks of defiance, exchanged the word of command slowly and with a very bad grace. One would have said on seeing them separate and return to their several posts, that they mutually feared an attack from behind.

On the same evening, when Paris was a prey to one of these panics (so often renewed that they ought, in some measure, to have become habitual), — the evening on which the massacre of the lukewarm revolutionists was secretly debated, who after having voted (with reservation for the most part) the death of the king, recoiled

to-day before the death of the queen, a prisoner in the Temple, with her children and her sister-in-law, — a woman, enveloped in a mantle of lilac printed cotton with black spots, her head almost buried in her hood, glided along the houses in the Rue Saint Honoré, seeking concealment under a door-porch, or in the angle of a wall, every time a patrol appeared, remaining motionless as a statue and holding her breath till he had passed, and once more pursuing her anxious course with increased rapidity, till some danger of a similar nature again compelled her to seek refuge in silence and immobility.

She had already (thanks to the precautions she had taken) travelled over with impunity part of the Rue Saint Honoré, when at the corner of the Rue de Grenelle she suddenly encountered, not a body of patrol, but a small troop of our brave enrolled Volunteers, who, having dined at the Halle-au-Blé, found their patriotism considerably increased by the numerous toasts they had drunk to their future victories. The poor woman uttered a cry, and made a futile attempt to escape by the Rue du Coq.

"Ah, ah, Citizen!" cried the chief of the Volunteers (for already, with the need of command natural to man, these worthy patriots had elected their chief), "Ah, where are you going?"

The fugitive made no reply, but continued her rapid movement.

"What sport!" said the chief; "it is a man disguised, an aristocrat who thinks to save himself."

The sound of two or three guns escaping from hands rather too unsteady to be depended upon, announced to the poor woman that her haste was a fatal mistake.

"No, no," cried she, stopping short, and retracing her steps; "no, Citizen; you are mistaken. I am not a man."

"Then advance at command," said the chief, "and reply to my questions. Where are you hastening to, charming belle of the night?"

"But, Citizen, I am not going anywhere. I am returning."

"Oh! returning, are you?"

"Yes."

"It is rather a late return for a respectable woman, Citizeness?"

"I am returning from visiting a sick relative."

"Poor little kitten!" said the chief, making a motion with his hand, before which the horrified woman quickly recoiled, "where is your passport?"

"My passport! What is that, Citizen? What do you mean?"

"Have you not read the decree of the Commune?"

"No."

"You have heard it proclaimed, then?"

"Alas, no! What, then, said this decree, in the name of God?"

"In the first place, we no longer say 'God'; we only speak of the 'Supreme Being' now."

"Pardon my error. It is an old custom."

"Bad habit — the habit of the aristocracy."

"I will endeavor to correct myself, Citizen; but you said —"

"I said that the decree of the Commune prohibited any one to go out, after ten at night, without a civic pass. Now, have you this civic pass?"

"Alas! no."

"You have forgotten it at your relative's?"

"I was ignorant of the necessity of taking it with me on going out."

"Then come with us to the first post; there you can

explain all prettily to the captain; and if he feels perfectly satisfied with your explanation, he will depute two men to conduct you in safety to your abode, else you will be detained for further information. File left! forward! quick march!"

From the cry of terror which escaped the poor prisoner, the chief of the enrolled Volunteers understood how much the unfortunate woman dreaded this interview.

"Oh, oh!" said he, "I am quite certain we hold distinguished game. Forward, forward — to the route, my little *ci-devant*."

And the chief seizing the arm of the captive, placed it within his own, and dragged her, notwithstanding her cries and tears, toward the post of the Palais Egalité.

They were already at the top of the barrier of Sergents, when suddenly a tall young man, closely wrapped in a mantle, turned the corner of the Rue des Petits-Champs at the very moment when the prisoner was endeavoring, by renewing her supplications, to regain her liberty. But without listening the chief dragged her brutally forward. The woman uttered a cry of grief mingled with terror. The young man saw the struggle, heard the cry, and bounding from the opposite side of the street, found himself facing the little troop.

"What is all this? What are you doing to this woman?" demanded he of the person who appeared to be the chief.

"Before you question me, you had better attend to your own business."

"Who is this woman; and what do you want with her?" repeated the young man, in a still more imperative tone than at first.

"But who are you, that you interrogate us?"

The young man opened his cloak, when an epaulet was visible, glistening on his military costume.

"I am an officer," said he, "as you can see."

"Officer! In what?"

"In the Civic Guard."

"Well, what of that?" replied one of the troop. "What do we know here of the officers of the Civic Guard?"

"What is that he says?" asked another man, in a drawling and ironical tone peculiar to a man of the people, or rather of the Parisian populace, when beginning to be angry.

"He says," replied the young man, "that if the epaulet cannot command respect for the officer, the sword shall command respect for the epaulet."

At the same time, making a retrograde movement, the unknown defender of the young woman had disengaged his arm from the folds of his mantle, and drawn from beneath it, sparkling by the glimmer of a lamp, a large infantry sabre. Then with a rapid movement which displayed his familiarity with similar scenes of violence, he seized the chief of the Volunteers by the collar of his jacket, and placing the point of the sabre to his throat, "Now," said he, "let us speak like friends."

"But, Citizen," said the chief, endeavoring to free himself.

"I warn you, that at the slightest movement made, either by you or any of your men, I pass my sabre through your body."

During this time two men belonging to the troop retained their hold of the woman.

"You have asked who I am," continued the young man, "which you had no right to do, since you do not command a regular patrol. However, I will inform you. My

name is Maurice Lindey; I commanded a body of artillery-men on the 10th of August, am now lieutenant in the National Guards, and secretary to the section of Brothers and Friends. Is that sufficient?"

"Well, Citizen Lieutenant," replied the chief, still menaced with the blade, the point of which he felt pressing more and more, "this is quite another thing. If you are really what you say, — that is, a good patriot —"

"There, I knew we should soon understand each other," said the officer. "Now, in your turn, answer me: why did this woman call out, and what are you doing with her?"

"We are taking her to the guard-house."

"And why are you taking her there?"

"Because she has no civic pass, and the last decree of the Commune ordered the arrest of any and every individual appearing in the streets of Paris without one, after ten o'clock at night. Do you forget the country is in danger, and that the black flag floats over the Hôtel de Ville?"

"The black flag floats over the Hôtel de Ville, and the country is in danger, because two hundred thousand slaves march against France," replied the officer, "and not because a woman runs through the streets of Paris after ten o'clock at night. But never mind, citizens. There is a decree of the Commune, it is true, and you only did your duty; and if you had answered me at once, our explanation might have been a much shorter and probably a less stormy one. It is well to be a patriot, but equally so to be polite; and the first officer whom the citizens ought to respect is he, it seems to me, whom they themselves appointed. In the mean time, take the woman with you, if you please. You are at liberty to depart."

"Oh! Citizen," cried the woman, who had listened to

the whole of this debate with the most intense anxiety, — "Oh! Citizen," she cried, seizing the arm of Maurice, "do not abandon me to the mercy of these rude and half-drunken men."

"Well, then," said Maurice, "take my arm, and I will conduct you with them as far as the Poste."

"To the Poste!" exclaimed the terrified woman, "and why to the Poste, when I have injured no one?"

"You are taken to the Poste," replied Maurice, "not because you have done any one wrong, or because you are considered capable of so doing, but on account of the decree issued by the Commune, forbidding any one to go out without a pass, and you have none."

"But, Monsieur, I was ignorant of the law."

"Citizen, you will find at the Poste brave and honorable men, who will fully appreciate your reasons, and from whom you have nothing to fear."

"Monsieur," said the young woman, pressing Maurice's arm, "it is no longer insult that I fear, it is death; if they conduct me to the Poste, I am lost."

CHAPTER II.

THE UNKNOWN.

THERE was in this voice an accent of so much terror, mingled with superiority, that Maurice was startled. Like a stroke of electricity, this vibrating voice had touched his heart. He turned toward the enrolled Volunteers, who were talking among themselves. Humiliated at having been held in check by a single individual, they were now consulting together with the visible intention of regaining their lost ground. They were eight against one; three were armed with guns, the remainder with pistols and pikes. Maurice wore only his sabre. The contest could not be an equal one. Even the woman comprehended this, as she held down her head and uttered a deep sigh.

As to Maurice, with his brows knit, his lip disdainfully curled, and his sabre drawn from its scabbard, he stood irresolute, fluctuating between the sentiments of a man and a citizen, — the one urging him to protect the woman, the other counselling him to give her up. All at once, at the corner of the Rue des Bons-Enfans, he saw the reflection of several muskets, and heard also the measured tread of a patrol, who, perceiving a crowd, halted within a few paces of the group, and through the corporal demanded, "Who goes there?"

"A friend," said Maurice. "A friend! Advance, Lorin!"

He to whom this order was addressed, placed himself at the head of his eight men, and quickly approached.

"Is it you, Maurice?" said the corporal. "Ah, libertine! what are you doing in the streets at this hour?"

"You see, I come from the section of Brothers and Friends."

"Yes; to visit that of sisters and friends. We know all about that.

"Ah, listen, ma belle,
When the dusk midnight hour
The church-bell shall toll,
I will haste to thy bower;
To thy side I will steal,
Spite of bolts and of bars,
And my love will reveal
'Neath the light of the stars.

Is it not so, eh?"

"No, friend, you are mistaken. I was on my way home when I discovered this citizen struggling in the hands of these citizen Volunteers, and ran up to inquire why they wished to detain her."

"It is just like you," said Lorin.

"For all the world knows that the fair sex so dear
Has ever a friend in the French cavalier."

Then turning toward the Volunteers, "Why did you stop this woman?" inquired the poetical corporal.

"I have already told the lieutenant," replied the chief of the little troop, "because she had no pass."

"Bah! bah!" said Lorin, "a great crime, certainly."

"Are you then ignorant of the decree of the Commune?" demanded the chief of the Volunteers.

"Yes; but there is another clause which annuls that."

"Which?"

"Listen: —

"On Pindus and Parnassus, it is decreed by Love,
That Beauty's witching face,
That Youth and fairy Grace,
Without a pass, by day or night, may through the city rove.

What do you say to this decree, Citizen? it is gallant, it seems to me."

"Yes; but it does not appear to me peremptory. In the first place it has not appeared in the 'Moniteur;' then we are neither upon Pindus nor Parnassus; it is not yet day; and lastly, the citizeness is perhaps neither graceful, young, nor fair."

"I wager the contrary," said Lorin. "Prove that I am in the right, Citizeness; remove your hood that all may judge if you come under the conditions of the decree."

"Monsieur," said the young woman, pressing closer to Maurice, "having saved me from your enemies, protect me now from your friends, I beseech you."

"You see," said the chief, "how she hides herself. In my opinion she is a spy of the aristocrats, — some street-walker."

"Oh, Monsieur!" said the young woman, stepping before Maurice, and discovering a face radiant with youth, rank, and beauty, visible by the light of the lamp, "do I look like what they have termed me?"

Maurice was dazzled. He had never even dreamed of beauty equal to that he had caught sight of for a moment, and only for a moment, since the unknown had again concealed her face in the hood as rapidly as she had unveiled it. "Lorin," said Maurice, in a whisper, "claim the prisoner, that you may conduct her to your post; you have a right to do so as chief of patrol."

"Very good," said the young corporal, "I understand with half a word."

Then, addressing himself to the unknown, "Let us go, ma belle," continued he; "since you will not afford us the proof that you are within the conditions of the decree, you must follow us."

"Why follow you?" said the chief of the enrolled Volunteers.

"Certainly. We shall conduct the citizeness to the post of the Hôtel de Ville, where we are on guard, and there she will be examined."

"Not so, not so," said the chief of the first troop; "she belongs to us, and we will keep her."

"Citizens, citizens," said Lorin, "you will make me angry!"

"Angry, or not angry, *morbleu*, it is equally the same to us. We are true soldiers of the Republic, and while you patrol the streets, we go to shed our blood on the frontier."

"Take care you do not shed it by the way, citizens, which is very likely to occur, if you are not rather more polite than you are at present."

"Politeness is a virtue appertaining to the aristocracy, and we belong to the lower orders," replied the chief.

"Do not speak of these things before Madame," said Lorin, "perhaps she is an Englishwoman. Do not be angry at the supposition, my beautiful bird of the night," added he, gallantly, turning toward the unknown. "Doubtless you are conversant with the poets, and one of them tells us 'that England is a swan's nest situated in the midst of a large pond.'"

"Ah! you betray yourself," said the chief of the enrolled; "you avow yourself a creature of Pitt, in the pay of England. A—"

"Silence," said Lorin; "you do not understand poetry; therefore I must speak to you in prose. We are National

Guards, affable and patient fellows enough, but still children of Paris, — that is to say, if we are provoked we strike rather hard."

"Madame," said Maurice, "from what you have now witnessed you can easily imagine what will soon follow. In five minutes ten or twelve men will be cutting one another's throats for you. Is the cause your defenders have embraced worthy of the blood they are about to shed?"

"Monsieur," replied the unknown, clasping her hands, "I can only assure you that if you permit me to be arrested, the result to myself will be dreadful, but to others fatal; and that rather than you should abandon me, I would beseech you to pierce me through the heart with the weapon you hold in your hand, and cast my corpse into the Seine."

"Madame," replied Maurice, "I will take all the responsibility upon myself;" and letting drop the hand of the lovely *incognita* which he held in his own, —

"Citizens," said he, addressing himself to the National Guard, "as an officer, as a patriot, and a Frenchman, I command you to protect this woman. And, Lorin, if any of these *canaille* say one word, put them to the bayonet."

"Carry arms!" cried Lorin.

"God of mercy!" cried the unknown, enveloping her head still closer in her hood, and supporting herself against a post, "O God! protect him!"

The Volunteers directly placed themselves on the defensive, and one among them fired his pistol, the ball passing through the hat of Maurice.

"Charge bayonets!" cried Lorin.

Then, in the darkness of night, a scene of struggling and confusion ensued, during which one or two shots were heard, followed by cries, imprecations, and blasphemies; but no one appeared, because, as we have said,

a massacre was secretly debated, and it was believed that it had commenced. Two or three windows only were opened for an instant, but were immediately closed. Less in number, and worse armed, the enrolled Volunteers were in an instant defeated. Two were badly wounded and four others pinned against the wall, each with a bayonet at his breast.

"There," said Lorin, "I hope now you will remain as quiet as lambs. As for you, Citizen Maurice, I order you to conduct this woman to the post of the Hôtel de Ville. You understand you are answerable for her."

"Yes," said Maurice. Then, in a low tone, "And the password?" added he.

"The devil!" said Lorin, rubbing his ear, "the password; it is —"

"Do not fear I shall make a bad use of it."

"Faith," said Lorin; "make what use you like of it, that is your concern."

"Tell me then," said Maurice.

"I will tell you all in good time, but let us first dispose of these tipsy fellows. Then, before we part, I shall not be sorry to give you a few words of advice."

"Well, I will wait."

Lorin then turned to his National Guards, who still kept the enrolled Volunteers in subjection.

"Now," said he, to the latter, "have you had sufficient?"

"Yes, dog of a Girondin," replied the chief.

"You deceive yourself, my friend," said Lorin, coolly; "we are better sans-culottes than yourselves, seeing that we belong to the club of Thermopyles, of whose patriotism no one, I hope, entertains a doubt. Let these citizens go," continued Lorin, "they resist no longer."

"It is not the less true that if this woman is an object of suspicion —"

"If she was a suspicious character she would have made her escape during this skirmish, and not, as you see she has done, waited till it had terminated."

"Hum!" said one of the Volunteers, "What the Citizen Thermopyle observes is quite true."

"Besides, we shall know, since my friend is going to conduct her to the Poste, while we go and drink to the health of the nation."

"Are we going to drink?" said the chief.

"Certainly, I am very thirsty, and I know a pretty little cabaret at the corner of the Rue Thomas du Louvre."

"Why did you not say so at once, Citizen? We are sorry to have doubted your patriotism; and to prove it, let us, in the name of the nation and the law, embrace each other as friends."

"Let us embrace," said Lorin.

And the enrolled Volunteers and the National Guards embraced with warm enthusiasm. At this period the French people were as anxious to embrace as to behead one another.

"Let us now go," cried the two united troops, "to the corner of the Rue Thomas du Louvre."

"And we," said one of the wounded, in a plaintive voice, "do you intend to abandon us here?"

"Ah, well! yes," said Lorin, "abandon the heroes who have fallen bravely fighting for their country against patriots — it is true by mistake, but still true for all that; we will send you some wheelbarrows. Meanwhile you can sing the Marseillaise, it will divert you."

Then approaching Maurice, who was waiting for him, with the unknown, at the corner of the Rue du Coq, while the National Guards and enrolled Volunteers arm-in-arm retraced their steps toward the square of the Palais-Egalité, —

"Maurice," said he, "I promised you some counsel, and it is this. Be persuaded to accompany us, rather than compromise yourself by protecting this young woman, who, it is true, is very charming, and on that account not the less to be suspected; for charming women who run about the streets of Paris at midnight —"

"Sir," said the young woman, "judge me not from appearances, I implore you."

"In the first place, you say *sir*, and that is a great fault. Do you understand, Citizeness, what I say?"

"Of course I do, Citizen; but allow your friend to accomplish his kind action."

"In what way?"

"By conducting me home, and protecting me on my road."

"Maurice, Maurice," said Lorin, "consider well what you are about; you will compromise yourself terribly."

"I know it well," said the young man; "but what would you have me do? If I leave the poor woman, she will be stopped at every step by the patrols."

"Oh, yes, yes! while with you, sir, — while with you, Citizen, I meant to say, I shall be safe."

"You hear," said Lorin, "safe! She then runs great danger?"

"My dear Lorin," said Maurice, "let us be just. She must be either a good compatriot or an aristocrat. If she is an aristocrat, we have erred in protecting her; if she is a good patriot, it is our duty to preserve her."

"Your pardon, friend; I am sorry for Aristotle, but your logic is at fault. See what he says: —

"Iris my reason steals away,
And yet she tells me to be wise;
Oh, lady! I can only say,
Then turn away those glorious eyes."

"Lorin," said Maurice, "a truce to Dorat, to Parny, and to Gentil-Bernard, I pray you. Speak seriously; will you, or will you not, give me the password?"

"That is to say, Maurice, you place me in this dilemma, — I must either sacrifice my duty to my friend, or my friend to my duty; but I fear, Maurice, my duty will fall the sacrifice."

"Decide, then, for one or the other, my friend; but in the name of Heaven, decide quickly."

"You will not abuse it?"

"I promise you."

"That is not sufficient; swear!"

"Upon what?"

"Swear upon the altar of your country."

Lorin pulled off his hat, presenting to Maurice the side with the cockade, and Maurice, finding the affair very simple, took, without smiling, the oath required upon this improvised altar.

"Now, then," said Lorin, "this is the password — France and Lutèce; perhaps you would say, France and Lucrèce; but let that pass, it is Roman all the same."

"Fair Citizeness," said Maurice, "I am now at your service. Thanks, Lorin."

"*Bon voyage*," cried Lorin, replacing on his head "the altar of his country," and faithful to his Anacreontic taste, departed singing: —

"Eleonora, Eleonora!
Now I 've taught you how to love,
Tell your passionate adorer
Does the lesson weary prove?"

CHAPTER III.

THE RUE DES FOSSES SAINT VICTOR.

MAURICE finding himself alone with the young woman felt for the moment deeply embarrassed. The fear of being duped, attracted by her marvellous beauty, troubled his conscience as a pure and exalted Republican, and caused him to hesitate when about to offer her the support of his arm.

"Where are you going, Citizeness?" said he.

"Alas, sir, a long way from here," replied she.

"But how far?"

"By the side of the Jardin des Plantes."

"It is some distance; let us proceed on our way."

"Ah, sir!" said the unknown; "I plainly perceive I am a burden to you; but indeed it is no ordinary danger that I incur. Were it not so, believe me, I should not abuse your generosity."

"But, Madame," said Maurice, who during this *tête-à-tête* had totally forgotten the language imposed by the Republican vocabulary, and returned to the language of a gentleman, "how is it, in all conscience, that at this hour you are found in the streets of Paris, where, with the exception of ourselves, you do not see a solitary individual?"

"I have told you, sir; I have been paying a visit to the Faubourg du Roule. Leaving home at mid-day, and knowing nothing of what had taken place, I returned in equal ignorance, all my time having been spent in deep retirement."

"Yes," murmured Maurice, "in some retired house, the resort of the aristocrats. Confess, Citizeness, that, while outwardly demanding my protection, you laugh in your sleeve at my egregious folly."

"Why should I act thus?"

"You are aware that a Republican is your guide. Well, this Republican betrays his cause, that is all."

"But, Citizen," quickly rejoined the unknown, "I, as well as you, love the Republic; you labor under a mistake concerning me."

"Then, Citizeness, if you are a good patriot, you can have no cause for concealment. Where do you come from?"

"Monsieur, excuse me."

There was in this "monsieur" so much sweetness and modesty of expression, that Maurice believed it to be founded on some sentiment concealed.

"Surely," said he, "this woman is returning from some assignation."

At this moment, without knowing why, he felt deeply oppressed at this thought, and for a short time he remained silent.

When these two nocturnal promenaders had reached the Rue de la Verrerie, after having encountered three or four patrols, who, thanks to the password, allowed them free passage, the last watchman appeared somewhat suspicious. Maurice found it necessary to give his name and residence.

"That is all that is required from you," said the officer; "but the citizeness, who is she?"

"The sister of my wife."

The officer permitted them to pass.

"You are then married, sir?" murmured the unknown.

"No, Madame; why do you think so?"

"Then," said she, laughing, "you had better have said I was your wife."

"Madame," said Maurice, "the name of wife is rather too sacred to be lightly bestowed. I have not the honor of your acquaintance."

The unknown in her turn felt an oppression of the heart, and remained silent and confused. At this moment they crossed the Bridge Marie. The young woman quickened her pace as they approached the end of their journey. They crossed the Bridge de la Tournelle.

"We are now, I believe, in your quarter," said Maurice, planting his foot on the Quai Saint Bernard.

"Yes, Citizen," replied the young woman; "but it is precisely he. I most require your kind assistance."

"Really, Madame," said Maurice, "you forbid me to be indiscreet, yet do all in your power to excite my curiosity. This is not generous. Grant me your confidence. I have merited it, I think. Will you not do me the honor to tell me to whom I speak?"

"You speak, sir," said the unknown, smiling, "to a woman whom you have saved from the greatest danger she has ever encountered; to one who owes you a debt of everlasting gratitude."

"I do not require so much, Madame; be less grateful, and pending the second we shall yet be together, tell me your name."

"Impossible!"

"You would have told it nevertheless to the first sectionary, if you had been taken to the station."

"No, never!" exclaimed the unknown.

"But in that case you would have gone to prison."

"I had considered all that."

"And prison at this moment —"

"Means the scaffold; I know all that."

"And you would have preferred the scaffold?"

"To treason, — to discover my name would be treason."

"I said truly, you compel me to act a singular part for a Republican!"

"You act the part of a truly generous man. You find a poor woman subjected to insult; you do not contemn her because she might be 'one of the people,' but that she may be exempted from fresh annoyances, to save her from shipwreck, you reconduct her to the miserable quarter she inhabits."

"As far as appearances go, you state the matter correctly, and I might have credited you, had I never either seen you or heard you speak; but your beauty and mode of expression stamp you as a woman of distinction, and it is just this distinction, in opposition to your costume and this miserable quarter, which proves to me that your absence from home at this unseasonable hour conceals some mystery. You are silent. We will speak no more. Are we far from your house, Madame?"

At this moment they entered the Rue des Fosses Saint Victor.

"You see that small dark building," said the unknown to Maurice, pointing toward a house situated beyond the walls of the Jardin des Plantes. "When we reach there you must quit me."

"Very well, Madame, issue your orders; I am here only to obey."

"You are angry."

"I angry? — not the least in the world; besides, what does it matter to you?"

"It matters much, since I have yet a favor to ask of you."

"What is that?"

"A kind and frank adieu, — the farewell of a friend."

"The farewell of a friend! Oh, Madame, you do me too great an honor. A singular friend, not to know the name of his friend, who even conceals from him where she resides, no doubt from the fear of being too much troubled with his company."

The young woman hung down her head, but did not reply to this sarcasm.

"As to the rest, Madame," continued Maurice, "if I have discovered a secret, I did so involuntarily, and without any effort on my part to do so."

"I have now reached my destination, sir," said the unknown.

They were opposite the old Rue Saint Jacques, lined with tall dark-looking houses, intersected by obscure narrow alleys, leading to streets occupied by manufactories and tanyards, as within two steps ran the little river De Bièvre.

"Here!" said Maurice, "is it here that you live?"

"Yes."

"Impossible!"

"It is so, nevertheless. And now, adieu! my brave chevalier, my generous protector, adieu!"

"Adieu! Madame," said Maurice, with slight irony of tone, "but first again assure me you run no further risk of danger."

"None whatever."

"In that case I will leave you."

Maurice then bowed coldly and retired a few paces. The unknown remained standing for an instant in the same place.

"I do not like to take my leave of you thus," said she. "Come, Monsieur Maurice, your hand."

Maurice approached, and held out his hand, and then felt the young woman slip a ring on his finger.

"Oh, Citizen! what have you done? Do you not perceive that you have lost one of your rings?"

"Sir, you wrong me much."

"The crime of ingratitude is wanting in me; is it not so, Madame?"

"Come, I beseech you, sir — my friend, do not leave me thus. What do you wish to know? What do you ask?"

"Payment — is it not so?" said the young man, bitterly.

"No," said the unknown, with a bewitching expression; "but forgive me the secrecy I am obliged to preserve toward you."

Maurice, seeing in the obscurity those beautiful eyes wet with tears, feeling the pressure of that soft hand reposing between his own, hearing the accents of that persuasive voice, which had almost descended to the depths of prayer, felt his anger all at once yield to admiration.

"What do I ask?" said he. "To see you again."

"Impossible! utterly impossible."

"If only for once — one hour, a minute, a second."

"I tell you it is impossible."

"Do you tell me seriously," said Maurice, "that I shall never see you again!"

"Never," said the unknown, in a desponding tone.

"Madame," said Maurice, "you certainly jest with me." Then, raising his noble head, he shook his hanging curls like a man wishing to escape from some power which, in spite of himself, still bound him. The unknown regarded him with an undefinable expression. It was evident she had not altogether escaped the sentiment she had inspired.

"Listen," said she, after a moment's silence, inter-

rupted only by a sigh, which Maurice had in vain endeavored to suppress. "Swear to me, upon your honor, to shut your eyes the moment I desire you to do so, and to keep them closed while you count sixty. Mind, upon your honor."

"If I swear, what will happen to me?"

"It will happen that I will prove my gratitude to you in a manner that I faithfully promise you I will never again to any other person, should he even do more for me than you have done, which would be no easy matter."

"But, at least, am I not to know —"

"No; trust to me. You will see —"

"In truth, Madame, I know not whether you are angel or demon."

"Will you swear it?"

"Yes; I swear to do as you desire me."

"Whatever occurs, you will not open your eyes — whatever happens. You understand? even if you should feel yourself struck with a poniard."

"You bewilder me. My word of honor required with so much urgency?"

"Swear, then, Monsieur. It appears to me that you run no great risk in so doing."

"Well, I swear," said Maurice, "whatever may happen," closing his eyes.

He hesitated.

"Let me see you only once more — only once more," said he. "I entreat you."

The young woman let fall her hood, with a smile not quite free from coquetry, when, by the light of the moon, which at this moment shed its lustre between two clouds, he again beheld, for the second time, the raven hair hanging in masses of shining curls, the beautifully arched and

pencilled eyebrows overshadowing the almond-shaped eyes, so soft and languishing, an exquisitely formed nose, and lips fresh and brilliant as coral.

"Oh, you are beautiful, lovely, divine!" said Maurice.

"Shut your eyes," said the unknown.

Maurice obeyed.

The young woman took both his hands within her own, and placed him in the desired position.

Suddenly he felt a warm perfume pervade his face, and lips slightly touch his mouth, leaving between his lips the disputed ring.

All passed rapid as thought. Maurice experienced a sensation almost amounting to pain, so deep was it and unexpected, penetrating to his very inmost soul.

He made a brusque movement, and extended his arms before him.

"Your oath!" said a voice, already in the distance.

Maurice clasped his hands over his eyes the more strenuously to resist the strong inclination he felt to perjure himself. He counted no more; he thought no more, but remained tottering, his nerves totally unstrung.

In about an instant he heard a noise like that of a door closing a few paces distant from him; then again everything was silent. Then he removed his hand, and opened his eyes, looking round about him like a man just awakened from a deep sleep, and might, perhaps, have fancied all that had occurred a passing dream, had he not held between his lips the identical ring, proving that the adventure, however incredible, was an incontestable reality.

CHAPTER IV.

MANNERS OF THE TIMES.

When Maurice came to himself, he looked around, but saw only the gloomy, dirty alleys extending to his right and left. He essayed to find out exactly where he was, that he might recognize it again; but his mind was disturbed, the night was dark, and the moon, which for a moment had appeared to light up the lovely face of the fair unknown, had again retired behind the clouds. The young man, after a moment of cruel incertitude, retraced his steps toward his own house, situated in the Rue de Roule.

Arriving at the Rue Sainte Avoie, Maurice was much surprised at the number of patrols in motion in that quarter of the Temple.

"What is the matter now, Sergeant?" inquired he, of the chief of patrol, who, all on the alert, had just been thoroughly searching the Rue des Fontaines.

"What is it?" said the sergeant. "It is this, *mon officier*. It was intended this night to carry off the woman Capet, and the whole nest besides."

"How was that?"

"A band of Royalists had, I do not know how, procured the password, and introduced themselves into the Temple in the costume of chasseurs of the National Guard. Fortunately, he who represented the corporal, when speaking to the officer on guard, addressed him as 'Monsieur.' He sold himself, — the aristocrat!"

"The devil!" said Maurice; "and have they not arrested the conspirators?"

"No. The Royalists reached the street, and dispersed."

"And is there any hope of capturing any of these fellows?"

"There is only one among the number of sufficient importance to arrest, — that is the chief, a very slight man, who had been introduced among the men on guard by one of the municipals of the service. We gave the villain chase, but he found a door behind, and fled through the Madelonnettes."

Under any other circumstances, Maurice would have remained for the rest of the night with the patriots who guarded the safety of the Republic; but since one short hour, love of country was no longer his sole engrossing thought. He continued his way, and the tidings he had just learned were soon banished from his mind by the recent stirring events in which he had himself taken so active a part. Besides, these pretended attempts at rescue had become very frequent, and the patriots themselves were aware that under certain circumstances politicians made use of them to advance their own ends; therefore, this news caused our young Republican no great disquietude.

On returning home, Maurice found his "official" (at this epoch they had no longer servants), — Maurice, say we, found his official waiting, but who, while waiting, had fallen asleep, and while sleeping snored uneasily. He awoke him, and with all due regard for his fellow-man, made him pull off his boots, then dismissed him, that he might not interrupt his cogitations, and jumping into bed, it being very late, and he also having youth on his side, slept soundly, notwithstanding the preoccupation of his thoughts.

The next day he discovered a letter on his *table-de-nuit*. This letter was written in a clear, elegant hand, but unknown to him. He looked at the seal. Engraved on it was the single English word, "Nothing." The letter merely contained these words, "Thank you. Everlasting gratitude in exchange for everlasting forgetfulness." Maurice summoned his domestic (the true patriot never rang, the bell denoted servility; indeed, many officials only entered the service of their masters on this express condition).

The official of Maurice had received, nearly thirty years before, at the baptismal font, the name of John; but in '92 he was, by private authority, rebaptized (John savoring of Aristocracy and Deism), and now called himself "Scævola."

"Scævola," demanded Maurice, "do you know where this letter came from?"

"No, Citizen."

"Who brought it to you?"

"The concierge."

"And who brought it to him?"

"A messenger, no doubt, since it has no post-mark."

"Go down, and request the concierge to walk up."

The concierge complied, because it was Maurice who made the request, and he was much beloved by all the officials with whom he was concerned in any way; but at the same time the concierge declared that had it been any other tenant, he should have asked him to walk down.

The concierge was called Aristide.

Maurice interrogated him. It was a stranger who had brought the letter, about eight in the morning. The young man multiplied his questions, and varied them in every possible shape, but could elicit nothing further.

Maurice requested his acceptance of six francs, also desiring, if this stranger again presented himself, that he would follow him, without appearing to do so, and inform him (Maurice) where he went.

We hasten to say, that, much to the satisfaction of Aristide, who felt himself rather insulted by this proposition, the man returned no more.

Maurice remained alone, crushing the letter with vexation; he drew the ring from his finger, and placed it with the crumpled letter upon the *table-de-nuit*, then turned toward the wall, with the foolish idea of sleeping afresh; but at the end of an hour Maurice, relinquishing his attempted coolness, kissed the ring and re-read the letter. The ring was a splendid sapphire; the letter, as we have said, was a charming little billet, displaying its aristocracy in every line.

As Maurice re-read and examined it, the door opened. Maurice hastily replaced the ring on his finger, and concealed the note under his pillow. Was this the modesty of newly awakened love; or was it the shame of a patriot, who would not wish it to be known that he was in relation with people imprudent enough to write such a billet, of which the perfume alone was sufficient to compromise both the hand that penned it and the hand that received it?

He who entered was a young man attired as a patriot, but a patriot of surpassing elegance. His jacket was composed of fine cloth, his breeches of cashmere, and his stockings of fine striped silk. As to his bonnet, it might have shamed from the elegance of its form and splendid purple color even those of the Trojan Paris himself. Added to all this, he carried in his belt a pair of pistols of the royal manufacture of Versailles, and a short sabre like those of the pupils of Champ-de-Mars.

"Ah! thou sleepest, Brutus," said the new-comer, "and the country is in danger. *Fi, donc!*"

"No, Lorin," said Maurice, laughing, "I do not sleep, I dream."

"Yes, I understand, of Eucharis."

"Well, as for me, I cannot understand."

"Bah!"

"Of whom do you speak? Who is this Eucharis?"

"Why the woman —"

"What woman?"

"The woman of the Rue Saint Honoré, — the woman of the patrol, the unknown, the woman for whom you and I risked our heads last night."

"Oh, yes," said Maurice, who knew perfectly well what his friend would say, and only feigned ignorance, "the unknown."

"Well, who was she?"

"I know nothing about her."

"Was she pretty?"

"Pshaw!" said Maurice, pouting his lips disdainfully. "A poor woman forgotten in some love adventure.

"Yes; weak creatures that we are,
'T is Love that ever tortures man."

"Possibly," said Maurice, to whom such an idea was at this moment peculiarly repugnant, and who would have much preferred finding the unknown to be even a conspirator rather than a light woman.

"And where does she live?"

"I know nothing concerning her."

"Come, now; you know nothing, that 's impossible!"

"Why so?"

"You escorted her back."

"She escaped from me at the Bridge Marie —"

"Escaped from you!" cried Lorin, with a roar of laughter; "a woman escape from you!

> "Say, can the trembling dove elude
> The vulture, — tyrant of the air;
> The fawn, on whom the tiger rude
> Springs from his solitary lair."

"Lorin," said Maurice, "I wish you would accustom yourself to speak like other people. You annoy me horribly with your atrocious poetry."

"To speak like other people, indeed! Now, it appears to me I speak better than most people. I speak as the Citizen Demoustier, both in prose and poetry. As for my poetry, *mon cher*, I know a certain Emilie who does not consider it so bad. But to return to yours."

"My poetry!"

"No; your Emilie."

"Have I an Emilie?"

"Ah, ah! your gazelle may have turned tigress, and shown her teeth in a manner that may not have pleased you, although in love."

"I in love?" said Maurice, shaking his head.

"Yes, you in love.

> "Deadly are the bolts of Jove,
> But deadlier far the shafts of love."

"Lorin," said Maurice, arming himself with a pipe-key which lay upon the table; "I swear that if you will spout verses I will whistle."

"Then let us talk politics; besides, that brought me here. Have you heard the news?"

"I know that Widow Capet wished to escape."

"Oh, that is nothing!"

"What more is there, then?"

"The famous Chevalier de Maison-Rouge is in Paris!"

"Is that true?" said Maurice, raising himself to a sitting posture. "When did he come?"

"Yesterday evening."

"But how?"

"Disguised as a chasseur of the National Guard. A woman who is thought to be an aristocrat, disguised as a woman of the people, took him the clothes to the barrier gate; an instant afterward they came in arm-in-arm. It was not till after they had passed that the suspicion of the sentinel was excited. He had seen the woman pass with a bundle and repass accompanied by a soldier, when it suddenly struck him something was wrong, and he ran after them. They had disappeared in a hôtel of the Rue Saint Honoré, where the door was opened as if by magic. The hôtel had a second point of egress, leading on to the Champs Elysées. *Bon soir* to the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge and his companion; they had both vanished. Our rulers will demolish the hôtel and guillotine the proprietor, but that will not deter the chevalier from renewing the attempt which has hitherto failed; it is four months since his first failure, and yesterday was his second."

"Is he not arrested?" demanded Maurice.

"Ah! well. Yes, *mon cher*, as well attempt to stop Proteus, arrest Proteus; you know the trouble Aristæus had to accomplish it, —

"'Pastor Aristæus, fugiens Peneïa Tempe.'"

"Take care," said Maurice, carrying the key to his mouth.

"Take care yourself, for this time you will not whistle at me, but at Virgil."

"That is very true, and as long as you do not translate him I have nothing to say. Now, to return to the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge."

"We agree that he is a brave man."

"The fact is, that to undertake such things he must possess immense courage."

"Or intense adoration."

"Do you believe, then, in the love of the chevalier for the queen?"

"I do not believe it. I only mention what report says. Besides, she has turned the brains of so many others, that this would not be at all surprising. She once fascinated Barnave, they say."

"Never mind; the chevalier must have had confederates even in the Temple."

"Very possibly, —

"Love breaks through bars,
And laughs at bolts."

"Lorin!"

"Ah! it is true."

"Then you think like the rest?"

"Why not?"

"Because according to your account the queen must have had already two hundred lovers."

"Two, three, four hundred. She is quite handsome enough for that. I do not say that she loves them; but in short, they love her. All the world beholds the sun, but the sun does not see all the world."

"You say, then, that the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge —"

"I say they are on his track at this moment, and if he escapes this time the bloodhounds of the Republic, he will be a cunning fox."

"And what does the Commune in all this affair?"

"The Commune is about to issue a decree, by which every house (like an open register) must display on the front the name of every inhabitant, both male and female.

This is realizing the dream of the ancients, — why should there not be a window in every breast, that all the world may see what passes there?"

"An excellent idea that," said Maurice.

"To place windows in men's breasts?"

"No; but to place a list of names on every door."

Maurice felt, in fact, that this might be the means of assisting him to discover the unknown, or at least afford him some clew whereby he might be able to trace her.

"Is it not so?" said Lorin. "I have already betted this measure will secure us a batch of five hundred aristocrats. By the bye, we have received this morning, at our club, a deputation of enrolled Volunteers; they arrived conducted by our adversaries of last night, whom I had not abandoned till dead drunk, — they came, I tell you, with garlands of flowers and immortal crowns."

"Indeed," replied Maurice, laughing; "and how many were there?"

"They were thirty, and were shaved, wearing bouquets in their button-holes.

"'Citizens of the Club of Thermopyles,' said the orator, 'as true patriots, we wish the union of Frenchmen not to be interrupted by any misunderstanding; we therefore come to fraternize with you anew.'"

"Well, what then?"

"Then we again fraternized, and in this reiteration, as Diafoirus expresses himself, we raised an altar to the country, with the table of the secretary and two carafes in which the nosegays were deposited. As you were the hero of the feat, you were three times summoned to appear, that you might be crowned; but as you did not reply, seeing you were not present, and it was necessary to crown something, they crowned the bust of Washington. This was the order of the ceremony."

As Lorin concluded this statement, which at this epoch had nothing of burlesque, a noise was heard proceeding from the street; and drums, first heard in the distance, now approached nearer and nearer. This, at that period, was the common way of issuing general orders.

"What is all that?" said Maurice.

"The proclamation of the decree of the Commune," said Lorin.

"I will run to the station," said Maurice, leaping from his bed, and calling his servant to assist him.

"I will return home and go to bed," said Lorin. "I had not two hours' sleep last night, thanks to those outrageous Volunteers. If they only fight a little, let me sleep; but if they fight much, come and fetch me."

"But why are you so smart to-day?" said Maurice, eyeing him all over as he rose to withdraw.

"Because on my way here I am obliged to pass the 'Rue Béthisy,' and in the Rue Béthisy, on the third flat, is a window which always opens when I pass."

"Then you do not fear being taken for a fop?"

"I a fop! I am, on the contrary, known for a French sans-culotte. But one must make some sacrifice to the softer sex. The worship of the country does not exclude that of love; indeed, one commands the other:—

"Our Republicans profess
We should follow ancient lore;
Beauty we prize none the less,
That we love our freedom more."

Dare to whistle to that, and I denounce you as an aristocrat. Adieu, *mon ami.*"

Lorin held out his hand to Maurice, which the young secretary cordially shook, and went out thinking of a sonnet to Chloris.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT SORT OF MAN THE CITIZEN MAURICE LINDEY WAS.

WHILE Maurice Lindey, having dressed quickly, proceeds to the section of the Rue Lepelletier, of which, as we already know, he was secretary, we will endeavor to lay before the public the antecedents of this young man, introduced upon the scene by one of those impulses so familiar to powerful and generous natures.

The young man had spoken the plain truth the preceding evening, when in reply he had said his name was Maurice Lindey, resident in the Rue du Roule. He might have added he was a child of that half aristocracy accorded to the gentlemen of the robe. His ancestors, for two hundred years, had distinguished themselves by that invariable parliamentary opposition which had rendered so illustrious the names of Molé and Maupeou. His father, honest Lindey, who had passed his life grumbling against despotism, when on the fourteenth of July, '89, the Bastille had fallen by the hands of the people, died from sudden fright and the shock of seeing despotism replaced by a liberty militant, leaving his only son independent in fortune and republican in principle.

The Revolution which had closely followed this great event found Maurice in all the vigor and maturity of manhood befitting a champion about to enter the lists; his republican education improved by his assiduous attendance of the clubs, and by his reading all the pamphlets of that period. God alone knows how many

Maurice had read. Deep and rational contempt for the hierarchy, philosophical consideration of the elements which form the social body, absolute denial of all nobility which is not personal, impartial appreciation of the past, ardor for new ideas, a sympathy with the people which was blended with a belief in aristocratic organizations, — such were the morals, not of the hero we should have chosen, but of him whom the journal from which we draw our facts has given us as the hero of our narrative.

As to his personal appearance, he was in height five feet eight inches, from twenty-five to twenty-six years of age, and muscular as Hercules. His beauty was of the cast characteristic of the Frank, — that is to say, fair complexion, blue eyes, curling chestnut hair, rosy cheeks, and ivory teeth.

After the portrait of the man comes the position of the citizen. Maurice, not rich, but still independent, bore a name much respected, and above all popular. Maurice, known by his liberal education and principles still more liberal than his education, — Maurice placed himself, so to speak, at the head of a party composed of all the young citizen-patriots. It was well that with the sans-culottes he passed for rather lukewarm, and with the sectionaries as rather foppish. But the sans-culottes no longer remembered his lukewarmness when they saw him snap in twain the knotted cudgels, and the sectionaries pardoned his elegance when he one day scientifically planted a blow between two eyes that had been for some time watching him in an offensive manner.

And now for the physical, moral, and civic combined. Maurice had assisted at the taking of the Bastille; he had been on the expedition to Versailles, had fought like a lion on the 10th of August; and in this memorable journey, it is only justice to observe, he had killed as

many patriots as Swiss, — not being more willing to tolerate an assassin in a blouse than an enemy to the Republic in a red coat. It was he who in order to exhort the defenders of the chateau to surrender themselves, and to prevent the shedding of blood, threw himself before the mouth of a cannon which a Parisian artillery-man was about to discharge; it was he who by a window first entered the Louvre, regardless of the firing of five hundred Swiss and as many gentlemen in ambush; and when he perceived the signal of surrender, his avenging sword had already cut through more than ten uniforms. Then, seeing his friends leisurely massacring some prisoners, who having thrown down their arms and clasping their hands supplicated for life, he furiously attacked these friends, which gained for him a reputation worthy of the good days of Rome and of Greece. War declared, Maurice enrolled himself, and departed for the frontier in the rank of lieutenant, with the first 1500 volunteers the city sent against the invaders, which volunteers were each day to be followed by 1500 others.

At the first battle in which he assisted — that is to say at Jemappes — he was struck by a ball, which after having divided the muscles of his shoulder lodged against the bone. The representative of the people knew Maurice, and sent him back to Paris for surgical treatment.

For a whole month, consumed by fever, he tossed upon his bed of suffering; but in January was able to resume his command, if not by name, at least in fact, of the club of Thermopyles, — that is to say of one hundred young men of the Parisian citizens, armed to oppose any attempt in favor of the tyrant Capet. And yet more, Maurice, with contracted brows, dilated eyes, and pale face, his heart filled with a strange mixture of moral hatred and physical pity, assisted, sword in hand, at the execution of the

king, and perhaps he alone of all that throng remained silent when the head of the son of Saint Louis fell on the scaffold; and then Maurice only raised on high his redoubtable sabre, while his friends, loudly shouting *Vive la liberté*, omitted to notice that on this occasion at least one voice did not unite itself with their own.

This was the individual who on the morning of the 14th of March bent his steps toward the Rue Lepelletier, and of whose stormy career our history will furnish further details.

Toward 10 o'clock, Maurice reached the section of which he was the secretary. The commotion was great. The question in agitation was, to vote an address to the Convention in order to repress the conspiracies of the Girondins. They impatiently awaited the arrival of Maurice.

The only subject talked about was the return of the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge, the audacity with which this arch-conspirator had for the second time entered Paris, where he well knew a price was now fixed on his head.

To this circumstance was attributed the attempt made the preceding evening on the Temple, and each one expressed his hatred and indignation against the traitors and aristocrats.

Contrary to the general expectation, Maurice appeared preoccupied and silent, wrote down the proclamation, finished his employment in three hours, demanded if the sitting had terminated, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, took his hat, and proceeded toward the Rue Saint Honoré.

Arrived there, Paris appeared quite different to him. He revisited the corner of the Rue du Coq, where during the night he had first seen the lovely unknown struggling

in the hands of soldiers. Thence he proceeded to the Pont Marie, the same road he had travelled by her side, stopping where the different patrols had stopped them, repeating in the same places (as if they had preserved an echo of their words) the sentences exchanged between them; only it was now one o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun, shining brilliantly upon this walk, reminded him at every step of the occurrences of the past night.

Maurice crossed the bridges, and entered directly the Rue Victor, as it was then called.

"Poor woman," murmured Maurice, "she did not reflect yesterday that the duration of the night was only twelve hours, and that her secret would not in all probability last longer than the night. By the light of the sun, I will endeavor to find the door through which she vanished, and who knows but I may perhaps even see her at a window?"

He then entered the old Rue Saint Jacques, and placed himself in the same spot as the unknown had placed him on the preceding evening. For an instant he closed his eyes, perhaps foolishly expecting the kiss he had then received would again impress his lips. But he felt nothing but the remembrance; 't is true that burned yet.

Maurice opened his eyes and saw two little streets, one to the right, the other to the left. They were muddy, dirty, and badly paved, furnished with barriers, cut by little bridges thrown over a kennel. There might be seen the beams of arches, nooks, corners, and twenty doors propped up, fast falling into decay. Here was hard labor in all its misery, here was misery in all its hideousness. Here and there was a garden enclosed by a fence, others by palisades of poles, some by walls;

skins were hanging in the out-houses, diffusing around that disgusting odor always arising from a tanyard.

Maurice's search lasted for nearly two hours, during which he found nothing, and divined nothing, and ten times he had retraced his steps to consider where he was. But all his efforts were in vain, his search was a fruitless one, as all trace of the young woman seemed to have been effaced by the fog and rain of the previous night.

"Truly," said Maurice, "I must be in a dream. This filthy place could not for an instant have afforded refuge for my beautiful fairy of last night."

There was, in this wild Republican, more real poetry than in his friend of the Anacreontic quatrains, since he clung to this idea, fearful to sully, even in thought, the spotless purity of the unknown. But all hope had now forsaken him.

"Adieu," said he; "mysterious beauty, you have treated me like a child and a fool. Would she have led me here if she really lived in this wretched locality? No; she would only pass as a swan over the infected marsh, and like a bird in the air leave no trace behind."

CHAPTER VI.

THE TEMPLE.

The same day and the same hour, when Maurice, disappointed and unhappy, repassed the Bridge de la Tournelle, several municipals, accompanied by Santerre, Commandant of the Parisian National Guard, made a visit of inquiry to the Temple, which had been transformed into a prison, since the 13th of August, 1792.

The visit was made especially to a portion of the third story, consisting of an antechamber and three rooms. One of these chambers was occupied by two females, a young girl, and a child of nine years old, all dressed in mourning. The elder of the females was about seven or eight and thirty. She was seated at a table reading.

The second, whose age appeared twenty-eight or twenty-nine, was engaged on a piece of tapestry.

The young girl, who was about fourteen, was seated near the child, who, ill and in bed, closed his eyes as if asleep, although that was utterly impossible, owing to the noise made by the municipals. While some moved the beds, others examined their clothes and linen; the rest, when their search was concluded, remained rudely staring at the unfortunate prisoners, who never even raised their eyes, — the one from her book, the other from her embroidery, and the third from her brother.

The eldest of these women was tall, handsome, and very pale. She appeared to concentrate all her attention on her book, although in all probability her eyes read, but

not her mind. One of the municipals approached her, brutally snatched away her book, and flung it into the middle of the room. The prisoner stretched her hand across the table, took up another book, and continued to read.

The Montagnard made a furious gesture, as if he would take away the second, as he had the first; but at this attempt, which startled the prisoner at her embroidery near the window, the young girl sprang forward, and encircling the reader's head with her arms, weeping, exclaimed, "My poor mother! my poor mother!" and then embraced her. As she did so the prisoner placed her mouth to her ear, and whispered: "Marie, there is a letter concealed in the stove; remove it."

"Come! come!" said the municipal, brutally dragging the young girl toward him, and separating her from her mother, "shall you soon have finished embracing?"

"Sir," said the girl, "has the Convention decreed that children shall not embrace their mothers?"

"No; but it has decreed that traitors, aristocrats, and *ci-devants* shall be punished. That is why I am here to interrogate you. Answer, Antoinette."

She who was thus grossly accosted did not even deign to look at her examiner, but turned her head aside, while a flush passed over her face, pale with grief and furrowed with tears.

"It is impossible," said he, "that you are ignorant of the attempt last night. Whence came it?"

The prisoners still maintained silence.

"Answer, Antoinette," said Santerre, approaching her, without remarking the almost frenzied horror which had seized the young woman at sight of this man, who, on the morning of the 21st of January, conducted Louis XVI. from the Temple to the scaffold. "Reply. They were

conspiring last night against the Republic, and seeking your escape from the captivity in which you are kept till you receive that punishment of your crimes which the will of the people may inflict upon you. Tell me, do you know who are the conspirators?"

Marie started at the harsh tone of that voice, which she endeavored to fly from by removing her chair to the greatest distance possible, but replied no more to this question than to the former ones, paid no more deference to Santerre than she had done to the municipal.

"You are then determined not to reply?" said Santerre, stamping his foot furiously.

The prisoner took up a third volume from the table, Santerre turned himself away. The brutal power of this man who commanded 80,000 men, who had only need of a gesture to drown the voice of the dying Louis XVI., was defeated by the dignity of a poor prisoner, whose head he could cause to fall, but whose will he could not bend.

"And you, Elizabeth," said he, addressing the other lady, who at that instant ceased from her embroidery to join her hands in prayer, not to these men, but to God, "will you reply?"

"I do not know what you ask," said she; "therefore I cannot reply."

"*Morbleu!* Citizen Capet," said Santerre, impatiently, "I think what I say is sufficiently clear too. I again tell you, that yesterday an attempt was made for your escape; and you certainly must know the culprits."

"Having no communication with those outside, Monsieur, we cannot possibly tell what people do, either for or against us."

"Very well," said the municipal; "we will now hear what your nephew will say."

And he approached the bed of the young dauphin. At this menace, Marie Antoinette suddenly rose.

"Monsieur," said she, "my son is ill, and now asleep — do not wake him."

"Reply then."

"I know nothing."

The municipal walked straight to the bed of the little prisoner, who, as we have said, feigned sleep.

"Come, wake up, Capet," said he, shaking him roughly.

The child opened his eyes and smiled.

The municipals then surrounded his bed.

The queen, agitated with fear and grief, made a sign to her daughter, who, profiting by this moment, glided from the apartment into the room adjoining, opened the mouth of the stove, drew out a letter and burned it; then, re-entering the room, reassured her mother with a glance.

"What do you want with me?" asked the sick child.

"To inquire if you heard nothing during the night?"

"No; I was asleep."

"You are very fond of sleep, it seems."

"Yes; for when I sleep I dream."

"And what do you dream?"

"That I again see my father, whom you killed."

"Then you heard nothing!" said Santerre, quickly.

"Nothing."

"These wolf's cubs are, in truth, well-agreed with the she-wolf," said the municipal, furious with rage. "There has been, notwithstanding, a plot."

The queen smiled.

"She defies us, the Austrian!" cried the municipal. "Well, since it is thus, let us execute in all its rigor the decree of the Commune. Get up, Capet."

"What would you do?" said the queen, forgetting

herself. "Do you not see my son is ill, and suffering from fever? Do you wish to kill him?"

"Your son," said the municipal, "is the cause of constant alarm to the Council of the Temple; he is the point at which all the conspirators aim, and flatter themselves they shall carry you all off together. Well, let them come. Tison — call Tison."

Tison was a species of journeyman, charged with all the heavy household work in the prison. He appeared. He was a man of forty years old, much sunburnt, of a rude and ferocious aspect, with matted black hair overhanging his eyebrows.

"Tison," said Santerre, "who came yesterday to bring the prisoners' food?"

Tison gave the name.

"And their linen, who brought it to them?"

"My daughter."

"Then your daughter is a laundress?"

"Certainly."

"And you gave her the washing of the prisoners?"

"Why not? She might as well gain that as another; it is no longer the tyrant's money, but belongs to the nation, who pays for them."

"You were told to examine the linen with the greatest attention."

"Well, do I ever fail in my duty? In proof of which, they had yesterday a handkerchief tied in two knots. I took it to the Council, who ordered my wife to undo the knots, iron, and return it to Madame Capet, without saying anything about it."

At this remark of two knots being tied in the pocket-handkerchief, the queen trembled, the pupils of her eyes dilated, and she and Madame Elizabeth exchanged hasty glances.

"Tison," said Santerre, "your daughter is a person of whose patriotism no one can entertain a doubt; but when she leaves the Temple to-day she returns there no more."

"Ah, *mon Dieu!*" said Tison, terrified, "what are you saying to me? Shall I not see my daughter except when I go out?"

"You shall go out no more," said Santerre.

Tison looked wildly around, without allowing his eye to remain fixed on any particular object, and suddenly exclaimed, "I am not to go out; that is it, is it? Well, then, I will go out altogether. Give me my dismissal. I am neither traitor nor aristocrat, that I should be detained in prison. I tell you I will go out."

"Citizen," said Santerre, "obey the orders of the Commune, and be silent; or I tell you it may be all the worse for you. Remain here and watch all that passes. There is an eye on you. I warn you."

During this time the queen, who thought herself for a moment forgotten, recovered by degrees, and replaced her son in his bed.

"Desire your wife to come up," said the municipal to Tison.

He obeyed without a word. The threats of Santerre had rendered him as meek as a lamb.

Tison's wife came up.

"Come here, Citizeness," said Santerre; "we are going into the antechamber; during that time, search all the prisoners."

"Listen, wife," said Tison; "they are not going to permit our daughter to come to the Temple any more."

"What! they will not permit our daughter to come here! Then we shall see her no more?"

Tison mournfully shook his head.

"What do you say to this?"

"I say we shall make a report to the Council of the Temple, and the Council will decide it. In the mean time —"

"In the mean time I will see my daughter again."

"Silence," said Santerre, "you were brought here for the purpose of searching the prisoners; search them, then, and afterward we shall see —"

"But — now —"

"Oh, oh!" said Santerre, knitting his brows, "you are contaminated, it appears to me."

"Do as the Citizen General tells you, wife," Tison said; "afterward, we shall see."

And Tison regarded Santerre with a humble smile.

"Very well," said the woman; "go, then, I am ready to search."

The men went out.

"My dear Madame Tison," said the queen, "you know —"

"I only know, Citizeness Capet," said the horrible woman, gnashing her teeth, "that you are the cause of all the misery of the people; and also that I have reason to suspect you, and you know it."

Four men waited at the door, to assist Tison's wife, if the queen offered any resistance.

The search commenced on the queen.

There was found on her person a handkerchief tied in three knots, which unfortunately appeared a reply to the one spoken of by Tison; a pencil, a scapulary, and some sealing-wax.

"Ah! I knew it," said Tison's wife; "I have often told the municipals she wrote, the Austrian! The other day I found a lump of sealing-wax in the socket of the candlestick."

"Ah, Madame," said the queen, in a supplicating tone, "only show the scapulary, I entreat you."

"Yes," said the woman, "I feel pity for you, who have felt so much pity for me to take my daughter from me."

Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale had nothing found upon them.

The woman Tison recalled the municipals, who entered, Santerre at their head. She showed them the articles found upon the queen, which, as they passed from hand to hand, afforded subject for an infinite variety of conjectures; but the handkerchief tied in three knots excited, above all, the imagination of these persecutors of the royal race.

"Now," said Santerre, "we are going to read the decree of the Convention to you."

"What decree?" demanded the queen.

"The decree which orders you to be separated from your son."

"Is it, then, true that this decree exists?"

"Yes; the Convention has too much regard for the health of a child confided to its guardianship, to leave him in the care of a mother so depraved."

The eyes of the queen flashed lightning.

"But make some accusation at least, tigers that you are."

"That is not at all difficult," said a municipal; and he pronounced one of those infamous accusations brought by Suetonius against Agrippina.

"Oh!" cried the queen, standing, pale with indignation, "I appeal from it to the heart of every mother."

"That is all very fine," said a municipal; "but we have already been here two hours, and cannot lose the whole day. Get up, Capet, and follow us."

"Never, never!" cried the queen, rushing between

the municipals and the young Louis, and preparing to defend the approach to his bed, as a tigress the entrance to her den. "Never will I permit you to carry away my child!"

"Oh, Messieurs," said Madame Elizabeth, clasping her hands in the most touching attitude of prayer, "Messieurs, in the name of Heaven, have pity on us two mothers."

"Then speak," said Santerre; "state the names, avow the project of your accomplices; explain what they wished to intimate by the knots made in the pocket-handkerchief brought with your linen by Tison's daughter, and the meaning of those tied in the handkerchief found in your pocket, and on these conditions I will leave you your child."

A look from Madame Elizabeth seemed to implore the queen to submit to this dreadful sacrifice.

But quietly brushing from her eye a tear which sparkled like a diamond, "Adieu, my son!" cried she; "never forget your father who is in heaven, or your mother who will soon join him there, and never omit to repeat morning and evening the prayer I have taught you. Adieu! my son."

She gave him a last kiss; then rising calm and inflexible, "I know nothing, Messieurs," said she, "do as you please."

But the queen must have required more fortitude than is contained in the heart of a woman, and above all of a mother. She fell back fainting upon a chair, while they carried away the child, who with fast flowing tears held out his arms, but uttered not a single word or cry.

The door closed behind the municipals who carried away the royal child, and the three women remained alone. There was for a moment the deep silence of despair, interrupted only by occasional sobs.

The queen first broke silence.

"My daughter," said she, "that letter?"

"I burned it, as you desired me, mother."

"Without reading it?"

"Without reading it."

"Adieu, then, to the last ray of hope, divine hope!" murmured Madame Elizabeth.

"You are right, my sister, you are right; it is almost beyond endurance." Then turning toward her daughter, "But you at least saw the handwriting, Marie?"

"Yes, mother, for a moment."

The queen rose, went to the door to make sure she was not observed; then drawing a pin from her hair, approached the wall, and from a chink drew out a small paper folded like a letter, and showing it to Madame Royale, "collect your thoughts before you reply, my child," said she; "was the writing the same as this?"

"Yes, yes, mother!" cried the princess; "I recognize it!"

"God be praised, then!" cried the queen, falling with fervor on her knees. "If he could write since this morning, he is safe. Thanks, O God! thanks! So noble a friend deserves thy miraculous preservation."

"Of whom do you speak, mother?" demanded Madame Royale. "Who is this friend? Tell me his name, that I may commend him to God in my prayers."

"You are right, my child; never forget it. This name, for it is the name of a gentleman replete with honor and courage, one not devoted to us through ambition, for he has only revealed himself since our misfortunes. He has never seen the queen of France, or rather the queen of France has never seen him, and he devotes his life to her defence. Perhaps he will be recompensed as all virtue is now recompensed, by a dreadful death. But — if he

dies. — Oh! I shall still think of him in heaven. He is called — "

The queen looked uneasily around, then lowering her voice, "He is called the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge. Pray for him."

CHAPTER VII.

THE OATH OF THE GAMESTER.

THE attempted abduction however doubtful might be the fact, since if it had any reality it had failed in its very commencement, had excited the anger of some, and the interest of others. What afforded strong probability to the existence of such a project was the fact that the Committee for General Security learned that three weeks, or a month before, a number of emigrants had entered France from different parts of the frontier. It was evident that these people who thus risked their lives did not do so without design, and this design was in all probability to co-operate in carrying off the royal family.

Already, upon the proposition of the Conventionalist Usselin, the terrible decree had been promulgated, which condemned to death all emigrants convicted of having returned to France; all Frenchmen convicted of having intended to emigrate; every individual convicted of having assisted in their flight, or in their return, either a female or male emigrant; and lastly, all citizens convicted of having afforded shelter to an emigrant. With this dreadful law commenced the "Reign of Terror." All that was wanting was the law for suspected persons. The Chevalier de Maison-Rouge was an enemy far too active and audacious for his return to Paris, and his appearance in the Temple, not to call forth the gravest measures. More severe inspections than had previously taken place were made in a number of suspected houses; but with the

exception of some female emigrants who allowed themselves to be taken, and some old men who did not care enough for their few remaining days to dispute with the executioner, their researches produced no other result.

The sections, as may be imagined, were after this event much occupied for several days, and consequently the secretary of the section Lepelletier, one of the most influential in Paris, had little time to think of his unknown fair one. At first, as he had resolved on quitting the old Rue Saint Jacques, he had tried to forget her, but, as his friend Lorin had observed to him, —

> "Alas! endeavoring to forget
> But makes us recollect the more."

Maurice, however, neither said nor confessed anything. He buried in his heart all the details of that adventure which he had been able to conceal from the scrutiny of his friend. But Lorin, who knew Maurice to be of a joyous and hilarious nature, and now saw him constantly sad and thoughtful, seeking solitude, doubted not, to use his own expression, that the rogue Cupid had passed that way. It is remarkable, that, during its eighteen centuries of monarchy, France had had few years so mythological as the year of our Lord 1793.

In the mean time the chevalier was not taken, and he was no more spoken of. The widowed queen, cruelly robbed of her child, contented herself by weeping, in company with her sister and daughter. The young dauphin was consigned to the care of "Simon the Shoemaker," and entered upon that course of martyrdom which, in the short space of two years, was to reunite him with his father and mother. There was a moment's calm. The Montagnard volcano rested before devouring the Girondins.

Maurice felt the weight of this calm, as the heaviness of the atmosphere is felt in stormy weather, and not knowing how to dispose of his leisure, abandoned himself entirely to the ardor of a sentiment which if not actually love itself bordered closely upon it. He re-read his letter, again kissed his beautiful sapphire ring, and resolved (notwithstanding his oath) to make one more attempt, promising himself this should indeed be the last. The young man had first thought he would go to the section of the Jardin des Plantes, and there make inquiry from the secretary, his colleague. But the first idea (and we may add, which he still retained) that the beautiful unknown was mixed up in some political plot, still restrained him, as the thought that any indiscretion on his part might be the means of sending this lovely woman to the Place de la Revolution, and her head to the block, caused his blood to curdle and freeze in his veins. He therefore determined on seeking this adventure alone, and without any further information.

His plan, besides, was very simple. The catalogue of names inscribed on each door would certainly afford him some clew, and then by interrogating the porters he might be able to solve the mystery. In his capacity of secretary of the Rue Lepelletier, he possessed full and entire right to make all inquiries. Besides, Maurice, ignorant of the name of the unknown, was able to judge of it by analogy. It was impossible so lovely a creature should not possess a name in harmony with her form, some name appertaining to sylph, fairy, or angel, since her arrival on earth must have been hailed as that of a superior and supernatural being. This name would then most infallibly guide him.

Maurice then dressed himself in a coat of dark brown cloth, adorned his head with the *bonnet-rouge* worn on

great occasions, and set out on his voyage of discovery alone. He had in his hand one of those knotted cudgels called a *constitution*, which wielded by his vigorous hand was powerful as the club of Hercules, and in his pocket he placed his commission as secretary of the section Lepelletier. These were at once his physical security and his moral guarantee.

He prepared himself to review afresh the Rue Saint Victor, the old Rue Saint Jacques, reading by the light of the declining day all those names (inscribed by hands more or less practised) upon the panels of every door.

Maurice had reached the hundredth house, and consequently read the hundredth list, and nothing had yet occurred to induce him to imagine that he was in the least degree upon the trail of the unknown, as he had fully made up his mind that no name could be hers which did not belong to the class he had imagined, when a good-natured shoemaker, noticing the anxiety and impatience depicted on the young man's countenance, came out with his strap of leather and his punch, and looking at Maurice over his spectacles, —

"Do you wish any information respecting the tenants of this house, Citizen?" said he; "if so, I shall be happy to give it to you."

"Thanks, Citizen," stammered Maurice; "I am looking for the name of a friend."

"Tell me the name, Citizen; I know everybody in this quarter. Where does this friend live?"

"He lived, I think, in the old Rue Saint Jacques; but I fear he has removed."

"But how is he named? I must know that."

Maurice taken thus unawares hesitated for a moment, then pronounced the first name that presented itself to his memory.

"René," said he.

"And what trade?"

Maurice was surrounded by tanneries.

"A journeyman-tanner," said he.

"In that case," said a burgess, who stopped and regarded Maurice with a certain good-nature, not totally exempt from distrust, "you should address yourself to his master."

"That is true," said the door-keeper; "you are quite right, the masters know the names of their workmen; here is Citizen Dixmer, who is manager of a tannery, and has more than fifty workmen in his yard, he can perhaps tell you." Maurice turned round and saw a burgess of commanding figure and mild countenance, the richness of whose attire denoted opulence.

"Only as the citizen porter observes, it is necessary I should know the family name."

"The one I said, — René."

"René is his baptismal name; it is the family name I require. All my workmen sign their family name."

"Upon my word," said Maurice, growing impatient under this species of interrogation, "the family name? I do not know it."

"What," said the burgess, with a smile, in which Maurice thought he discerned more irony than he wished to appear, — "what, not know the surname of your friend!"

"No."

"In that case, it is not probable you will find him," and the burgess, gravely bowing to Maurice, walked a short distance and entered a house in the old Rue Saint Jacques.

"The fact is, that if you do not know his surname," said the porter —

"Well, I do not know it," said Maurice, who would not have been sorry to find some occasion to vent his ill-temper, and was at the moment much inclined to seek a quarrel. "What have you to say to that?"

"Nothing, Citizen, nothing at all; only since you do not know the name of your friend, it is as Citizen Dixmer said more than probable you will not find him," and the citizen porter went into his lodge, shrugging his shoulders. Maurice felt a great inclination to thrash this porter, but he was an old man, and his infirmities saved him. Had the porter been twenty years younger, Maurice would have given a scandalous illustration of the principle, — equal in law, unequal in physical force. Besides, the day was drawing to a close, and he had only a few moments of daylight left. He availed himself of it by returning to the first street, then to the second, examined every door, searched in every nook, looked under every palisade, climbed each wall, threw a glance into the interior of every gateway, looked through the keyholes, knocked at some deserted warehouses without receiving any reply, till at length nearly two hours had elapsed in this useless investigation.

Nine o'clock struck; no more noise was heard, no movement seen in this deserted quarter, whose life seemed to have retired with the light of day. Maurice in despair made a retrograde movement, when all at once, at the winding of a narrow alley, he discerned a light. He immediately ventured into the dark passage, without remarking that at that very moment a curious head, which for the last quarter of an hour (from the midst of a clump of trees, rising above the wall) had followed all his movements, then disappeared suddenly behind this wall. A short time after this head had disappeared, three men came out from a small door in this same wall, went into

the alley where Maurice had preceded them, while a fourth, for greater security, locked the door of entrance into the alley. At the end of the alley, Maurice discovered a court; it was on the opposite side of this court that the light was burning. He knocked at the door of a poor, solitary house, but at the first sound the light was extinguished. He redoubled his efforts, but no one answered his call; he saw they were determined to make no reply, so comprehending that it was only a useless waste of time, he crossed the court and re-entered the alley. At this moment the door of the house turned softly on its hinges, three men came out, and then the sound of a whistle was heard.

Maurice turned round, and saw three shadows within a short distance. He saw in the darkness also (his eyes having become accustomed to this obscurity) the reflection of three glittering blades. He knew that he was hemmed in. He would have brandished his club, but the alley was so narrow that it touched the wall on either side. At the same moment he was stunned by a violent blow on the head. This was an unforeseen assault made upon him by the four men who entered through the door in the wall. Seven men at the same time threw themselves upon Maurice, and notwithstanding a desperate resistance, overpowered him, and succeeded in binding his hands and bandaging his eyes.

Maurice had not even uttered a cry, or called for aid. Strength and true courage are self-reliant, and are ashamed of extraneous aid. Besides, Maurice had often heard that no one would enter this deserted quarter. Maurice was thus, as we have said, thrown down and bound, but had not uttered a single complaint. He had reflected as to what would follow, — that as they had bandaged his eyes they did not intend to kill him directly. At Maurice's

age respite becomes hope. He recovered his presence of mind, and listened patiently.

"Who are you?" demanded a voice, still breathless from the late struggle.

"I am a man they are murdering," replied Maurice.

"What is more, you are a dead man if you speak loud, or call for assistance, or even utter the least cry."

"If I had wished to cry, I need not have waited till now."

"Are you ready to answer my questions?"

"Let me hear them first; I shall then see whether I ought to reply."

"Who sent you here?"

"No one."

"You came then of your own accord?"

"Yes."

"You lie!"

Maurice made a desperate effort to disengage his hands, but it was in vain.

"I never lie," said he.

"In either case, whether you came of your own accord or were sent, you are a spy."

"And you are cowards!"

"We cowards!"

"You are seven or eight against one man bound, and you insult that man. Cowards! cowards! cowards!"

This violence on the part of Maurice, instead of enraging his adversaries, appeared to produce a contrary effect. It was even a proof that the young man was not what they had laid to his charge; a true spy would have trembled, and begged for mercy.

"There is nothing insulting in that," said a voice, milder yet firmer than any that had previously been

heard; "in the times we live in, one may be a spy without being a dishonest man, only it is at the risk of one's life."

"If that is your opinion, you are welcome to question me, I will answer you faithfully."

"What are you doing in this quarter?"

"Looking for a woman."

This excuse was received with a murmur of incredulity; the murmur increased and became a storm.

"You lie!" replied the same voice. "There is no woman in the matter, and we know what we mean by 'woman;' there is no woman to pursue in this quarter. Avow your project, or die."

"Come," said Maurice, "you will not kill me for pleasure, unless you are downright ruffians."

Maurice made a second effort, more violent and unexpected than the first, to disengage his hands from the cord which bound them, when suddenly a cold sensation, sharp and painful, shot through his breast.

Despite himself, Maurice fell back a step.

"Ah! you felt that," said one of the men. "Well, there are eight inches like the inch with which you have just become acquainted."

"Complete your work, then," said Maurice, resignedly; "it will at least soon be over."

"Come now, who are you?" asked the voice which was at once mild and commanding.

"Do you wish to know my name?"

"Yes, your name."

"Maurice Lindey."

"What!" exclaimed a voice, "Maurice Lindey, the revolu — the patriot? Maurice Lindey, secretary of the Lepelletier section?"

These words were pronounced with so much heat that Maurice saw clearly that they were decisive. To reply was in a manner to fix irrevocably his fate.

Maurice was incapable of cowardice. He drew himself up like a Spartan, and said in a firm voice, —

"Yes, Maurice Lindey; yes, Maurice Lindey, the secretary of the section Lepelletier; yes, Maurice Lindey, the patriot, the revolutionist, the Jacobin; Maurice Lindey, in short, whose brightest day on earth will be that on which he will die for liberty."

A death-like silence followed this reply.

Maurice presented his breast, expecting every moment that the blade, whose point he had already felt, would be plunged into his heart.

"Is your statement really true?" asked a voice which betrayed some emotion; "come, young man, do not lie."

"Search my pocket," said Maurice, "and you will find my commission. Look at my shirt-bosom, and if my blood has not effaced them, you will there see embroidered my initials, *M* and *L*."

Maurice at once felt himself lifted by strong arms which bore him a short distance. He heard first one door open, then another; but the second was narrower than the first, for his bearers could scarcely pass through with him.

The murmurs and whispers continued.

"I am lost," thought Maurice. "They are going to tie a stone round my neck and throw me into some hole of the Bièvre."

But in another moment he felt that the men ascended some steps, where the air was warmer, and where they placed him on a seat. He heard a double door shut and

the steps withdraw. He believed that he was left alone. He listened as intently as a man can whose life depends upon a word, and he believed that he heard that same voice whose tones had already struck him as mixing mildness with command, say to the others, —

"Let us deliberate"

CHAPTER VIII.

GENEVIÈVE.

A QUARTER of an hour elapsed, which seemed a century to Maurice. Nothing more natural; young, handsome, vigorous, supported in his strength by a hundred devoted friends, in combination with whom he sometimes dreamed of the accomplishment of great achievements, he found himself all at once without the least preparation in peril of losing his life in an ignominious den of assassins.

He understood that they had shut him up in some chamber; but was he watched?

Again he struggled to break his bonds. His muscles of steel swelled and contracted; the cord cut into his flesh, but did not break.

The most terrible thing was that his hands were fastened behind his back so that he could not remove the bandage from his eyes. If he could only see, he might escape.

As he had made these attempts to free himself without opposition, without anything stirring around him, he concluded that he was alone. The ground under his feet was soft and soundless, might be gravel or perhaps clay. An acrid and pungent smell announced the presence of vegetable matter. Maurice fancied he was in a greenhouse, or some place very like it. He took a step or two, hit the wall, turned, and groping with his hands, felt some garden-tools. He uttered an exclamation of joy.

With unparalleled exertion he examined these tools, one after the other. His flight now became a question of time. If chance, or Providence, granted him five minutes, and if among these tools he found a sharp instrument, he was saved.

He found a spade. From the way in which Maurice was bound, it required a great struggle to raise the spade a sufficient height for his purpose. He at length succeeded, and upon the blade of the spade which he supported against the wall with his back, he at last cut, or rather wore away, the cord which confined his wrists. The operation was tedious, the iron cut slowly. The perspiration streamed from his face; he heard a noise as of some one approaching; with a tremendous effort the cord, half-severed, broke. He could not help giving a cry of joy; now at least he was sure to die in defending himself.

Maurice tore the bandage from his eyes.

He had not been mistaken; he found himself not in a greenhouse, but in a kind of pavilion used as a receptacle for the more delicate plants unable to outlive the winter in the open air. In a corner the gardening implements were stowed away, one of which had been the means of rendering him so important a service. Facing him was a window; he rushed toward it; it was grated, and a man armed with a carbine placed sentinel before it.

On the other side of the garden, about thirty paces distant, rose a small turret, fellow to the one where Maurice remained prisoner. The blind was down, but through the blind a light was visible.

He approached the door and listened; another sentinel paced to and fro before this door. These were the footsteps he had heard.

But from the end of the corridor a confusion of voices resounded. The deliberation had evidently degenerated into disputation. Maurice could not hear distinctly what was said; some words, however, reached him, and amid these words — as if for them only the distance was short — he distinguished plainly, Spy! Poniard! Death!

Maurice redoubled his attention; a door opened, and he heard more distinctly.

"Yes," said one voice, "he is assuredly a spy; he has discovered something, and is certainly sent to take us and our secret unawares. In freeing him we run the risk of his denouncing us."

"But his word," said a voice.

"His word — he will give it only to betray us. Is he a gentleman that we should trust his word?"

Maurice ground his teeth at the idea which some folks still retained, that only a gentleman could keep his oath.

"But he does not know us; how can he denounce us?"

"No; he certainly does not know us nor our occupation, but he knows the address, and will return; next time he will be well accompanied."

This argument appeared conclusive.

"Then," said the voice which several times already had struck Maurice as belonging to the chief, "it is decided."

"Yes, a hundred times yes; I do not comprehend you with your magnanimity. My good sir, if the Committee for the Public Safety caught us, you would see if they acted toward us with so much ceremony."

"You persist, then, in your decision, gentlemen?"

"Without doubt, and you are not, we hope, going to oppose it."

"I have only one voice, gentlemen; it has been in favor of his liberation: you possess six, and they all vote for his death. Let it, then, be death."

Maurice felt the blood freeze in his veins.

"Of course he will howl," said a voice; "have you removed Madame Dixmer?"

"Madame Dixmer!" murmured Maurice; "I begin now to comprehend. I am in the house of the master-tanner who spoke to me in the old Rue Saint Jacques, and who went away laughing because I was unable to tell him the name of my friend. But how can it be to his interest to assassinate me?"

Looking round, Maurice perceived an iron stake with a handle of ash-tree wood.

"In any case," said he, "before they assassinate me, I will kill more than one of them."

And he sprang to secure this harmless instrument, which, in his hand, was to become a formidable weapon. He then retired behind the door, and so placed himself that he could see without being seen. His heart beat so tumultuously that in the deep silence its palpitations might be heard. Suddenly Maurice shuddered from head to foot. A voice had said, —

"If you act according to my advice, you will break a pane, and through the bars kill him with a shot from a carbine."

"Oh, no, no! — not an explosion," said another voice, "that might betray us. Besides, Dixmer, there is your wife."

"I have just looked at her through the blind; she suspects nothing — she is reading."

"Dixmer, you shall decide for us. Do you advocate a shot from the carbine, or a stroke from the poniard?"

"Avoid fire-arms as much as possible — the poniard."

"Then let it be the poniard. Come!"

"Come!" repeated five or six voices, together.

Maurice was a child of the Revolution, with a heart of flint, and in mind, like many others at that epoch, an atheist. But at the word "Come!" pronounced behind the door, which alone separated him from death, he remembered the sign of the cross, which his mother had taught him when an infant he said his prayers at her knee.

Steps approached, stopped; then the key turned in the lock, and the door slowly opened.

During this fleeting moment, Maurice had said to himself, —

"If I do not strike at once, I am a dead man. If I throw myself upon the assassins, I take them unawares — gain first the garden, then the street, and am saved!"

Immediately, with the spring of a lion, and uttering a fierce cry which savored more of menace than terror, he threw down the first two men, who believing him bound and blindfolded were quite unprepared for such an assault, scattered the others, took a tremendous leap over them, thanks to his iron muscles, saw at the end of the corridor a door leading into the garden wide open, rushed toward it, cleared at a bound six steps, found himself in the garden, and guessing his whereabouts as nearly as possible, rushed toward the gate. It was secured by a lock and a couple of bolts. Maurice drew back the bolts, tried to open the lock; but it had no key.

In the mean time his pursuers, who had reached the steps, perceived him.

"There he is!" cried they; "fire upon him, Dixmer, fire! Kill him — kill him!"

Maurice uttered a groan; he was enclosed in the

garden; he measured the walls with his eye — they were ten feet in height.

All this passed in a moment. The assassins rushed forward in pursuit.

Maurice was about thirty paces in advance; he looked about him with the air of a condemned man who seeks the shadow of a chance to save himself. He perceived the turret, the blind, and behind the blind the light.

He made but one bound, — a bound of six feet, — seized the blind, tore it down, passed through the window, smashing it, and alighted in a chamber where a lady sat reading.

The lady rose terrified, calling for help.

"Stand aside, Geneviève; stand aside!" cried the voice of Dixmer, "stand aside that I may kill him!"

And Maurice saw the carbine levelled at him.

But scarcely had the woman looked at him than she uttered a frightful cry, and instead of standing aside, as desired by her husband, rushed between him and the barrel of the gun.

This movement concentrated all Maurice's attention on the generous woman, whose first impulse was to protect him from danger and death.

In his turn he uttered a cry of astonishment.

It was the unknown whom he had so eagerly sought.

"You!" he exclaimed, "you —"

"Silence!" cried she.

Then, turning toward the assassins, who, variously armed, approached the window, —

"Ah! you will not kill him!" cried she.

"He is a spy," said Dixmer, whose usually placid countenance had assumed an expression of stern resolution, — "he is a spy, and therefore must die."

"A spy — he!" said Geneviève; "he a spy! Come

here, Dixmer; I need only say one word to prove that you are strangely deceived."

Dixmer and Geneviève approached the window, and in a low voice she uttered a few words.

The master-tanner raised his head quickly.

"He!" said he.

"He himself," said Geneviève.

"You are certain, quite certain?"

This time the young woman did not reply, but smiling held out her hand to Maurice.

The features of Dixmer now assumed a singular expression of coolness and gentleness. He rested the butt-end of his musket on the ground.

"This is quite another thing," said he.

Then making a sign to his companions to follow, he stepped aside with them, and after saying a few words, they disappeared.

"Conceal that ring," murmured Geneviève; "it is known by every one here."

Maurice quickly drew the ring from his finger, and slipped it into his waistcoat-pocket.

A moment afterward the door of the pavilion opened, and Dixmer, unarmed, advanced toward Maurice.

"Pardon me, Citizen," said he, "that I did not know sooner the obligation I am under to you. My wife, while retaining a grateful remembrance of the service you rendered her on the 10th of March, had forgotten your name. We were therefore completely in ignorance with whom we were concerned; otherwise, believe me, we should not for a moment have entertained suspicion either of your honor or intentions. I therefore again ask your pardon."

Maurice was bewildered; with the greatest difficulty he preserved his equilibrium; he felt his head turn round,

and was near falling. He supported himself against the mantel-piece.

"Why on earth did you wish to kill me?" he asked.

"This is the secret, Citizen," said Dixmer; "I confide it to your keeping. I am, as you already know, a tanner, and principal in this concern. The greater part of the acids I employ in the preparation of my skins are prohibited goods. Now the smugglers have received intelligence of an information laid before the counsel-general. I feared you were an informer. My smugglers were more alarmed than myself at your *bonnet-rouge* and formidable appearance, and I do not conceal from you that your death was resolved upon."

"*Pardieu!* and well I know it," said Maurice; "you tell me no news. I heard your consultation, and have seen your carbine."

"I have already apologized," said Dixmer, in a tone of marked kindness. "You must understand that, thanks to the unsettled state of the times, myself and partner, Monsieur Morand, are likely to realize an immense fortune. We have the furnishing of the military bags, and finish from fifteen hundred to two thousand each day. Owing to this blessed state of things in which we live, the municipality are much occupied, and have not time strictly to examine our accounts, so that it must be confessed we fish a little in troubled waters; the more so because, as I have already told you, the preparatory materials we procure by smuggling allow us to gain two hundred per cent."

"The devil!" said Maurice, "that appears to me an honest living enough, and I can now understand your dread lest a denunciation on my part should put an end to it; but now you know me, you fear me no longer. Is it not so?"

"Now," said Dixmer, "I do not even ask your word of honor." Then, placing his hand on his shoulder and smiling, "As it is only between friends," said he, "may I inquire what brought you here, young man? But of course, if you wish to keep it secret, you are perfectly at liberty to do so."

"I have already told you, I believe," murmured Maurice.

"Yes, a woman," said the burgess; "I know there was something about a woman."

"*Mon Dieu!* excuse me, Citizen, I am aware some sort of explanation is due to you. Well, then, I sought a female, who the other evening, disguised, told me she resided in this quarter. I neither know her name, position, or place of abode. I only know I am madly in love with her, that she is short —"

Geneviève was tall.

"That she is fair, and of a lively temperament."

Geneviève was a brunette, with large pensive eyes.

"A grisette, in short," continued Maurice; "so to please her, I assumed the popular dress."

"That explains all," said Dixmer, with a faith which a sly wink did not belie.

Geneviève colored, and feeling herself blush, turned away.

"Poor Citizen Lindey," said Dixmer, laughing; "what a miserable evening we have caused you to pass! and you are about the last I would wish to injure, so excellent a patriot, a brother; but, in short, I believed some confounded spy had usurped your name."

"Let us say no more on the subject," said Maurice, who knew it was time for him to withdraw; "put me on my road, and let us forget —"

"Put you on your road!" exclaimed Dixmer; "let you leave us! no indeed, not yet. I give — or rather my

partner and myself give — a supper to-night to those brave fellows who wished so much to slaughter you a little while ago. I reckon upon your supping with them, that you may see they are not such devils as they appear to be."

"But," said Maurice, overjoyed at the thought of being for a few hours near Geneviève, "I do not know really if I ought to accept — "

"If you ought to accept!" said Dixmer; "I know you ought; these are good and stanch patriots like yourself. Besides, I shall not consider that you have forgiven me unless we break bread together."

Geneviève uttered not a word. Maurice was in torment

"The fact is," stammered Maurice, "I fear I may be a constraint upon you, Citizen — this dress — my ungentlemanly appearance — "

Geneviève looked timidly toward him.

"We invite you in all kindness," said she.

"I accept your invitation, Citizen," said he, bowing.

"I will go and secure our companions," said Dixmer; "in the mean time, warm yourself, my dear sir."

He went out. Maurice and Geneviève remained alone.

"Ah, Monsieur!" said the young woman, in an accent to which she in vain tried to convey a tone of reproach, "you have failed in your word; you have been exceedingly indiscreet."

"Madame," cried Maurice, "have I in any way compromised you? Ah! in that case, pardon me; I will retire, and never — "

"Goodness!" said she, rising, "you are wounded in the breast; your shirt is stained with blood."

Indeed, upon the fine, white shirt of Maurice — a shirt forming a strange contrast to his coarser clothes — a large red spot of blood had spread itself, and had dried there.

"Do not be under any alarm, Madame," said the young man, "one of the smugglers pricked me with his poniard."

Geneviève turned pale, and taking his hand, —

"Forgive me," said she, "the wrong that has been done you; you saved my life, and I have nearly caused your death."

"Am I not sufficiently recompensed in finding you? You cannot for a moment imagine it was for another that I sought."

"Come with me," said Geneviève, interrupting him; "I will find you some clean linen. Our guests must not see you thus; it would be too great a reproach to them."

"I am a great trouble to you, Madame, I fear," said Maurice, sighing.

"Not at all; I only do my duty; and," she added, "I do it with much pleasure."

Geneviève then conducted Maurice to a large dressing-room, arranged with an air of elegance he had not expected to find in the house of a master-tanner. It is true this master-tanner appeared to be a millionnaire. She then opened the wardrobes.

"Help yourself," said she; "you are at home." She withdrew.

When Maurice came out, he found Dixmer had returned.

"Come! come!" said he, "to table; we only wait for you."

CHAPTER IX.

THE SUPPER.

When Maurice entered with Dixmer and Geneviève into the dining-room, situated in the part of the house where they had first conducted him, the supper was ready but the room vacant. He saw all the guests enter successively. They were six in number, men of agreeable exterior, for the most part young and fashionably dressed; two or three even wore the blouse and red bonnet.

Dixmer introduced Maurice, naming his titles and qualifications. Then, turning toward Maurice, —

"You see," said he, "Citizen Lindey, all those who assist me in my trade. Thanks to the times in which we live, thanks to the revolutionary principles which have effaced all distinction, we all live upon the same footing of sacred equality. Every day we assemble twice at the same table, and I am happy you have been induced to partake of our family repast. Come! to table — citizens, to table."

"And — Monsieur Morand," said Geneviève, timidly, "do we not wait for him?"

"Ah, true!" said Dixmer. "This citizen of whom I have already spoken, Citizen Lindey, is my partner. He conducts, if I may so express myself, the moral part of the establishment. He attends to the writing, keeps the cash, superintends the factories, pays and receives the money, and, in short, works harder than any of us. The result is that he is sometimes rather late. I will go and tell him we are waiting."

At this moment the door opened, and the Citizen Morand entered.

He was a short man, dark, with bushy eyebrows, and wore green spectacles — like a man whose eyes are fatigued from excess of work — concealing his black eyes, but not effectually obstructing their scintillating gleams. At the first words he uttered, Maurice recognized that mild, yet commanding voice engaged in his behalf when endeavoring to save him from becoming a victim to that terrible discussion. He was habited in a brown coat, with large buttons, a white waistcoat; and his fine cambric shirt-frill was often during dinner smoothed by a hand which Maurice, no doubt from its being that of a tradesman, admired much for its beauty and delicacy of appearance.

They all took their seats. Morand was placed on Geneviève's right hand, Maurice on her left. Dixmer sat opposite his wife. The rest of the guests seated themselves promiscuously round an oblong table. The supper was excellent. Dixmer had a capital appetite, and did the honors of the table with much politeness. The workmen, or those who pretended to be such, under this example became excellent companions. The Citizen Morand spoke little, and ate still less; drank scarcely anything, and rarely smiled. Maurice, perhaps from the reminiscences his voice awakened, felt for him immediately a lively sympathy, only he was in doubt as to his age; and this rather annoyed him, as sometimes he imagined him to be a man of forty or forty-five years, and sometimes to be quite young.

Dixmer, on placing himself at table, felt obliged to offer some explanation to his guests for the admission of a stranger into their little circle. He acquitted himself like an artless man, one unaccustomed to deceit; but the guests, as it seemed, were not hard to manage on this

point; for, notwithstanding the awkwardness displayed by the manufacturer of hides in the introduction of the young man, they all appeared perfectly satisfied.

Maurice regarded him with astonishment.

"Upon my honor," said he to himself, "I shall really soon think that I myself am deceived. Is that the same man who, with flaming eyes and threatening voice, pursued me, gun in hand, and absolutely wished to kill me three quarters of an hour since? Then I should have taken him for either a hero or an assassin. Goodness! how the love of hides does transform a man."

While making these observations Maurice experienced a strange feeling of joy and grief, and felt unable to analyze his own emotions. He at length found himself near his beautiful unknown, whom he had so ardently sought. As he had dreamed, she bore a charming name; he was intoxicated with the happiness of finding himself at her side; he drank in her every word; and at each sound of her voice the most secret chords of his heart vibrated; but he was deeply wounded by all he saw.

Geneviève was exactly what he had pictured her; the dream of a stormy night, reality had not destroyed. Here was an elegant woman, of sad demeanor but refined mind, affording another instance of what had so frequently occurred during the latter years preceding this present celebrated year '93. Here was a young woman of distinction compelled, from the ruin into which the nobility was ever falling, deeper and deeper, to ally herself to a commoner engaged in commerce. Dixmer appeared a trusty man. He was incontestably rich, and his manners to Geneviève were those of a man making every endeavor to render a woman happy. But could kindness, riches, or excellent intentions compensate her for what she had sacrificed, or remove the immense distance existing between husband

and wife, between a refined, distinguished, charming girl, and a vulgar-looking tradesman? With what could Geneviève fill up this abyss? Alas! Maurice now guessed too well. With love! And he therefore returned to that opinion of the young woman he had formed on the evening of their first meeting, — that she was returning from some love affair.

The idea of Geneviève loving any one was torture to Maurice. He sighed, and deeply regretted having exposed himself to the temptation of imbibing a still larger dose of that poison termed love. At other moments, while listening to that ductile voice, so soft and harmonious, examining that pure and open countenance which evinced no fear that he should read every secret of her soul, he arrived at the conclusion that it was utterly impossible that this matchless creature could descend to deceit; and then he found a bitter pleasure in remembering that this lovely woman belonged solely to this good citizen, with his honest smile and vulgar pleasantries, and would never be to him more than a passing acquaintance.

They conversed of course on politics. How could it be otherwise at an epoch when politics were mixed up with everything. Political subjects were even painted on the plates, political designs covered the walls, and politics were daily proclaimed in the streets. All at once, one of the guests who had hitherto preserved silence inquired concerning the prisoners of the Temple.

Maurice started, in spite of himself, at the ring of that voice. He recognized the voice of the man who, a strenuous advocate for extreme measures, had first struck him with his dagger, and then advocated his death. Nevertheless, this man, an honest tanner, and head of the manufactory, at least so Dixmer represented him,

soon incited the good humor of Maurice by the expression of ideas the most patriotic, and principles the most revolutionary. The young man, under certain circumstances, was not inimical to these extreme measures, so much in fashion at this period, of which Danton was the apostle and hero. In this man's place, from the effect of whose voice and weapon he felt himself still smarting, he would not have attempted to assassinate the man he believed to be a spy, but would rather have locked him in the garden, and there, equally armed, sword to sword, have fought him without mercy, without pity. This is what Maurice would have done; but he comprehended soon that this was too much to expect of a journeyman-tanner.

This man of extreme measures, who appeared to possess in his political ideas the same violent system as in his private conduct, then spoke of the Temple, and expressed surprise that the prisoners were confided to the guardianship of a permanent council liable to be corrupted, and to municipals whose fidelity had already been more than once tempted.

"Yes," said the Citizen Morand; "but it must be remembered that on every occasion, up to the present time, the municipals have fully justified the confidence reposed in them by the nation, and history will record that the Citizen Robespierre alone has merited the title of 'Incorruptible.'"

"Without doubt, without doubt," replied the interlocutor; "but because a thing has not yet happened, it would be absurd to suppose it never can happen. As for the National Guard," continued the foreman of the manufactory, "well, the companies of the different sections are placed, each in their turn, on duty at the Temple, and that indifferently. Will you not admit that there might

be, in a company of twenty or five-and-twenty men, a band of seven or eight determined characters, who some fine night might slaughter the sentinels and carry off the prisoners?"

"Bah!" said Maurice; "you see, Citizen, this would be a foolish expedient. In fact the thing was tried three weeks or a month ago, and did not succeed."

"Yes," replied Morand; "because one of those aristocrats who composed the patrol had the imprudence in speaking to let fall the word 'Monsieur,' I do not know to whom."

"And then," said Maurice, who wished to prove that the police of the Republic did their duty, "because the entrance of the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge into Paris was already known —"

"Bah!" cried Dixmer.

"They knew that Maison-Rouge had entered Paris?" coldly demanded Morand; "and did they know by what means he entered?"

"Perfectly."

"Indeed!" said Morand, leaning forward to look at Maurice, "I should be curious to know that, as up to the present moment no one can speak positively. But you, Citizen, you, secretary of one of the principal sections in Paris, ought to be better informed."

"Doubtless; therefore, what I am about to tell you is the true statement of facts."

All the guests and even Geneviève appeared prepared to pay the greatest attention to this recital.

"Well," said Maurice, "the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge came from Vendée, it appears; he had traversed all France with his usual good fortune. Arrived during the day at the Barrière du Roule, he waited till nine o'clock at night. At that hour a woman, disguised as a

woman of the people, went out through the barrier, carrying to the chevalier a costume of chasseur of the National Guard. Ten minutes afterward she re-entered with him; but the sentinel, who had seen her go out alone, felt rather suspicious when he saw her return with a companion. He gave the alarm to the post; the post turned out, when the two culprits, knowing they were pursued, flung themselves into a hotel where a second door opened into the Champs Elysées.

"It seems that a patrol devoted to the tyrants waited for the chevalier at the corner of the Rue Bar-du-Bec. You are acquainted with the rest."

"Ah, ah!" said Morand; "this is very strange."

"But positively true," said Maurice.

"Yes, it has an air of truth; but the female, do you know what became of her?"

"No; she has disappeared, and they are quite ignorant who she is, or what she is."

The partner of Citizen Dixmer, and Citizen Dixmer himself, appeared to breathe more freely.

Geneviève had listened to the whole of this recital, pale, silent, and immovable.

"But," said Morand, with his usual coolness, "who can say that the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge made one of the patrol who gave the alarm at the Temple?"

"A municipal, one of my friends, that day on duty at the Temple. He recognized him."

"He knew him from description?"

"He had seen him before."

"And what sort of man, personally, is this Chevalier de Maison-Rouge?"

"A man of five or six and twenty, short, fair, and of a pleasing countenance, with magnificent eyes and superb teeth."

There was a profound silence.

"Well," said Morand, "if your friend the municipal recognized this pretended Chevalier de Maison-Rouge, why did he not arrest him?"

"In the first place, not knowing of his arrival at Paris, he feared being the dupe of a resemblance; and then my friend, being rather lukewarm, acted as the lukewarm generally act, — gave him the benefit of his doubt, and let him alone."

"You would not have acted thus, Citizen?" said Dixmer, laughing boisterously.

"No," said Maurice; "I confess it, I would rather find myself deceived than allow so dangerous a man as the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge to escape."

"And what would you have done, then, Monsieur?" timidly inquired Geneviève.

"What would I have done, Citizeness?" said Maurice. "Oh, by Jove! I would have made short work of it. I would have had every door in the Temple shut. I would have walked straight up to the patrol, have placed my hand on his collar, and said to him, 'Chevalier de Maison-Rouge, I arrest you as a traitor to the nation;' and my hand once upon his collar, I would not soon release him, I can tell you."

"And what would have happened then?" asked Geneviève.

"It would have happened that he and his accomplices would have been arrested, and that very hour would have been guillotined; that is all."

Geneviève shuddered, and darted on her neighbor a look of affright. But the Citizen Morand did not appear to notice this glance, and phlegmatically emptied his glass.

"The Citizen Lindey is right," said he; "there was

nothing else to do; but, unfortunately, it was not done."

"And," demanded Geneviève, "do you know what has become of the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge?"

"Bah!" said Dixmer, "in all probability he did not wish to remain longer, and finding his attempt abortive, quitted Paris immediately."

"And perhaps even France," added Morand.

"Not at all, not at all," said Maurice.

"What! has he had the imprudence to remain in Paris?" asked Geneviève.

"He has not stirred."

A movement of general astonishment followed this assertion which Maurice had stated with so much confidence.

"This is only a supposition, Citizen, on your part," said Morand, — "merely a supposition, that is all."

"No; I affirm it as a positive fact."

"Ah!" said Geneviève; "I acknowledge, for my part, I cannot believe it is as you say; it would be such an unpardonable imprudence."

"You are a woman, Citizen; and can comprehend, then, what would outweigh, with a man of such a character as the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge, all considerations of personal security?"

"And what can outweigh the dread of losing one's life in a manner so dreadful?"

"Ah, Citizeness!" answered Maurice, "love."

"Love!" repeated Geneviève.

"Certainly. Do you not know, then, that the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge is enamored of Marie Antoinette?"

Two or three incredulous laughs were faintly heard. Dixmer looked at Maurice as if he sought to penetrate the very depths of his soul. Geneviève felt the tears

suffuse her eyes, and a shuddering she could not conceal from Maurice ran through her frame. The Citizen Morand spilled some wine from his glass, which he was then in the act of putting to his lips. His paleness would have alarmed Maurice, had not all the young man's attention been at the time centred on Geneviève.

"You are moved, Citizeness," murmured Maurice.

"Did you not say I should understand this because I was a woman? Well, we women feel for such devotion even if opposed to our principles."

"And that of the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge is the height of devotion, as it is said he has never even spoken to the queen."

"Ah! there now, Citizen Lindey," said the man of extreme measures; "it seems to me, permit me to observe, that you are very indulgent to the Chevalier—"

"Monsieur," said Maurice, perhaps intentionally making use of a word which had ceased to be in vogue, "I love all brave and courageous natures, which does not prevent my fighting them when I meet them in the ranks of my enemies. I do not despair of one day encountering the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge."

"And—" said Geneviève.

"If I meet him — well, I shall fight him."

The supper was finished. Geneviève set the example of retiring, by herself rising from table. At this moment the clock struck.

"Midnight!" said Morand, coolly.

"Midnight" exclaimed Maurice,—"midnight already?"

"That exclamation affords me much pleasure," said Dixmer; "it proves you are not wearied, and induces me to hope we may see you again. It is the door of a true patriot which opens to receive you; and, I trust, ere long, you will find it that of a sincere friend."

Maurice bowed, and turning toward Geneviève, —

"Will the Citizeness also permit me to repeat my visit?" demanded he.

"I do more than permit, I request you to do so. Adieu, Citizen," and Geneviève retired.

Maurice took leave of all the guests, particularly saluting Morand, with whom he was much pleased; pressed Dixmer's hand, and went away bewildered, but on the whole more joyful than sad, from the various and unexpected events of the evening.

"Unfortunate encounter, unfortunate encounter!" said the young woman, after Maurice's departure, and then burst into tears in the presence of her husband, who had conducted her to her room.

"Bah!" said Dixmer, "the Citizen Lindey, a known patriot, secretary to a section, admired, worshipped, and highly popular, is, on the contrary, a great acquisition to a poor tanner who has contraband merchandise on his premises."

"Do you think so, *mon ami?*" asked Geneviève, timidly.

"I think it is a warrant of patriotism, a seal of absolution, placed upon our house; and I think, after this evening, that the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge himself would be safe at our house."

And Dixmer kissed his wife with an affection more paternal than conjugal, and left her in the little pavilion set apart for her special benefit, passing himself into another part of the building, which he inhabited with the guests we have seen assembled round his table.

CHAPTER X.

SIMON THE SHOEMAKER.

The month of May had commenced. A bright clear day expanded the lungs tired of inhaling the icy fogs of winter, and the rays of the sun, warm and exhilarating, shone upon the black walls of the Temple. At the wicket of the interior, which separated the tower from the gardens, the soldiers of the post were smoking and laughing. But, notwithstanding the beauty of the day, and the offer made to the prisoners to descend and walk in the garden, the three females refused to do so; as, since the execution of her husband, the queen had obstinately secluded herself in her chamber, not wishing to pass the door of the apartment lately occupied by the king on the second story. When by any chance she took the air, since the fatal occurrence of the 21st of January, she did so on the platform of the tower, where even the battlements were inclosed with shutters.

The National Guards on duty, who knew the three females had received permission to go out, waited in vain all day, expecting them to turn the authority to some account. Toward five o'clock a man descended, and approached the sergeant in command of the post.

"Ah! ah! is that you, Father Tison?" said the sergeant, who appeared to be a right merry fellow.

"Yes, it is I, Citizen; I bring you, on the part of the municipal Maurice Lindey, your friend, who is now up-

stairs, this permission, granted by the Council of the Temple to my daughter, to pay a visit to her mother this evening."

"And you are going out just as your daughter is coming in? Unnatural father!" said the sergeant.

"I am going much against my inclination, Citizen Sergeant. I also hoped to see my poor child, whom I have not seen for two months, and to embrace her this evening. I am going out now. This service, this damned service, compels me to go out. It is necessary I should go to the Commune to make my report. A fiacre is waiting for me at the door, with two gendarmes, and it is exactly the time when my poor Sophie will arrive."

"Unhappy parent!" said the sergeant.

"And, Citizen Sergeant, when my child comes to see her poor mother, who is dying to see her, you will allow her to pass?"

"The order is correct," replied the sergeant, whom the reader has no doubt recognized as our friend Lorin; "so I have nothing to say against it; when your daughter comes, she may pass."

"Thanks, brave Thermopyle! thanks," said Tison; and he went out to make his report to the Commune, murmuring, "My poor wife, how happy she will be!"

"Do you know, Sergeant," said one of the National Guard, seeing Tison depart, and overhearing the last words, — "do you know there is something in these things that makes my blood run cold?"

"What things, Citizen Devaux?" demanded Lorin.

"Why," replied the compassionate National Guard, "to see this man, with his surly face and heart of stone, this pitiless guardian of the queen, go out with his eyes full of tears, partly of joy, partly of grief, thinking that his wife will see his daughter, and he shall not. It does

not do to reflect upon it too much, Sergeant; it is really grievous."

"Doubtless that is why he does not reflect upon it himself, this man who goes out with tears in his eyes, as you term it."

"Upon what should he reflect?"

"That it is three months since this woman he so brutally uses has seen her child. He does not think of her grief, only of his own; that is all. It is true this woman was queen," continued the sergeant, in an ironical tone rather difficult of comprehension; "and one is not obliged to feel the same respect for a queen as for the wife of a journeyman."

"Notwithstanding, all this is very sad," said Devaux.

"Sad, but necessary," said Lorin. "The best way then, is, as you say, not to think of it," and he began to sing —

"Where the branches met
On a rocky stone,
There I found Nicette,
Seated all alone."

Lorin was in the midst of his pastoral ditty, when suddenly a loud noise was heard from the left side of the post, composed of oaths, menaces, and tears.

"What is that?" demanded Devaux.

"It sounded like the voice of a child," said Lorin, listening.

"In fact," said the National Guard, "it is a poor little one they are beating. Truly they ought only to send here those who have no children."

"Will you sing?" said a hoarse and drunken voice.

And the voice sung in example —

"Madame Veto promised
That all our heads should fall—"

"No," said the child, "I will not sing."

"Will you sing?"

And the voice recommenced —

"Madame Veto promised —"

"No! no!" said the child. "No, no, no!"

"Ah! little beggar," said the hoarse voice; and the noise of a lash whirring through the air was distinctly heard. The infant screamed with agony.

"Ah! *sacre bleu!*" said Lorin; "it is that rascally Simon beating the little Capet."

Several of the National Guards shrugged their shoulders. Two or three tried to smile. Devaux rose and went out.

"I said truly," murmured he, "that parents should never enter here."

All at once a low door opened, and the royal child, chased by the whip of his guardian made a flying leap into the court, when something hard struck his leg, and fell on the ground behind him.

He stumbled, and fell upon his knee.

"Bring me my last, little monster, or else —"

The child rose and shook his head, in token of refusal.

"Ah! this is it, is it?" cried the same voice. "Wait, you shall see," and the shoemaker Simon rushed from his hut as a wild beast from its den.

"Hallo! hallo!" cried Lorin, frowning. "Where are you going so fast, Master Simon?"

"To chastise this little wolf's cub," said the shoemaker.

"To chastise him, for what?"

"For what?"

"Yes."

"Because the little beggar will neither sing like a good patriot, nor work like a good citizen."

"Well, what have you to do with that?" demanded Lorin. "Did the nation confide Capet to you that you might teach him to sing?"

"And what business have you to interfere, I should like to know, Citizen Sergeant?" said Simon, astonished.

"I interfere, as it becomes every man of feeling to do. It is unworthy of a man to see a child beaten, and to suffer him to be beaten."

"Bah! the son of a tyrant."

"He is a child; and the child has not participated in the crimes of the father. The child is not culpable, and, consequently, ought not to be punished."

"And I tell you he was placed with me to do what I choose with him. I choose that he shall sing 'Madame Veto,' and sing it he shall."

"Contemptible wretch!" said Lorin. "'Madame Veto' is mother to this child. Would you yourself like your child to be made to sing that you were one of the canaille?"

"Me!" cried Simon. "Vile aristocrat of a sergeant!"

"No names," said Lorin. "I am not Capet; and they shall not make me sing by force."

"I will have you arrested, vile *ci-devant!*"

"You!" said Lorin; "you have me arrested! you had better try to arrest a Thermopyle."

"Good, good; he laughs best who laughs last. And now, Capet, pick up my last, and come and finish your shoe, or by thunder!—"

"And I," said Lorin, turning deadly pale, and advancing a step forward, his hands clinched, and his teeth set,—"I tell you he shall not pick up your last, he shall not make shoes; do you hear, idiot? Oh, yes! you have your big sword there, but I am no more afraid of it than I am of yourself. Just you dare to draw it."

"Ah! *massacre,*" roared Simon, turning pale with rage.

At this moment two women entered the court. One of them held a paper in her hand. She addressed herself to the sentinel.

"Sergeant," cried the sentinel, "it is Tison's daughter, who asks to see her mother."

"Let her pass, since the Council of the Temple permit it," said Lorin, who did not wish to leave for a moment, for fear Simon should avail himself of his absence and again beat the child.

The sentinel allowed the two women to pass; but hardly had they ascended four steps on the dark staircase, when they encountered Maurice Lindey, who was descending into the court. It was almost dark, so that he was unable to distinguish their features. Maurice stopped them.

"Who are you, citizens?" said he; "and what do you want?"

"I am Sophie Tison," said one of the women; "I obtained permission to visit my mother, and have come to see her."

"Yes," said Maurice; "but this permission was for yourself only, Citizeness."

"I brought my friend, that there might be two of us in the midst of the soldiers, at least."

"Very good; but your friend cannot go up."

"As you please, Citizen," said Sophie Tison, pressing the hand of her friend, who, close against the wall, seemed paralyzed with surprise and terror.

"Citizen sentinels," said Maurice, raising his voice and addressing the sentinels who were stationed on every landing, "allow the Citizen Tison to pass, but do not permit her friend to pass; she will remain on the staircase. See that she is treated with all due respect."

"Yes, Citizen," replied the sentinels.

"Go up, then," said Maurice.

The two women then passed on; and Maurice, leaping over the remaining five or six steps, advanced rapidly into the court.

"What is all this?" said he to the National Guard; "and what is the cause of this noise? The cries of a child were heard as far as the prisoners' antechamber."

"It is this," said Simon, who, accustomed to the manners of the municipals, believed, on perceiving Maurice, that he came as an ally; "this traitor, this spy, this *ci-devant*, this aristocrat, prevents me from belaboring Capet," and he shook his fist at Lorin.

"Yes, by Heaven, I did prevent it," said Lorin, drawing his sword; "and if you again call me *ci-devant*, aristocrat, or traitor, I will run my sword through your body."

"A threat!" cried Simon; "guard! guard!"

"I am the guard," said Lorin; "so you had better not call; for if I come to you, I will exterminate you."

"Come here, Citizen Municipal, come here," said Simon, now seriously alarmed at Lorin's threats.

"The sergeant is quite right," said the municipal, to whom he had appealed for assistance; "you are a disgrace to the nation, coward, to beat a child."

"And why did he beat him? Do you know the reason, Maurice? Because the child would not sing 'Madame Veto;' because the child would not insult his mother."

"The miserable wretch!" said Maurice.

"And you also?" said Simon. "Am I surrounded by traitors?"

"You villain!" cried the municipal, seizing Simon by the throat, and tearing the last from his hand; "try to prove that Maurice Lindey is a traitor," and he applied the leather strap vigorously to the shoulders of the shoemaker.

"Thanks, sir," said the child, who regarded this scene with the coolness of a Stoic; "but he will revenge himself upon me."

"Come, Capet, come, my child," said Lorin; "if he beats you again, call for help; I will chastise him, the hangman. And now, little Capet, return to your tower."

"Why do you call me Capet, even you who protect me? You know very well that Capet is not my name."

"Not your name!" said Lorin; "what is your name, then?"

"I am called Louis Charles de Bourbon. Capet is the name of one of my ancestors. I know the history of France; my father taught me."

"And you want to teach a child to mend old shoes, to whom a king has taught the history of France?" cried Lorin; "it beats everything."

"You need not be concerned," said Maurice to the child; "I will make my report."

"And I mine," said Simon; "and among other things I shall say that instead of allowing one woman to enter the tower, you permitted two to pass."

At this moment the two women went out from the keep. Maurice ran after them.

"Well, Citizeness," said he, addressing the one by his side, "have you seen your mother?"

Sophie Tison placed herself immediately between the municipal and her companion.

"Yes, Citizen, thank you," said she.

Maurice had wished to see the young girl's friend, or at least to hear her voice, but she was enveloped in her mantle, and seemed determined not to utter a single word. He also thought that she trembled. This appearance of fear excited his suspicion. He reascended the stairs

quickly, and through the glass partition saw the queen endeavoring to hide something in her pocket which looked like a billet.

"Ah! ah!" said he, "I have been duped."

He called his colleague.

"Citizen Agricola," said he, "enter Marie Antoinette's room, and do not lose sight of her."

"Heyday!" said the municipal, "is it because —"

"Enter, I tell you, and do not lose sight of her for an instant, a moment, a second."

The municipal entered the queen's apartment.

"Call the woman Tison," said he to one of the National Guard.

Five minutes afterward Tison's wife arrived in high spirits.

"I have seen my daughter," said she.

"Where was that?" demanded Maurice.

"Here, of course, in this antechamber."

"Well; and did not your daughter ask to see the Austrian?"

"No."

"Did she not enter her room?"

"No."

"And during the time you were conversing with your daughter, did no one come out of the prisoners' chamber?"

"How should I know? I was fully occupied with my daughter, whom I had not seen for three months."

"Recollect yourself."

"Ah, yes; I think I remember."

"What?"

"The young girl came out."

"Marie Thérèse?"

"Yes."

"Did she speak to your daughter?"

"No."

"Your daughter gave nothing to her?"

"No."

"Did she pick up nothing from the ground?"

"My daughter?"

"No, the daughter of Marie Antoinette."

"She picked up her pocket-handkerchief."

"Oh, woman! what were you thinking of?" cried Maurice.

And he rushed toward a bell-cord, which he pulled violently. It was an alarm-bell.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BILLET.

THE other two municipal guards came up hastily. A detachment of the post accompanied them. The doors were shut, and two sentinels intercepted the egress from each chamber.

"What do you want, sir?" said the queen to Maurice when he entered. "I was about to retire, when, five minutes since, the citizen municipal suddenly forced his entrance into my chamber, without informing me what he desired."

"Madame," said Maurice, bowing, "it is not my colleague who desires anything from you, it is myself."

"You, sir?" demanded Marie Antoinette, looking at Maurice, whose courteous behavior had caused her to regard him with some favor; "and what do you desire?"

"I request that you will be kind enough to show me the letter you were concealing when I entered just now."

Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth trembled. The queen turned very pale.

"You are mistaken, sir; I concealed nothing."

"You lie, Austrian!" cried Agricola.

Maurice quickly placed his hand on the arm of his colleague.

"One moment, my dear colleague," said he; "leave me to speak to the citizeness, I am a little bit of a lawyer."

"Go on then; but do not stand on ceremony with her, *morbleu!*"

"You have concealed a letter, Citizen," said Maurice, austerely; "now it is necessary we should see this letter."

"But what letter?"

"The letter that Tison's daughter brought you, and which the citizeness, your daughter" (Maurice alluded to the young princess), "picked up with her pocket-handkerchief."

The three females looked at each other with terror.

"But, Monsieur, this is worse than tyranny," said the queen; "we are women! women!"

"Do not mistake," said Maurice, with firmness; "we are neither judges nor executioners, we are overseers, — that is to say, your fellow-citizens, — commissioned to guard you. We have our order; to violate it is treason. Citizeness, I pray you to give me the letter you have concealed."

"Gentlemen," said the queen, with much hauteur, "since you are overseers, search, and deprive us of our rest to-night as usual."

"God forbid we should lay our hands upon women! I am now going to inform the Commune, and shall await its orders. But you cannot retire to bed; you may sleep upon these easy-chairs, if you please, and we shall guard you. If necessary, they will search you."

"What is the matter?" said Tison's wife, appearing at the door quite bewildered.

"It is this, Citizeness," said Maurice, "that by lending yourself to treasonable practices, you have debarred yourself from seeing your daughter any more."

"From seeing my daughter? What do you tell me then, Citizen," demanded Tison's wife, who could not yet comprehend why she was not to see her daughter.

"I tell you, that your daughter did not come here to

see you, but to bring a letter to the Citizen Capet; and therefore she shall return here no more."

"But if she does not come here, I shall not be able to see her, as we are forbidden to go out."

"This time you have no one to blame but yourself, — it is your own fault," said Maurice.

"Oh!" screamed the poor woman, "my fault! why do you say it is my fault? Nothing has happened, I assure you. If I thought anything could have happened, woe to you, Antoinette; you should pay dearly for it," and the exasperated woman shook her fist at the queen.

"Threaten no one," said Maurice; "but rather gain by kindness what we demand, for you are a woman, and the Citizeness Marie Antoinette, who is herself a mother, will take pity on you. To-morrow your daughter will be arrested, — to-morrow imprisoned; then, if they discover anything, and you know that when they choose they always can do so, she is lost, and also her companion."

The woman Tison, who had listened to Maurice with increasing terror, turned wildly toward the queen.

"You hear, Antoinette? My daughter! It is you who will ruin my child!"

The queen in her turn appeared bewildered, not by the fury which sparkled in the eyes of her female jailer, but by her evident despair. "Come with me, Madame Tison," said she, "I have something to say to you."

"Holloa! No cajolery; we are not in your way here," said Maurice's colleague. "Before the municipality — everything open and above board."

"Never mind, Citizen Agricola," whispered Maurice, "provided we discover the truth, it does not matter in what fashion we do so."

"You are right, Citizen Maurice; but —"

"Let us pass behind the glazed partition, Citizen Agri-

cola; and if you agree with me, we will turn our backs, and I am certain the individual for whom we evince this consideration will not make us repent it."

The queen heard these words, intended for her to hear, and cast upon the young man a look of grateful acknowledgment. Maurice carelessly turned his head, and walked to the other side of the glazed partition. Agricola followed him.

"You see this queen," said he to Agricola: "as a queen she is very culpable, as a woman she is high-minded and dignified. It is well to destroy crowns; princes are purified by misfortune."

"By thunder! you speak well, Citizen Maurice; I like to hear you talk, and your friend Lorin. Is that poetry you recited?"

Maurice smiled.

During this conversation, the scene which Maurice had anticipated was passing on the other side.

The woman Tison approached the queen.

"Madame," said the queen, "your despair grieves me. I do not wish to deprive you of your daughter, — that would be too cruel; but pray consider, perhaps by doing what these men require, your child will be lost none the less."

"Do what they tell you!" cried the woman, — "do what they tell you!"

"But first, at least, hear what is the matter."

"What is the matter?" demanded the woman, with almost savage curiosity.

"Your daughter brought a friend with her."

"Yes, a work-woman like herself. She did not like to come alone, because of the soldiers."

"This friend committed a letter to your daughter; your daughter let it fall. Marie, who was passing, picked

it up. It is, doubtless, a paper of no consequence, but still one upon which evil-minded people might put a bad construction. Did not the municipal just tell you, when they wish that they can always do so?"

"Well, go on."

"That is all; you wish me to give up this paper, — do you wish me to sacrifice a friend, without perhaps benefiting your daughter?"

"Do what they tell you!" shrieked the woman, — "do what they tell you!"

"But if this paper implicates your daughter," said the queen; "do try to understand."

"My daughter is, like myself, a good patriot," cried the hag. "Thank God, the Tisons are well known. Do what they tell you!"

"Good Heavens!" said the queen; "how can I make you understand?"

"My child, I want them to return me my child," cried Tison's wife, stamping her feet. "Give me the paper, Antoinette, give me the paper!"

"There it is, Madame," and the queen tendered a paper to the wretched creature, which she seized, and held joyfully above her head, crying, —

"Come here, come here, citizen municipals. I have the paper; take it, and give me back my child."

"You sacrifice our friends, sister," said Elizabeth.

"No, sister," replied the queen, mournfully; "I only sacrifice ourselves. The paper implicates no one."

At the cries of the woman Tison, Maurice and his colleague came toward her, when she immediately held out the paper to them. They opened it and read, —

"At L'Orient [the east] a friend still watches."

Maurice had no sooner cast his eyes on this paper

than he started. The hand-writing seemed to him not unknown.

"My God!" cried he, "can it be that of Geneviève? But no, it is impossible; I am mad. It resembles hers, certainly; but what can Geneviève have to do with the queen?"

He turned round, and observed that Marie Antoinette was watching him attentively. As for the woman Tison, as she awaited her fate, she devoured Maurice with her eyes.

"You have done a good action," said he, to Tison's wife; "and you, Citizeness, a great one," addressing the queen.

"Then, sir," replied Marie Antoinette, "follow my example. Burn the paper, and you will perform a charitable one."

"You are joking, Austrian," said Agricola. "Burn a paper that may perhaps enable us to discover a whole covey of aristocrats? Good faith! no; we are not quite such fools as that."

"Ah, yes! do burn it; it might compromise my daughter," implored the woman Tison.

"I believe you; your daughter and some others," said Agricola, taking the paper from the hands of Maurice, which the latter, had he been alone, would most certainly have destroyed.

Ten minutes afterward, the paper was deposited on the bureau of the members of the Commune. It was instantly opened and commented upon in various ways.

"'At L'Orient — a friend watches.' What the devil can that mean?" said one.

"Why," replied a geographer, "at Lorient, that is clear enough. Lorient is a little town of Brittany, situated between Vannes and Quimper. Egad! we ought to

burn the town, if it be true that it shelters aristocrats who are watching still over the Austrian."

"It is all the more dangerous," said another, "because Lorient being a sea-port, they might establish communication with England."

"I propose," said a third, "that we send a committee to Lorient, and that a thorough search of the place be instituted."

This proposition made the minority smile, but was approved by the majority; they accordingly resolved that a committee be sent to Lorient to watch the aristocrats.

Maurice had been informed of the consultation.

"I think it may perhaps mean the East," said he; "but I am quite sure it is not in Brittany."

The next day the queen, who, as we have previously said, would no more enter the garden, to avoid passing the door of the apartment where her husband had been imprisoned, requested permission to ascend the tower to take the air, with her daughter and Madame Elizabeth. Her wish was instantly acceded to; but Maurice followed her, and mounting the stairs, ensconced himself behind a little turret where, concealed, he awaited the result of the letter of the preceding evening. The queen at first walked without manifesting any concern, with Madame Elizabeth and her daughter, then stopped, while the two princesses continued their promenade, and turning toward the "East," observed intently a house at the windows of which several persons were visible, one of whom held a white handkerchief.

Maurice, on his part, drew a telescope from his pocket, and while he adjusted it, the queen made a quick movement, as if to request those at the window to retire; but Maurice had already remarked the head of a man, with fair hair and pale complexion, whose salutation was

so respectful as almost to border on humility. Behind this young man, for he appeared to be five, or six, and twenty years of age, stood a woman partially concealed from his view. Maurice directed his glass toward her, and thinking that he recognized Geneviève, inadvertently made a motion which brought him under the notice of the party. Immediately the female, who also held a telescope in her hand, drew back, dragging the young man away with her. Was it really Geneviève? Had she also recognized Maurice? Had this couple only retired at the signal given them by the queen? Maurice waited a moment to see if the young man and woman would reappear; but seeing the window remain unoccupied, he recommended the strictest vigilance to his colleague, Agricola, quickly descended the staircase, and went and concealed himself at the corner of the Rue Portefoin, to see if they came out of the house. It was in vain; no one appeared. He could not resist the suspicion which had entered his mind from the moment the companion of Tison's daughter had persisted in maintaining so obstinate a silence. Maurice directed his course toward the old Rue Saint Jacques, where he arrived, bewildered by the strangest suspicions, doubts, and fears. When he entered, Geneviève, attired in a white morning-dress, was seated under an arbor of jasmine, where she was accustomed to breakfast. She, as usual, accorded Maurice a friendly greeting, and invited him to take a cup of chocolate with her. Dixmer on his part, who had in the mean time arrived, expressed the greatest joy at meeting Maurice at this unwonted hour; but before he permitted Maurice to take the cup of chocolate he had accepted, always enthusiastically attached to his trade, he insisted that his friend the secretary to the section Lepelletier should come with him and see the manufactory.

On their way to the work-shops Dixmer, taking Maurice's arm and hurrying him along, observed, —

"My dear Maurice, I have important news for you."

"Political?" asked Maurice, always occupied with one idea.

"Ah! dear Citizen," said Dixmer, smiling, "do you think we trouble ourselves about politics? No, no; relating to our business, thank Heaven! My honored friend, Morand, who, as you know, is a celebrated chemist, has discovered the secret of staining morocco red in an unequalled manner, — that is to say, the color remains unalterable, — by a process never discovered till now. It is this color I want to show you. Besides, you will see Morand at work; he is quite an artist."

Maurice did not exactly comprehend how making a red dye constituted an artist; but nevertheless accompanied Dixmer across the tanyards, and in a separate sort of office saw the Citizen Morand at work. He had on his blue spectacles, was in his working-dress, and seemed entirely absorbed in the intensely interesting process of changing a sheep-skin from dirty white to purple. He had tucked up his sleeves, and his hands and arms were red to the elbow. As Dixmer remarked, he had devoted himself heart and soul to cochineal.

So entirely was he preoccupied that he merely moved his head to Maurice.

"Well, Citizen Morand," said Dixmer, "what say we?"

"We shall gain a hundred thousand francs yearly by this process alone; but I have not slept for eight days, and these acids have affected my sight."

Maurice left Dixmer with Morand and joined Geneviève as he said to himself, "It must be confessed the trade of municipal is degrading to the hero! About eight days in the Temple one might fancy one's self an aristocrat

and denounce one's self. Honest Dixmer! Plodding Morand! Gentle Geneviève! And I, idiot that I was, to have suspected them for a moment!"

Geneviève awaited Maurice with a sweet smile calculated most effectually to dispel every vestige of suspicion. She was as usual sweet, amiable, and charming.

The hours passed in Geneviève's society were those only in which Maurice could be said really to exist. At all other times he was infected with that fever which might be termed the fever of '93, by which Paris was separated into two hostile camps, and existence rendered a perpetual combat. Toward noon, however, he had to part with Geneviève, and return to the Tower of the Temple.

At the end of Rue Sainte Avoie he met Lorin, who was bringing down his guard from duty. He left the ranks and came to meet Maurice, who still wore upon his countenance the impress of the happiness he had enjoyed in the society of the lovely Geneviève.

"Ah!" said Lorin, cordially shaking his friend by the hand, —

> "In vain you seek your anguish
> Within your heart to hide,
> I know for whom you languish,
> For whom so long you 've sighed;
> Within your heart, within your eyes,
> Love reigns, and triumphs in his prize."

Maurice put his hand in his pocket in search of his key. This was the method he adopted to put a stop to his friend's poetical vein. But Lorin saw the movement, and ran away, laughing. "Apropos," said he retracing his steps, "you have three days more at the Temple; I recommend poor little Capet to your care."

CHAPTER XII.

LOVE.

In fact Maurice for some time had experienced a strange medley of happiness and misery. It is always thus at the commencement of the tender passion. His daily occupation at the section Lepelletier, his evening visits to the old Rue Saint Jacques, and some occasional visits to the club of the Thermopyles, filled up his days.

He did not deceive himself. He well knew that to see Geneviève daily was to imbibe large draughts of a hopeless love.

Geneviève was a woman of retired manners and pleasing appearance, who would frankly tender her hand to a friend, and would innocently approach his face with her lips, with the confidence of a sister, and the ignorance of a vestal before whom the words of love appear as blasphemy.

Thus in the purest dreams that the first style of Raphael has traced upon the canvas is a Madonna with smiling lips, chaste eyes, and heavenly expression. This creation of the divine pupil of Perugino may help us to portray the likeness of Geneviève.

In the midst of flowers she imbibed their freshness and perfume; isolated from the occupation of her husband, and from her husband himself, she appeared to Maurice each time he saw her like a living enigma, of which he could not divine the meaning, and dared not ask it.

One evening when, as usual, he had remained alone with her, they were both seated at the same window by which he had entered, a few nights since, with so little ceremony; the perfume of the lilacs in full bloom floated upon the soft breeze that had succeeded the radiant sunset. After a long silence, Maurice, having during this silence followed the intelligent and holy eye of Geneviève as she watched the appearance of the stars in the azure vault of heaven, ventured to inquire concerning the great disparity between herself and husband. She so young, and he already past the middle age; she so refined in manner, while everything around announced him a man of inferior birth and education; she so sublime in her thoughts and aspirations, while her husband had not an idea beyond his manufactory.

"Here, at the abode of a master-tanner, are harp, piano, and drawings, which you acknowledge to be your own. How is it that here I meet with aristocracy which though I detest it in others, I adore in you?"

Geneviève fixed upon Maurice a look full of candor.

"Thanks," said she, "for this inquiry; it proves to me that you are a man of delicacy, and that you have not sought information concerning me from any one else."

"Never, Madame," said Maurice. "I have a devoted friend who would die for me; I have a hundred comrades ready to follow wherever I may lead them, — but among all these hearts, when a woman is concerned, and above all, such a woman as Geneviève, I know but one I would trust, and that one is my own."

"Thanks, Maurice," said the young woman, "I will myself tell you, then, all you desire to know."

"Your maiden name first," said Maurice. "I only know your married one at present."

Geneviève detected the selfishness of love in this question, and smiled.

"Genevieve du Treilly," said she.

Maurice repeated, "Geneviève du Treilly!"

"My family," continued Geneviève, "was ruined after the American war, in which both my father and elder brother had taken part."

"Gentlemen both?" said Maurice.

"No, no," said Geneviève, blushing.

"And yet you said your maiden name was Geneviève du Treilly."

"Frankly, Monsieur Maurice, my family was rich, but had no claim to nobility."

"You do not trust me," said the young man, smiling.

"Oh, yes! I do," replied Geneviève. "In America my father was connected with the father of Monsieur Morand. Monsieur Dixmer was managing man to Monsieur Morand. We were ruined, and Monsieur Morand, knowing that Monsieur Dixmer was a man of independent fortune, presented him to my father, who in his turn presented him to me. I saw that my father had beforehand resolved on my marriage. I understood it was the wish of my family. I did not love Monsieur Dixmer, neither had I ever loved any one, but I accepted him.

"I have now been Dixmer's wife for three years, and I am bound to say that he has proved to me so good and excellent a husband, that notwithstanding the difference of taste and the disparity of age you have remarked, I have never even for a moment experienced the slightest feeling of regret."

"But," said Maurice, "when you married Monsieur Dixmer he was not at the head of this manufactory."

"No, we lived at Blois. After the 10th of August

Monsieur Dixmer purchased this house and the adjoining workshops; and that I might not be annoyed by the workmen, and to spare me the sight of many things repulsive to a person of my habits, — which are, as you observed, Maurice, a little aristocratic, — he gave me this pavilion, where I live alone, retired, gratifying my various fancies and desires, and happy when a friend like yourself, Maurice, comes either to distract or partake in my reveries."

And Geneviève tendered her hand to Maurice, which he ardently kissed. Geneviève blushed slightly.

"Now, my friend," said the young woman, drawing away her hand, "you know how I became the wife of Monsieur Dixmer."

"Yes," said Maurice, regarding Geneviève with great attention; "but you have not told me how Monsieur Morand came to be associated with your husband."

"Oh, that is very simple," said Geneviève. "Monsieur Dixmer had, as I have told you, some fortune, but still not sufficient to engage alone in a large concern like this. The son of Monsieur Morand, his protector, as I have already mentioned, — this friend of my father, you will remember, — provided half the funds, and as he possesses a good knowledge of chemistry, he devotes himself to various improvements with the energy you have remarked, and, thanks to which, the business of Monsieur Dixmer, who has charge of all the practical part, has extended immensely."

"Monsieur Morand is also a great friend of yours, is he not, Madame?" said Maurice.

"Monsieur Morand is a noble-hearted being, one of the worthiest men in existence," gravely replied Geneviève.

"If he has given you no other proofs," said Maurice, a little piqued at the importance accorded by Geneviève to the young man, the partner of her husband, "than divid-

ing the expenses of this establishment with Monsieur Dixmer, and inventing a new dye for morocco, allow me to say that you rather over-rate his merits."

"He has given me many other proofs, sir," said Geneviève.

"He is young, is he not?" said Maurice. "His green spectacles render it difficult to tell his age."

"He is thirty-five."

"You have known him then a long time?"

"From infancy."

Maurice bit his lips; he had always suspected Morand loved Geneviève.

"Oh!" said Maurice, "that explains his familiarity with you."

"It seems to me, sir," said Geneviève, smiling, "that this familiarity, which is hardly even that of a friend, does not need any explanation."

"Oh, pardon me, Madame, you know all affectionate natures are jealous, and my friendship was jealous of that you appear to feel for Monsieur Morand."

He ceased talking. Geneviève also remained silent. Nothing further was said that day respecting Morand, and Maurice quitted Geneviève more than ever in love, for he was jealous.

However blinded the young man might be by his passion, whatever turmoil might be in his heart, there were in the recital of Geneviève many gaps, much hesitation, and many concealments, to which at the moment he had paid no attention, but which now returned to his memory and strangely tortured him. The feeling that there was some mystery about the family could not be dispelled even by the liberty allowed him by Dixmer of conversing with Geneviève as often and as long as he pleased, nor by the solitary interview they had together

every evening. Moreover, Maurice had now become a constant and expected guest at the house, where he not only enjoyed unrestrained intercourse with Geneviève, who seemed guarded by her angelic purity from any advances on the part of the young man, but he now escorted her in all the excursions made from time to time in the quarter in which she lived. In the midst of this established intimacy one thing surprised him. The more he sought (perhaps the better to watch his sentiments for Geneviève) the friendship of Morand, by whose genius, notwithstanding his prejudice, he felt himself captivated, and whose pleasing manners won him more and more every day, the greater the inclination evinced by this whimsical man to avoid him. Of this he complained bitterly to Geneviève; for he did not doubt that Morand had discerned in him a rival, and that his conduct proceeded from jealousy.

"The Citizen Morand hates me," said he one day to Geneviève.

"You?" said Geneviève, with a look of astonishment. "You? — Monsieur Morand hates you?"

"Yes; I am sure of it."

"And why should he hate you?"

"Do you wish me to tell you?" cried Maurice.

"Certainly," replied Geneviève.

"Well, then, because I —"

Maurice stopped; he was going to say, "because I love you."

"I cannot tell you why," replied Maurice, coloring. The fierce Republican near Geneviève was as timid and as confused as a young girl.

Geneviève smiled.

"Say," replied she, "there is no sympathy between you, and I may perhaps believe you. You are of a sanguine

temperament, have a brilliant intellect; and you are a man of birth and education, while Morand is a merchant grafted on a chemist. He is timid and retiring. It is this timidity that deters him from taking the first step toward your acquaintance."

"And who asks him to make the first advance toward me? I have made fifty to him, and he has never responded. No," continued Maurice, shaking his head; "that cannot be the reason."

"What is it, then?" said Geneviève.

Maurice chose to remain silent.

The day after this conversation with Geneviève, he visited her at two o'clock in the afternoon, and found her ready dressed to go out. "Welcome," said she, "you will act as my chevalier."

"Where are we going, then?" demanded Maurice.

"I am going to Auteuil. The weather is delightful. I mean to walk part of the way. Our carriage will convey us to the barrier, where it will wait for us. We will then walk to Auteuil, and when I have finished my business there, we will return."

"Oh!" said Maurice, "what a delightful day you offer me!"

The two young people went on their journey. Beyond Passy the carriage put them down, and they continued their journey on foot.

On arriving at Auteuil, Geneviève stopped.

"Wait for me," said she, "at the entrance to the park; when I have finished I will rejoin you."

"Where are you going then?" demanded Maurice.

"To a friend's house."

"Where I cannot accompany you?"

Geneviève smilingly shook her head.

"Impossible!" said she.

Maurice bit his lips.

"Very well," said he; "I will wait."

"Ah! what?" said Geneviève.

"Nothing," replied Maurice. "Shall you be long?"

"If I had thought it would inconvenience you, Maurice, if I had known you were engaged," said Geneviève, "I would not have requested you to do me the slight favor to accompany me to-day. I might have asked —"

"Monsieur Morand," interrupted Maurice, sharply.

"No; you are aware Monsieur Morand is at the manufactory at Rambouillet, and does not return till this evening."

"Oh, it is to that circumstance that I owe the honor?"

"Maurice," said Geneviève, softly, "I cannot keep the person I came to see waiting; but if this puts you to the least inconvenience return to Paris, only send back the carriage for me."

"No, no, Madame," replied Maurice, quickly, "I am at your service." He bowed to Geneviève, who, sighing softly, proceeded on her way, and entered Auteuil.

Maurice went to the appointed place, and commenced walking backward and forward with long impatient strides, cutting off with his cane like Tarquin all the heads of the weeds, flowers, and thistles, which he found upon the road; and like all persons whose thoughts are preoccupied, he continued without pausing to trace and retrace his footsteps.

And what occupied his thoughts? The desire to know whether Geneviève loved him or not. Her manner to him was that of a friend or sister, but he felt this was no longer sufficient. He loved her with an entire love. She had become his sole thought by day, his constantly re-

newed dream by night. At one time, he only asked to see her again ; nothing could satisfy him now but her love.

Geneviève was absent for an hour, which to him had appeared an age ; he then saw her approaching him with a smile upon her lips. Maurice, on the contrary, went to meet her with a frowning brow.

Geneviève, smiling, took his arm.

"Here I am," said she ; "pardon me, *mon ami*, for having made you wait."

Maurice only replied by a bow ; and they then entered a shady lane, which, by a winding path, conducted them into the high-road.

It was one of those delicious evenings in spring when every plant sends its fragrance on high, when every bird, either seated on the branches, or skipping from spray to spray, warbles its songs of praise to God ; one of those evenings that seem destined to live forever in our memory. Maurice was silent, Geneviève pensive. She fondled with one hand the flowers of a bouquet which she held in the other that rested on the arm of Maurice.

"What is the matter with you?" said he, all at once, to Geneviève ; "and what makes you so sad to-day?"

Geneviève might have answered, My happiness. She regarded him tenderly.

"But you," said she, "are you not more than usually sad to-day?"

"I," said Maurice, "have reason to be sad, — I am unhappy ; but you — "

"You unhappy?"

"Doubtless ; do you not perceive sometimes from my tremulous tones how much I suffer? Does it not often happen, when I am talking with you or your husband, I am compelled suddenly to seek the air, because I feel as if my heart would burst?"

"But," demanded Geneviève, embarrassed, "to what do you attribute this suffering?"

"If I were an affected lady," said Maurice, attempting a laugh, "I should say it was a nervous attack."

"And at this moment do you suffer?"

"Much," said Maurice.

"Let us return, then."

"What, already, Madame?"

"Certainly."

"True," said the young man, "I forgot Monsieur Morand would return from Rambouillet this evening; and it is fast approaching." Geneviève looked at him reproachfully.

"Oh, again!" said she.

"Why then did you, the other day, favor me with so high a eulogium of Monsieur Morand? It is your own fault."

"How long is it since, to people we esteem," demanded Geneviève, "we may not express our real opinion of an estimable man?"

"It must be a very lively esteem to cause you to accelerate your pace, as you at this moment are doing, for fear of being too late by a few minutes."

"You are to-day absolutely unjust, Maurice. Have I not passed part of the day with you?"

"You are right; and I am indeed too exacting," replied Maurice, giving way to his impetuosity. "Let us return to meet Monsieur Morand."

Geneviève felt her displeasure pass from her mind to her heart.

"Yes," said she; "let us return to Monsieur Morand. He at least is a friend who never causes me the slightest pain."

"They are, indeed, valuable friends," said Maurice.

choking with jealousy, "and I, for my part, should like a few such."

They were now upon the high-road; the horizon crimsoned as the departing rays of the setting sun glistened upon the gilt moldings of the dome of the Hôtel des Invalides. A star which on a previous evening had attracted the attention of Geneviève, sparkled in the azure of heaven. Geneviève released Maurice's arm with melancholy resignation.

"Why have you made me suffer?" said she.

"Ah!" said Maurice, "I am not so clever as some people, and do not know how to make myself loved."

"Maurice!" said Geneviève.

"Oh, Madame, if he is always good, always composed, it is because he does not suffer."

Geneviève again placed her white hand on the powerful arm of Maurice.

"I pray you," said she, in an altered tone, "to speak no more; to speak no more!"

"And why?"

"Because your voice makes me ill."

"You are displeased with everything about me, even my voice?"

"Be silent, I conjure you."

"I will obey you, Madame," and the impetuous young man passed his hand over his face, damp with perspiration.

Geneviève saw that he really suffered. People of Maurice's temperament have griefs of their own, little known or understood by the generality of mankind.

"You are my friend, Maurice, a precious friend," said Geneviève, looking at him kindly; "do not deprive me of your valuable friendship."

"Oh, you would not long regret it," said Maurice.

"You are mistaken," said Geneviève, "I should regret it very long, and forever."

"Geneviève! Geneviève!" cried Maurice, "have pity upon me."

Geneviève shuddered. It was the first time Maurice had uttered her name in these passionate accents.

"And now," continued Maurice, "since you have divined me, let me tell you all, Geneviève, for though you should kill me with a look, I have been silent too long; I will speak, Geneviève."

"Sir," said the young woman, "I have supplicated you in the name of our friendship to remain silent; I still pray you to do so, for my sake, if not for your own. Not another word; in the name of Heaven! not another word!"

"Friendship, friendship! if it be a friendship like this you profess for me, that you feel for Monsieur Morand, I wish for no more of your friendship, — I, Geneviève, require more than others."

"Enough," said Madame Dixmer, with the gesture of a queen, — "enough, Monsieur Lindey; here is our carriage, please to conduct me to my husband's house."

Maurice trembled with fever and emotion, when Geneviève, to rejoin the carriage, which indeed was only a few paces distant, placed her hand on his arm.

They both entered the carriage; Geneviève took the front seat, and Maurice the one opposite. They traversed Paris without either one or the other having uttered a word. Only, all the way, Geneviève had held her handkerchief before her eyes. When they entered the building, Dixmer was occupied in his counting-house, Morand had just returned from Rambouillet, and was changing his dress. Geneviève held out her hand to Maurice, as she entered her chamber.

"Adieu! Maurice, you have wished it."

Maurice said nothing, but walked directly to the mantel-piece, where hung a portrait of Geneviève. He ardently kissed it, pressed it to his heart, replaced it, and went out. Maurice reached home without knowing how he arrived there; he had passed through Paris without seeing anything, without hearing anything; all that had happened to him appeared like a dream; he was unable to account for his actions, his words, or the sentiments which had induced them. There are moments when the most serene spirits succumb under the violence of their own emotions.

It was, as we have said, rather a race than a return, on the part of Maurice. He undressed himself without the assistance of his *valet-de-chambre*, nor did he reply to his cook, who displayed his supper duly prepared for him, but taking the day's letters from the table, he read them all, one after the other, without comprehending a single word. The mists of jealousy, that intoxication of reason, were not yet dissipated. At ten o'clock Maurice mechanically sought his bed, as, indeed, he had done everything else since his parting with Geneviève.

If Maurice in his cooler moments had been told of this extraordinary behavior in another, he would not have been able to comprehend it, but would have considered him mad to have pursued this desperate conduct, totally unauthorized either by too much reserve or too much "abandon" on the part of Geneviève. He now only felt that a terrible blow had been dealt to all his hopes, of which he had never even to himself rendered an account, and upon which, vague as they were, reposed all his visions of happiness, — dreams which like an intangible vapor floated shapelessly toward the horizon, and there disappeared. Thus it happened, as it nearly always does in

such cases, that Maurice, stunned by this blow, dropped asleep directly he found himself in bed, where he remained free from all sentiment till the morrow. He was awakened by the noise of the official opening the door, who came as usual to unclose the windows which looked upon a large garden, and to bring some flowers.

At that time, in the year '93, much attention was paid to the culture of forced flowers, and Maurice dearly loved all flowers; but now without even bestowing a glance upon them, he half raised his heavy head, and supporting it on his hand, endeavored to recall the events of the preceding evening. Maurice asked himself, without being able to account for it, the cause of this mad folly. The sole cause was jealousy of Morand; but the moment was certainly ill-chosen to give vent to his jealousy of a man when this man was at Rambouillet, and while enjoying a *tête-à-tête* with the woman one loves, surrounded by the most enchanting scenery, on one of the lovely days of spring.

It was not suspicion of the inmates at the house at Auteuil, where Geneviève had remained an hour; no, the incessant torment of his life was the idea that Morand loved Geneviève, and yet — singular phantasy of the brain, strange combination of caprice — not a gesture, a look, not even a word from Dixmer's partner had afforded the slightest grounds for this belief.

The voice of the *valet-de-chambre* aroused him from this revery.

"Citizen," said he, showing him the open letters on the table, "have you selected those you wish to keep, or shall they all be burned?"

"Burn what?" said Maurice.

"The letters the Citizen read last night, before he retired to bed."

Maurice could not remember having read one.

"Burn all," said he.

"Here are to-day's letters, Citizen," said the official.

He presented a packet of letters to Maurice, and threw the others in the fire. Maurice took the letters, felt the impression of a seal, and fancied that he recognized the perfume of a friend, and looking over his correspondence he found a sealed envelope and hand-writing that made him tremble. This man, who bravely faced danger, trembled before the odor of a letter. The official approached him to inquire what was the matter, but Maurice signified a wish to be alone.

He turned and returned this letter; he felt a presentiment it contained misery for him, and started and trembled before unknown misfortune.

Having collected all his courage he at length opened it, and read as follows: —

CITIZEN MAURICE, — It has become necessary that we should burst these bonds — bonds which, on your side, affect to exceed the bounds of friendship. You are a man of honor, Citizen, and now that a night has passed since the occurrences of yesterday evening, you ought to comprehend that your presence at our house is no longer desirable. I leave it to you to excuse yourself in any way you think best to my husband. On the arrival this day of any letter from you to Monsieur Dixmer I shall be convinced that I have to regret the loss of a friend who has unfortunately been most imprudent, and whom all social propriety will deter me from meeting for the future. Adieu forever. GENEVIÈVE.

P. S. The bearer awaits your reply.

Maurice called; the *valet-de-chambre* reappeared.

"Who brought this letter?"

"A messenger."

"Is he waiting?"

"Yes."

Maurice did not sigh, did not for a moment hesitate, but, partly dressing, seated himself before his writing-desk, and taking the first sheet of paper that came to hand (he found it had on it the impression of a head with the name of the section), he wrote, —

"CITIZEN DIXMER, — I respected you, and I still do so; but I cannot visit you any longer."

Maurice considered what reason he could assign for not visiting Dixmer, and one idea alone presented itself to his mind, that which at this epoch would have occurred to any one. He thus continued, —

"Certain rumors are afloat relative to your lukewarmness in public affairs. I have no wish to accuse you, and no mission to defend you. Receive my respects, and feel assured your secrets will remain forever buried in my heart."

Maurice did not even revise this letter, written, as we have said, under the impression of the first idea that presented itself. He did not doubt the effect it would produce. Dixmer, an excellent patriot, as Maurice imagined from his conversation at least, would be much grieved at receiving it, his wife and Monsieur Morand would no doubt influence him not to reply, and forgetfulness would gradually spread itself like a dark veil over the happy past, transforming it into a dark and melancholy future. Maurice signed and sealed his letter, gave it to the official, and the messenger departed.

Then a heart-felt sigh escaped the Republican; he took his hat and gloves and proceeded to the section.

He hoped, poor Brutus, to recover his stoicism by occupying himself with public affairs.

Public affairs were indeed terrible; the 31st of May was preparing. The "Terreur," which, like a torrent, pre-

cipitated itself from the height of the Montagne, endeavored to carry away the dike opposed to it by the Girondins, those audacious "Modérés" who had dared to demand vengeance for the massacres of September, and to wrestle for an instant to save the life of the king.

While Maurice was working with an energy that drove the fever from his heart to his head, the messenger had re-entered the old Rue Saint Jacques, filling the dwelling there with terror and astonishment.

The letter, after passing through Geneviève's hands, was given by her to Dixmer.

Dixmer opened and read it, without at first understanding it; he then communicated the contents to the Citizen Morand, who, becoming as pale as death, supported his head upon his hand.

In the situation in which Dixmer, Morand, and their companions found themselves (a situation totally unknown to Maurice, but which our readers have penetrated) this letter was like a thunderbolt.

"Is this an upright, honest man?" asked Dixmer, in great distress.

"Yes," replied Morand, without the least hesitation.

"Never mind," said the advocate for extreme measures, "you see we were very wrong not to kill him."

"My friend," said Morand, "we struggle against violence, we brand it with the name of crime. We have acted rightly, whatever may be the result, in not assassinating this man. I repeat, I believe Maurice to possess a noble, generous spirit."

"Yes; but if so noble and generous a spirit belongs to this warm Republican, perhaps he may regard it in the light of a crime, if he has made any discovery, not to immolate his own honor, as they say, 'on the altar of his country.'"

"But," said Morand, "do you think he knows anything?"

"Do you not understand? He speaks of secrets buried in his heart.

"These secrets are evidently those confided to him by me relative to our contraband transactions. He knows no others."

"But," said Morand, "this interview at Auteuil? does he suspect anything? You know he accompanied your wife?"

"It was I who told Geneviève to take Maurice with her as a protector."

"Listen," said Morand, "we shall soon see if these surmises be true. The turn of our battalion to guard the Temple happens on the 2d of June, — that is to say in eight days. You are captain, Dixmer, and I lieutenant; if our battalion or even our company receives a counter-order, like that received the other day by the battalion of Buttes-des-Moulins, which Santerre has replaced by that of Gravilliers, all is discovered, and we have only to flee from Paris, or die fighting. But if all follows in the usual course of things —"

"We are lost all the same," replied Dixmer.

"How so?"

"*Pardieu!* does not all revolve upon the co-operation of this young municipal? Was it not he who, without knowing it, was to open the road for us to the queen?"

"That is true!" said Morand, confounded.

"You see, then," said Dixmer, knitting his brows, "that at any price we must renew our intimacy with this young man."

"But if he refuse, if he fear to compromise himself?"

"Listen!" said Dixmer, "I will question Geneviève; she saw him last, perhaps she may know something more."

"Dixmer," said Morand, "it is with pain I see you mixing Geneviève with all our plots; not that I fear any indiscretion on her part. O great God! the drama we are acting is a dreadful one, and I at once blush and tremble to place the head of a woman at stake."

"The head of a woman," said Dixmer, "weighs as heavily as that of a man, where stratagem, candor, and beauty can do as much and sometimes even more than force, strength, power, or courage. Geneviève shares in our convictions and our sympathies. Geneviève shall also share our fate."

"Well, my friend," said Morand, "I have said all I ought to say. Geneviève is in every way worthy of the mission you have given her, or rather, that she has taken upon herself. It is saints who become martyrs."

And he held out his delicate and effeminate hand to Dixmer, who roughly pressed it between his own. Then Dixmer, recommending Morand and his companions to watch with increased vigilance, quitted them, and entered Geneviève's apartments.

She was seated before a table, bending over a piece of embroidery. She turned round at the noise of the opening door, and recognized Dixmer.

"Ah! is it you, *mon ami?*" said she.

"Yes," said Dixmer, with a placid, smiling countenance. "I have received a letter from our friend Maurice, which I cannot understand in the least. Read it, and tell me what you think of it."

Geneviève took the letter with a hand of which (with all her self-command) she could not disguise the tremor, and read. Dixmer followed her eyes as they ran over every line.

"Well?" said he, when she had finished.

"Well! I think that Monsieur Maurice Lindey is an

honest man, and from him we have nothing to fear," replied Geneviève, with the greatest calmness.

"You think he is ignorant who the persons are you visited at Auteuil?"

"I am certain that he is."

"Why then this sudden determination? Did he appear yesterday less friendly or more excited than usual?"

"No," said Geneviève; "I believe he was just the same."

"Consider well what you tell me, Geneviève, for you must understand your reply will greatly influence our future projects."

"Wait, then," said she, with an emotion that overthrew all her attempt at calmness. "Wait —"

"Well!" said Dixmer, all the muscles of his face slightly contracting; "collect your thoughts, Geneviève."

"Yes!" said the young woman, "yes, I remember, yesterday he was not particularly civil. Monsieur Maurice," continued she, "is a little tyrannical in his friendship, and," hesitatingly added, "sometimes we have quarrelled for whole weeks."

"This is then merely a quarrel?" demanded Dixmer.

"Most probably."

"Geneviève, understand this: in our position it is not probability that will suffice, it is certitude we require."

"Ah, well, dear, I am certain."

"This letter, then, can be only a pretext for not visiting us again?"

"*Mon ami*, how can you wish that I should speak to you about such things?"

"Speak, Geneviève, speak; of any other woman I would not ask it."

"It is a pretext," said Geneviève, looking down.

"Ah!" said Dixmer. Then after a moment's silence, placing upon his wife's chair the hand with which he had been striving to compress the beatings of his heart, —

"Will you do me a service?" said he.

"What service?" said Geneviève, turning around surprised.

"To prevent even the shadow of danger. Maurice is, perhaps, deeper in our secrets than we imagine. That which you believe a pretext may, perhaps, be a reality. Write him a line."

"I!" said Geneviève, starting.

"Yes, you. Tell him that you have opened the letter and desire an explanation. He will then call, you can interrogate him, and will easily discover what is the matter."

"Oh, no!" cried Geneviève, "I cannot do as you wish me; I will not do it."

"Dear Geneviève, when interests so powerful as those that rest upon us are at stake, will you recoil before any paltry consideration of self-love?"

"I have told you my opinion of Maurice, Monsieur," said Geneviève, "he is honest and brave, but capricious; and I do not choose to submit to any authority but that of my husband."

This answer, returned with so much calmness, and at the same time firmness, convinced Dixmer that to insist further at this moment would be worse than useless. He did not add another word, but looked at Geneviève without seeming to do so, wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and went out.

Morand was awaiting his return with great anxiety. Dixmer repeated word for word all that had been said.

"Well!" said Morand, "we will wait, and think no more about it; rather than I would cast a shadow of care

on your wife, rather than wound her self-love, I would renounce — "

Dixmer placed his hand upon his shoulder.

"You are mad, sir," said he, looking at him steadily, "or else you do not know what you are saying."

"What! Dixmer, do you think — "

"I think, Chevalier, that you have no more self-command than I have, to give utterance to sentiments on the impulse of the moment. Neither you, I, nor Geneviève belong to ourselves, Morand. We are the chosen defenders of a certain cause, and this cause depends upon its supporters."

Morand trembled, and preserved a gloomy and thoughtful silence. They took several turns round the garden without exchanging a word. Then Dixmer left Morand.

"I have some orders to give," said he, in a calm voice. "I must leave you, Monsieur Morand."

Morand held out his hand to Dixmer, and looked after him as he turned away.

"Poor Dixmer," said he, "I fear much that in all this you risk the most."

Dixmer returned to the manufactory, and having issued several orders, looked over the day-book, and distributed bread and fuel to the poor of the section, went home, and changed his working dress for his walking costume immediately on his arrival there.

An hour afterward Maurice Lindey, while deeply engaged in his readings and allocutions, was interrupted by the voice of his official, whispering in his ear, —

"Citizen Lindey, some one who, so he pretends at least, has something of importance to say to you, is waiting at your house."

Maurice, on entering, was much surprised at meeting the master-tanner, who had there comfortably installed

himself, and was turning over the newspapers. All the way along he had questioned the domestic, who, of course, not knowing Dixmer, could afford him no clew to his identity.

On perceiving Dixmer, Maurice stopped at the threshold of the door, and blushed in spite of himself.

Dixmer smilingly arose, and held out his hand.

"What ails you? and what have you written to me?" he inquired of the young man. "Indeed, my dear Maurice, I feel it sensibly. You designate me as 'lukewarm and a false patriot.' Now as you dare not repeat these accusations to my face, acknowledge you wish to seek a quarrel with me."

"I will avow anything you please, my dear Dixmer, for your conduct to me has always been that of a worthy man; but I have nevertheless made a resolution, and that resolution is irrevocable."

"But how is that?" said Dixmer, "when according to your own confession you have nothing to reproach us with, and yet, notwithstanding, you leave us?"

"My dear Dixmer, believe me, acting as I now am, and depriving myself of such a friend, I must be actuated by powerful motives."

"Yes; but under any circumstances," said Dixmer, affecting to smile, "these reasons are not those you have written. What you have written to me is merely a subterfuge."

Maurice reflected an instant.

"Listen, Dixmer," said he; "we live in an epoch when a doubt conveyed in a letter can and must annoy you; this I can well understand. It would then be acting like a dishonorable man to allow you to remain in this state of inquietude. Yes, Dixmer, the reasons I gave you were not the true ones."

This avowal, which should have cleared the face of the merchant, only seemed the more to cloud it.

"But at least tell me the true motive," said Dixmer.

"I cannot tell you," said Maurice; "and yet I am certain if you knew it, you would afford me your approval."

Dixmer still continued to press him.

"Then you really wish to know it," said Maurice.

"Yes," replied Dixmer.

"Well, then," replied Maurice, who felt a sensation of relief as he approached the truth; "this is the truth. You have a young and beautiful wife, who is as virtuous as she is beautiful; yet Madame Dixmer's well-known character cannot prevent my frequent visits to your house from being misinterpreted."

Dixmer turned rather pale.

"Indeed!" said he. "Then, my dear Maurice, the husband should thank you for the wrong you do the friend?"

"Understand," said Maurice, "I have not the folly to suppose my presence can be dangerous to your repose, or that of your wife; but it might, perhaps, afford subject for calumny, and you are aware the more absurd the scandal, the easier it gains belief."

"Absurd!" said Dixmer, shrugging his shoulders.

"Absurd, as much as you please," said Maurice, "but separate, we shall not the less be good friends, for we shall have nothing to reproach ourselves with; while, on the contrary, if near —"

"Well! What then?"

"There would be food for scandal."

"Do you think, Maurice, that I should believe —"

"Oh, let us say no more," said the young man.

"But why did you write this instead of telling it to me, Maurice?"

"Just to avoid the scene of this moment."

"And are you vexed, Maurice, that I respected you sufficiently to demand an explanation?"

"No; on the contrary, I swear I am glad to have seen you once again before our final separation."

"Our final separation, Citizen! you whom we esteem so much!" taking Maurice's hand and pressing it between his own.

Maurice started.

"Morand," continued Dixmer, who failed not to notice this start, "Morand said to me again and again this morning, 'Do all in your power to bring back Maurice.'"

"Monsieur," said the young man, frowning and drawing away his hand, "I did not believe I stood very high in the estimation of Monsieur Morand."

"Do you doubt it?" said Dixmer.

"I!" replied Maurice, "I neither believe nor doubt it, and have no motive to inquire on the subject. When I went to your house it was to visit yourself and your wife, and not on account of Monsieur Morand."

"You do not know him, Maurice," said Dixmer; "Morand possesses a noble soul."

"I grant it," said Maurice, smiling bitterly.

"Let us, however, return to the object of my visit," continued Dixmer.

Maurice bowed, like a man who hears all, but has nothing more to say.

"You say, then, that these reports have already circulated?"

"Yes, Citizen."

"Well, then, let us speak frankly. Why should you pay any attention to the silly prattling of idle neighbors? Have you not your own clear conscience, Maurice; and Geneviève, has she not her sense of honor?"

"I am younger than you," said Maurice, who began to be astonished at this pertinacity, "and perhaps view things with more susceptibility. This is why I declare that on the reputation of such a woman as Geneviève a shadow even should not be permitted to be cast. Permit me, therefore, my dear Dixmer, to adhere to my former resolution."

"And now," said Dixmer, "since we are in order for confession, tell me one thing more."

"What!" said Maurice, coloring, "what more do you wish me to avow?"

"That it is neither politics, nor the report of your assiduity at my house, that induces you to leave us."

"What is it, then?"

"The secret you have discovered."

"What secret?" demanded Maurice, with so *naïve* an expression of curiosity, as completely to reassure the tanner.

"The secret of the smuggling affair, which you discovered the same evening when our acquaintance commenced in so strange a manner. You have never forgiven me this fraud, and accuse me of being a bad Republican because I employ English products in my manufactory."

"My dear Dixmer, I solemnly declare to you that when I visited at your house, I had totally forgotten I was in the house of a smuggler."

"Truly?"

"Truly."

"You really, then, had no other reason for abandoning the house than that you have stated?"

"Upon my honor."

"Well," said Dixmer, rising and taking the young man's hand, "I hope you will re-consider this resolution

which has been productive of pain to us all, and will again return to us as usual."

Maurice bowed, but made no reply, which was of course equivalent to a refusal. Dixmer left, annoyed at not having been able to re-establish an intimacy with this man whom certain circumstances had rendered not only useful to him but almost indispensable. Maurice was agitated by a variety of emotions of a contrary nature. Dixmer entreated him to return. Geneviève would pardon him. Why then should he despond? Lorin in his place would have selected a crowd of aphorisms from his favorite authors. But then he had Geneviève's letter, that formal dismissal, which he had carried with him to the section and placed near his heart; also the little word received from her the day after he had rescued her from the cowards who insulted her; and lastly, the obstinate jealousy entertained by the young man against the detestable Morand, the first cause of his rupture with Geneviève.

Maurice remained inflexible in his resolution. But it must be acknowledged the privation of his daily visits to the old Rue Saint Jacques formed a sad blank in his existence; and when the hour arrived at which he had been accustomed to pay his daily visit to the quarter Saint Victor, he fell into a profound fit of melancholy, and began, from that moment, to experience every aspect of hope and regret.

Each morning on awakening he expected to receive a letter from Dixmer, and acknowledged to himself that he who had so firmly resisted all personal persuasion, would now at last yield to a letter; each day he sallied out in hopes of meeting Geneviève, and, beforehand, had arranged a thousand means of accosting her; each evening he returned home in hopes of there finding that messenger

who had one morning unwittingly brought him the grief which had now become his constant companion.

Often, in his hours of despair, his strong nature rebelled at the idea of enduring so much torture, without retaliating upon the primary cause of all his suffering and all his misery, Morand. Then he formed a project to go and seek some quarrel with Morand; but Dixmer's partner was so inoffensive and gentlemanly that to insult or provoke him would be a cowardly proceeding on the part of a Colossus like Maurice.

It was fortunate that Lorin came to distract the attention of Maurice from troubles which he obstinately concealed from his friend, though he did not deny to him their existence. Lorin had used every argument of theory and practice to secure to its country that heart overwhelmed in grief by another love. But although the political situation was grave, and although in another state of mind it might have dragged Maurice into the centre of the whirlpool, it could not restore to the young Republican that first activity which had distinguished him as a hero on the 14th of July and the 10th of August.

In fact, two systems, for the last ten months in view of each other, which thus far had only made some light attacks on each other, and had engaged in a few skirmishes as a prelude, now prepared to meet body to body, and it was evident that the struggle once begun would end fatally for one or the other. These two systems, born in the bosom of the Revolution itself, were those of Moderation, represented by the Girondins, — that is to say, by Brissot, Pétion, Vergniaud, Valazé, Lanjuinais, Barbaroux, etc., — and the Terror, or the Mountain, represented by Danton, Robespierre, Chénier, Fabre, Marat, Collot d'Herbois, Hébert, etc.

After the 10th of August, as after every action, the power appeared to pass into the hands of the Moderates. A ministry had been formed from the wreck of the former ministry, and of a new coalition. Roland, Servien, and Clavières, former ministers, had been recalled; Danton, Monge, and Le Brun had been nominated afresh. With one exception only, all these ministers belonged to the Moderate party. Of course when we say "Moderate" we speak relatively.

But the 10th of August had had its echo from afar, and the coalition hastened to march, not to the assistance of Louis XVI. personally, but of the royalist principle tottering at its basis. Then were heard the menacing words of Brunswick, and as a terrible realization, Longwy and Verdun had fallen into the power of the enemy. Then the Terrorist reaction had taken place; then Danton had dreams of the days of September, and had realized the bloody dream which displayed to the enemy all France as a scene of wholesale assassination, and ready to struggle for her precarious existence with all the energy of despair. September had saved France, but in saving her had rendered her lawless. France saved, and the Energetic party having become powerless, the Moderates regained some strength, and wished to recriminate those dreadful days. The words "murderer" and "assassin" had been uttered; a new name had even been added to the national vocabulary, — it was that of "Septembriseur."

Danton had bravely accepted it. Like Clovis he had for a moment inclined his head under the baptism of blood, only to raise it still more lofty and menacing. Another opportunity to renew the Terror presented itself; it was the process of the king. Violence and moderation entered, not altogether to wrestle against persons but principles. The trial of relative strength was made on

the royal prisoner. Moderation was overcome, and the head of Louis XVI. fell upon the scaffold.

As the 10th of August, so the 21st of January had restored to the coalition all its energy. It was still the same man who opposed them, but not the same fortune. Dumouriez, arrested in his progress by the disorder of all the administrations, which prevented the succor of men or money from reaching him, declared against the Jacobins, whom he accused of causing this disorganization, adopted the party of the Girondins, and ruined them in declaring himself their friend.

Then the Vendée arose; the departments threatened; misfortune producing treason, and treason misfortune. The Jacobins accused the Moderates, and wished to strike their death-blow on the 10th of March, — that is to say, on the eventful evening when our story commenced. But too much precipitation on the part of their adversaries saved them, and perhaps also the rain which caused Pétion (that profound anatomist of the Parisian mind) to remark, —

"It rains! there will be nothing to-night."

But since the 10th of March everything threatened ruin to the Girondins. Marat was accused and acquitted. Robespierre and Danton were reconciled, at least as a lion and tiger are reconciled before killing the bull they both intend to devour; Henriot, the Septembriseur, nominated Commandant-General to the National Guard; everything presaged that awful day which would carry away by storm the last obstacle the Revolution opposed to the Terror.

Such were the great events in which under any other circumstances Maurice would have taken that active part for which his powerful nature and exalted patriotism so fully qualified him. But happily, or unhappily, for Mau-

rice, neither the exhortations of Lorin, nor the terrible demonstrations on the streets, had been able to divert his mind from the one idea that possessed it; and when the 31st of May arrived, the fierce assailant of the Bastille and the Tuileries was laid upon his bed, devoured by that fever which destroys the strongest, and which nevertheless a word can dissipate, a look can heal.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE THIRTY-FIRST OF MAY.

DURING the morning of the 31st of May, when the tocsin and beat of drum had been sounding since the break of day, the battalion of the Faubourg Saint Victor entered the Temple.

When all the usual formalities had been gone through, and the posts distributed, the municipals on service arrived, bringing with them four pieces of cannon in addition to those already forming the battery at the gate of the Temple.

At the same time Santerre arrived, with his epaulets of yellow wool, and a coat on which his patriotism was displayed by large spots of grease. He reviewed the battalion, which was in a proper state, but on counting the municipals, found only three.

"Why are there only three municipals?" inquired he; "and who is the bad citizen who fails us?"

"The absent citizen, General, is not lukewarm," replied our old acquaintance, Agricola; "for it is the secretary of the section Lepelletier, the chief of the brave Thermopyles, the Citizen Maurice Lindey."

"Well, well," said Santerre, "I know as well as yourself the patriotism of the Citizen Maurice Lindey; but that will not deter me, if he is not here in five minutes. from inscribing his name in the list of the absent."

And Santerre passed on to other details.

A few paces from the general, at the moment he pronounced these words, a captain of chasseurs and a soldier had stationed themselves, one leaning against his gun, the other seated on a cannon.

"Did you hear?" said the captain to the soldier, in a low tone. "Maurice has not yet arrived."

"Yes; but rest assured he will arrive, unless there should be a riot."

"In case he should not come," said the captain, "I will place you sentinel on the staircase; and as she will probable ascend to the tower, you will be able to speak a word to her."

At this moment a man, evidently a municipal from his tricolored scarf, entered; but this man being a stranger to the captain and the chasseur, they both regarded him attentively.

"Citizen General," said the new-comer, addressing Santerre; "I request you to accept me in place of Citizen Maurice Lindey, who is ill. Here is the medical certificate; in eight days it will be my turn to mount guard. I now exchange with him; in eight days he will do duty for me, as to-day I will for him."

"Provided the Capets and Capettes live eight days longer," said one of the municipals.

Santerre replied by a slight smile to this pleasantry, and turning toward Maurice's proxy, —

"Very good," said he; "sign the register, in lieu of Maurice Lindey, and state in the column of observations the reason for this exchange."

The captain and chasseur exchanged looks of delight, mingled with astonishment.

"In eight days," said they.

"Captain Dixmer," cried Santerre, "take your position in the garden with your company."

"Come, Morand," said the captain to the chasseur his companion.

The drum sounded, and the company led by the master-tanner filed off in the direction prescribed. They piled arms, and the company divided into groups, which, according to their inclination, walked to and fro.

Their place of promenade was the same garden where, in the time of Louis XVI., the royal family came sometimes to take the air. This garden was naked, barren, and desolate, completely despoiled of trees, flowers, or verdure of any kind.

At about five-and-twenty paces, or perhaps rather nearer that portion of the wall built on the Rue Portefoin, was a species of cottage, which the foresight of the municipality had established for the convenience of the National Guard stationed at the Temple, who in days of riot, when they were not permitted to go out of the grounds, found it an accommodation to take their meals in this little cottage. The direction of this little alehouse had been a matter of contention, till at length concession was made in favor of an excellent patriot, the wife of a suburban killed on the 10th of August, who bore the name of Plumeau.

This little cabin, built of planks and mud, rose in the middle of a flower-bed, of which the bounds may still be recognized by a hedge of dwarf box-trees. It was composed of a single chamber, twelve feet square, under which extended a cave, the descent to which was by steps rudely cut in the earth itself. Here the Widow Plumeau stowed away her wine and provisions. This department was alternately managed by herself and daughter, a girl of twelve or fifteen years of age.

Hardly established at their bivouac, the National Guards separated, as we have said, some to saunter in

the garden, while others chatted with the hostess. Some amused themselves by criticising the designs traced upon the walls, which were all meant to be of a patriotic character, — such as the king pendent with this inscription, "Monsieur Veto taking an air-bath;" or the king guillotined with this, "Monsieur Veto spitting in the sack;" while others were giving gastronomical orders to Madame Plumeau, according to the suggestions of their different appetites. Among the latter were the captain and the chasseur whom we have previously remarked.

"Ah, Captain Dixmer!" said the *cantinière*, "I have some famous Saumur wine."

"But, Citizeness Plumeau, in my opinion, at least, the Saumur wine is nothing without Brie cheese," replied the captain, who, before he stated this opinion, had carefully looked round, and detected the absence of his favorite viand.

"Ah! Captain, it is true; but the last morsel has been consumed."

"Well," said the captain, "no Brie cheese, no Saumur wine for me; and remark, Citizeness Plumeau, my order would have been of some amount, as I had intended to treat all my company."

"But, Captain, I ask you to wait only five minutes, and I will run and procure some at the house of the citizen concierge who competes with me, and who always has it. I shall pay very dear, and you, I am sure, are too good a patriot not to compensate me."

"Yes, yes," replied Dixmer; "and in the mean time we will go down into the vault, and select our own wines."

"Make yourself at home, Captain, pray do."

And the Widow Plumeau ran with all her might toward the lodge of the concierge, while the captain and

chasseur, provided with a light, raised the trap-door, and descended into the cave.

"Good," said Morand, after an instant's inspection, "the cave extends in the direction of Rue Portefoin. It is nine or ten feet in depth, and there is no brickwork."

"What is the nature of the soil?" inquired Dixmer.

"Chalk; it is all made earth. These gardens have been turned over many times. There is nowhere any rock."

"Be quick," cried Dixmer, "I hear the clogs of our *vivandière;* take two bottles of wine and let us go up."

They both appeared at the trap-door as Madame Plumeau entered, carrying the cheese so strenuously insisted upon by Dixmer, while several chasseurs followed her, attracted by the favorable appearance of the said cheese.

Dixmer did the honors; he offered twenty bottles of wine to his company, while the Citizen Morand recounted the devotion of Curtius, the disinterestedness of Fabricius, and the patriotism of Brutus and Cassius, — histories almost as much appreciated as the Brie cheese and the Anjou wine offered by Dixmer, which is not saying a little.

Eleven o'clock struck. At half-past, the sentinels were relieved.

"Does not the Austrian generally take her walk from twelve to one?" asked Dixmer of Tison, who passed the cabin.

"From twelve to one, exactly," and he began to sing.

His song was received with a shout of laughter from the National Guard. Dixmer immediately summoned those men in his company whose duty it was to mount guard from half-past eleven o'clock till half-past one, told

them to hasten their breakfast, and made Morand take arms, in order to place him, as had been agreed, on the highest story of the tower, in the same turret behind which Maurice was hidden the day he had intercepted the signs intended for the queen from the window on Rue Portefoin. If any one had noticed Morand at the moment he received this order, simple and expected as it was, he would have seen him grow pale beneath the masses of his long black hair.

Suddenly a dull noise shook the courts of the Temple, and sounds were heard in the distance like the roaring of a hurricane.

"What is that?" asked Dixmer of Tison.

"Oh!" replied the jailer, "it is nothing; some little uproar these rascally Brissotins are making before they go to the guillotine."

The noise became more and more threatening, the roar of artillery was heard, and a crowd of people rushed past, near the Temple, shouting, —

"Long live the Sections!" "Long live Henriot!" "Down with the Brissotins!" "Down with the Rolandists!" "Down with Madame Veto!"

"Good!" said Tison, clapping his hands, "I will go and open the door for Madame Veto, that without any disturbance she may enjoy the love the people evince for her."

He approached the wicket of the turret-keep.

"Holloa, Tison!" cried a formidable voice.

"Yes, General," replied he, stopping short.

"No egress to-day," said Santerre; "the prisoners are not to quit their chambers."

The order was peremptory.

"Good!" said Tison, "so much the less trouble."

Dixmer and Morand exchanged looks of disappointment;

then waiting till the hour for duty had struck (though nothing could now be attempted), they both went to walk between the cabin and the wall running toward Rue Portefoin. Morand began to measure the distance, taking geometrical steps, — that is to say of three feet.

"What is the distance?" inquired Dixmer.

"Sixty to sixty-one feet," replied Morand.

"How many days will be required?"

Morand considered, then traced on the ground with a stick some geometrical signs, which he immediately effaced.

"Seven days at least," said he.

"Maurice will be on guard in eight days," murmured Dixmer. "It is, then, absolutely imperative that within eight days we should be reconciled to Maurice."

The half-hour struck; Morand, sighing, resumed his musket, and conducted by the corporal, went to relieve the sentinel who was patrolling the platform before the tower.

CHAPTER XIV.

DEVOTION.

The day following these events, — that is to say the 1st of June, — at ten o'clock in the morning, Geneviève was seated in her accustomed place near the window. She asked herself why, for the last three weeks, the days for her rose so sad; why they passed so slowly; and lastly, why instead of waiting for the evening with impatience, she now dreaded its return.

Her nights above all were wretched, — those nights that used to be so happy; those nights passed in dreaming of the past and of the future.

At this moment her eyes fell upon a case of magnificent striped and crimson carnations, which since the winter she had removed from the little greenhouse where Maurice had been imprisoned, to bloom in her own apartment.

Maurice had taught her to cultivate them in the mahogany bed in which they were inclosed; she had watered and trimmed them herself so long as Maurice had been there, for when he came in the evening she delighted to show him the progress, thanks to their united care, that the flowers had made during the night.

But since the cessation of Maurice's visits the poor carnations had been quite neglected, and for want of requisite care and attention the opening buds had withered, turned yellow, and fallen down outside the balustrade.

Geneviève comprehended, from this sight alone, the reason of her own melancholy. She said to herself, "It is with flowers as with certain friendships which we nourish and cultivate with ardor till they bloom in the heart, and then, in a moment, a suspicion, a caprice, an unkindness strikes at the root of this friendship, and the heart that it had revived again contracts, languishes, and dies." The young woman experienced a sensation of anguish. She examined her inmost thoughts; the sentiments she had endeavored to combat, and which she had hoped to conquer, she feared now more than ever would only die with her; then she felt a moment's despair, for she knew the struggle would become more and more impossible. She meekly bowed her head, imprinted a kiss upon the withered flowers, and wept.

Her husband entered at this moment. He, on his side, was too much preoccupied with his own thoughts to notice the trying ordeal through which his young wife was passing, nor did he pay the least attention to the tell-tale redness of her eyelids.

It is true Geneviève rose quickly to meet him, and in so doing turned her face from the window, standing in the dim light.

"Well?" said she.

"Well, nothing new; impossible to approach her, impossible to convey any message to her, impossible even to see her."

"What!" cried Geneviève, "with all the noise there has been in Paris?"

"It is this very uproar which has made the guard redouble their vigilance, from the fear that some might avail themselves of the general excitement to make an attempt on the Temple; and the very moment when her Majesty was about to walk upon the platform, an

order was given by Santerre that neither the queen, Madame Royale, nor Madame Elizabeth should go out to-day."

"The poor chevalier! he must be sadly disappointed."

"He was in despair when he saw the chance had thus escaped us, and turned so pale that I had to drag him away lest he should betray himself."

"But," asked Geneviève, timidly, "was there not then at the Temple any municipal of your acquaintance?"

"There ought to have been one, but he did not come."

"Who?"

"The Citizen Maurice Lindey," said Dixmer, in a tone he endeavored to render indifferent.

"And why did he not come?" said Geneviève, in her turn making a similar effort at self-command.

"He was ill."

"He — ill?"

"Yes, and seriously so. Patriot as you know him to be, he was obliged to cede his turn to another."

"This is most unfortunate."

"But, goodness, Geneviève!" replied Dixmer, "if he had been there, as matters now stand, it might have been just the same. Unfriendly as we are at present, he might perhaps have even avoided speaking to me."

"I think," replied Geneviève, "you exaggerate the unpleasantness of our situation. Monsieur Maurice may have taken a whim not to come here; may have some futile reasons to see us no more, — but is not on that account our enemy. Coolness does not exclude politeness, and I am convinced on seeing you come to him, he would meet you half-way."

"Geneviève," replied Dixmer, "what we require from Maurice needs something more than politeness, — a firm

and attached friendship. This feeling is destroyed; we have nothing further to hope from him."

And Dixmer heaved a deep sigh, while his usually placid face bore a troubled expression.

"But," said Geneviève, hesitatingly, "if you think that Monsieur Maurice is so necessary to your projects —"

"It amounts to this," replied Dixmer, "that I despair of being able to succeed without him."

"Well, then, why do you not try some new method to regain the Citizen Lindey?"

It seemed to her that in speaking of the young man by his surname, her voice sounded less tender than when she called him by his Christian name.

"No," replied Dixmer, shaking his head; "I have done all that I could. Any new proceeding would appear singular, and necessarily arouse his suspicions; and then, look you, Geneviève, I see further than you into this affair. Maurice feels deeply wounded."

"Wounded!" exclaimed Geneviève, greatly moved. "What would you say? Speak."

"You know as well as I do, Geneviève, that in our rupture with the Citizen Lindey there is more than caprice."

"To what then do you attribute this rupture?"

"To pride, perhaps," said Dixmer, quickly.

"To pride!"

"Yes; he did us honor, in his opinion at least, this good burgess of Paris, this demi-aristocrat of the gown, — concealing his susceptibilities under his patriotism; he conferred honor upon us, this Republican so powerful in his section, in his club, in his municipality, by according his friendship to a manufacturer of hides. Perhaps we have made too few advances; perhaps we have forgotten ourselves."

"If we had even been guilty in this respect, I think your last step would have redeemed all that," replied Geneviève.

"Yes; supposing the offence came from me; but if, on the contrary, it proceeded from you?"

"From me! Do you imagine that I have in any way offended Monsieur Maurice?" said Geneviève, astonished.

"Who knows, with a person like him! Did you not yourself at first accuse him of caprice? I therefore return to my first opinion, Geneviève; you did very wrong not to write to him."

"I!" cried Geneviève; "do you think so?"

"Not only do I think so now, but have done so ever since this rupture of the last three weeks."

"And —" asked Geneviève, timidly.

"I look upon this step as indispensable."

"No, no! Dixmer; do not exact this of me."

"You know, Geneviève, I make no exactions of you; I only entreat you. Well, listen; I beseech you to write the Citizen Maurice."

"But —" said Geneviève.

"Hearken!" said Dixmer, interrupting her; "there is between you and Maurice either some serious cause of quarrel, — for, so far as I am concerned, he has had no reason to complain of my conduct toward him, — or some childish disagreement."

Geneviève made no reply.

"If this is merely a silly broil, it is folly to render it lasting; and if you have serious motives for quarrelling, situated as we are, you ought not even to value your dignity or self-respect. We must not place in the balance the quarrels of young people against objects of the highest interest. Make one effort; subdue your own feelings,

and write one word only to Maurice Lindey, and he will return."

Geneviève reflected a moment.

"But," said she, "could we not find some means less compromising to renew friendly intercourse between Monsieur Maurice and yourself?"

"Compromising, do you call it? It appears to me, on the contrary, to be the most natural way possible."

"No; not for me, *mon ami.*"

"You are very obstinate, Geneviève."

"Allow me to tell you it is the first time, at least, that you have discovered it."

Dixmer, who for some time had been crushing his handkerchief between his hands, now wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Yes," said he; "and it is this that increases my astonishment."

"Good Heaven!" said Geneviève, "is it possible, Dixmer, that you do not divine the cause of my resistance, and that you wish to force me to speak?"

And overcome with contending emotions, her head sunk upon her breast, and her arms fell listlessly by her sides. Dixmer appeared to make a strenuous effort to command himself, took Geneviève's hand, compelled her to raise her head, looked into her eyes, and began to laugh; but in a manner so forced and unnatural, that had Geneviève been less agitated at the moment, it must have been evident even to her.

"I see how it is," said he; "you are in the right, and I was blind. With all your wit and distinction, my dear Geneviève, you have fallen into a vulgar notion, — you have been fearful that Maurice might fall in love with you."

Geneviève felt as if an icy chill had penetrated to her

heart. This irony on the part of her husband, relative to Maurice's affection for her, — that love of which, from the knowledge she possessed of the character of the young man, she could estimate all the violence, and in which, though only acknowledged with deep remorse, she participated in the depths of her heart, — this irony petrified her. She felt it was utterly impossible to reply.

"I have guessed rightly, have I not?" said Dixmer. "Well, reassure yourself, Geneviève; I know Maurice to be a fierce Republican, whose heart contains no other love than love of country."

"Sir!" exclaimed Geneviève, "are you certain of what you say?"

"Eh, without doubt," replied Dixmer. "If Maurice loved you, instead of quarrelling with me he would redouble his attentions and civilities to one whom it was his interest to deceive. If Maurice loved you, he would not so easily renounce his title of 'friend of the family,' generally used to cover these intrigues."

"Do not, I beseech you," cried Geneviève, "make a jest of these things."

"I do not jest, Madame; I only tell you Maurice does not love you, that is all."

"And I — I," said Geneviève, "tell you that you are mistaken."

"In that case," replied Dixmer, "Maurice, who has had sufficient strength to tear himself away rather than make a cuckold of his host, is an honest man; and as such men are rare, Geneviève, one cannot do too much to reclaim them when lost. Geneviève, you will write to Maurice, will you not?"

"Oh, my God!" cried the young woman, letting her head fall on her hands, for he to whom she looked for

support in a moment of danger had precipitated instead of restraining her fall.

Dixmer regarded her for a moment, then forcing a smile, —

"Come, darling," said he, "no woman's self-esteem. If Maurice wishes to recommence a declaration, laugh at the second as you did at the first. I know you, Geneviève, you are a worthy and noble woman. I can depend on you."

"Oh!" exclaimed the young woman, sinking on her knees, "how can one place confidence in others when one cannot place confidence in himself?"

Dixmer turned pale, as if all his blood had rushed back to his heart.

"Geneviève," said he, "I have done very wrong to cause you so much anguish of mind. I ought to have explained myself at once. Geneviève, we live in an epoch of self-sacrifice. I have devoted myself to the queen, our benefactress, — not only my arm, not only my head, but my happiness. Others will give her their lives; I do more than give her my life, — I risk my honor; and if that perishes, only one more tear will fall into the ocean of miseries which is preparing to swallow up France. But my honor runs no risk under the guardianship of such a woman as my Geneviève."

For the first time Dixmer had entirely revealed himself. Geneviève raised her head, and fixed her beautiful eyes, full of admiration, upon him; then slowly rose, and presented her forehead to him to kiss.

"You wish it?" said she.

Dixmer made a sign in the affirmative.

"Dictate, then," and she took up a pen.

"No; it is sufficient to use, not to abuse this worthy young man," said Dixmer; "and since he will be recon-

ciled himself to us on receipt of a letter from Geneviève, this letter should be from Geneviève, and not from Monsieur Dixmer."

And Dixmer a second time kissed his wife's forehead, thanked her, and went out.

Then Geneviève tremblingly wrote, —

CITIZEN MAURICE, — You know how much my husband respects you. Have three weeks of separation, which to us have appeared an age, made you forget? Come, we await you; your return will be a real fête. GENEVIÈVE.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GODDESS REASON.

As Maurice had informed General Santerre the preceding evening, he was seriously ill.

While he kept his chamber, Lorin in his daily visits had made use of every argument to induce him to enter into some active pursuit calculated to divert his mind from its trouble; but Maurice continued obstinate. There are some maladies we do not desire to heal. On the 1st of June, Lorin came about one o'clock.

"Is there anything particular going on to-day," asked Maurice, "that you are so superb?"

Indeed, Lorin was splendidly attired. He wore the *bonnet-rouge*, the *carmagnole*, and the tricolored girdle ornamented with two instruments, then called the "cruets of the Abbé Maury," but which before and since have been plumply and plainly termed pistols.

"In the first place," said Lorin, "it is generally the breaking up of the ice of the Gironde which is in train, but by beat of drum. At this moment, for example, they are heating the bullets red on the Place du Carrousel; then, in particular, there is a grand solemnity to which I invite you the day after to-morrow."

"But what is there to-day? You came for me, you say?"

"Yes; to-day we have the rehearsal."

"What rehearsal?"

"Why, the rehearsal of this great solemnity."

"My dear fellow," said Maurice, "you know that it is now eight days since I last went out; consequently I am ignorant of everything, and therefore the more require to be fully informed."

"What! Have I not told you?"

"You have told me nothing."

"First, you already know, we had suppressed God for some time past, and have replaced him with the 'Supreme Being.'"

"Yes; I know all that."

"Well, it seems they have found out something; that the 'Supreme Being' was a Moderate, a Rolandist, and, in short, a Girondin."

"No jesting on sacred subjects, Lorin; you know I do not like it."

"What would you have, my boy? we must keep up with the age. I too like the ancient God well enough; first, because I was accustomed to him. As for the 'Supreme Being,' it appears he really has faults, and since he has been above yonder, everything has been playing at cross-purposes; at all events, our legislators have decreed his downfall."

Maurice shrugged his shoulders.

"Shrug your shoulders as much as you please," said Lorin; "but now we are going to worship the 'Goddess Reason.'"

"And are you engaged in all these masquerades?"

"Ah! *mon ami*, if you knew the Goddess Reason as I know her, you would be one of her warmest partisans. Listen; I wish you to know her, and will present you to her."

"A truce to all this folly. I am out of spirits, you well know."

"The very thing, then; she will enliven you; she is a

nice girl. Ah! but you know the austere goddess whom the Parisians wish to crown with laurels, and drive about in a gilded paper-car! It is — guess."

"How can I guess?"

"It is Arthémise."

"Arthémise!" said Maurice, taxing his memory in vain to recollect the name.

"Yes; a tall brunette, with whom I formed an acquaintance last year at the Opera-ball; by the same token, you came to sup with us, and made her tipsy."

"Ah! yes," said Maurice, "I remember now. It is she, is it?"

"She has the best chance. I presented her to the concourse. All the Thermopyles have promised me their votes. In three days the general election will take place. To-day we enjoy the preparatory dinner, to-day we spill the wine of Champagne; perhaps after to-morrow we may spill blood! But let them spill what they like, Arthémise shall be goddess, or may the devil carry me away! Come, come, we will help her on with her tunic."

"Thanks; but I have always entertained a repugnance for things of this sort."

"To robe goddesses? *Peste!* old fellow, you are difficult to please. Let me see; if that does not suit you, I will put her tunic on, and you shall take it off."

"Lorin, I am ill, and not only out of spirits, but the gayety of others makes me miserable."

"Ah, that is it! You frighten me, Maurice; you no longer either laugh or fight. You surely are not engaged in any plot?"

"I? Would to God —"

"You mean, Would to the Goddess Reason!"

"Leave me, Lorin; I cannot, and will not, go out. I am in bed, and here let me rest in peace."

Lorin scratched his ear.

"Well," said he, "I see how it is."

"What do you see?"

"That you wait for the Goddess Reason."

"By Jove," cried Maurice, "witty friends are great bores. Go, or I shall load both you and your goddess with curses."

"Charge! charge!"

Maurice raised his hand to curse him, when he was interrupted by his official, who at this moment entered, bearing in his hand a letter for his brother citizen.

"Citizen Agesilaus," said Lorin, "you enter at an unfortunate moment. Your master was just going to be eloquent."

Maurice let fall his hand, which he listlessly extended for the letter; but the instant he touched it he started, and eagerly examining both the seal and handwriting, grew very pale in the anticipation of bad tidings, and broke the seal hastily.

"Oh, our interest is awakened at last," said Lorin, "it seems to me."

Maurice heard him not; his whole soul was merged in the four lines of Geneviève. He read and re-read them three or four times over; and then raising his head, gazed at Lorin like a man quite stupefied.

"The deuce!" said Lorin; "the intelligence must be wonderful indeed, which that letter contains."

Maurice read the letter for the fifth time; a hue of vermilion suffused his face, his eyes brightened, and a deep sigh relieved his breast; then forgetting at once his illness and attendant weakness, he leaped from his bed.

"My clothes!" cried he to the astonished official, — "my clothes, my dear Agesilaus. Oh, my poor Lorin —

my good Lorin, I expected this every day, but in truth I did not hope for it. Here, my white trousers and frilled shirt; please dress my hair and shave me immediately."

The official hastened to execute Maurice's orders, and dressed and shaved him in a trice.

"Oh, I shall again behold her! I shall again behold her!" cried the young man, "Lorin, I never till this moment knew what happiness meant!"

"My poor Maurice," said Lorin, "I think you require the visit I recommended to you."

"Oh, my dear friend, pardon me; for truly reason has forsaken me."

"Then I offer you mine," said Lorin, laughing at his own execrable pun.

The most surprising thing was that Maurice laughed also. His present happiness had made him so cheerful.

This was not all. "Wait," said he, cutting some orange blossom from a tree in full bloom; "present this from me to the worthy Widow Mausole."

"*A la bonne heure!*" said Lorin; "in consideration of your gallantry, I pardon you. Then it appears to me you are absolutely in love, and I always feel profound respect for the unfortunate."

"Yes, I am in love," said Maurice, and his heart dilated with joy. "I am in love; and now, since she loves me, I may declare it; for since she has recalled me, must she not love me, Lorin?"

"Doubtless," complacently replied the adorer of the Goddess Reason; "but take care, Maurice, for the fashion in which you take this makes me fear for you."

"Often love is but a freak
Of the tyrant men call Cupid.
'T is he bewitches when you speak
With any woman, howe'er stupid.
Come, then, with me, — love only Reason;
And so escape Dan Cupid's treason."

"Bravo, bravo!" cried Maurice, clapping his hands; then taking to his heels, he descended the steps four at a time, and directed his steps toward the well-known old Rue Saint Jacques.

"I believe he applauded me, Agesilaus, didn't he?" asked Lorin.

"He certainly did, Citizen; and no wonder, for those were very pretty verses that you repeated."

"He is worse than I thought him," said Lorin, in his turn descending the staircase in rather a calmer mood. Arthémise was not Geneviève.

Hardly had Lorin and his orange blossom arrived at the Rue Saint Honoré, when a crowd of young citizens, to whom he had been accustomed to administer either kicks or half-pence, according to his humor, respectfully followed him, — mistaking him, no doubt, for one of those virtuous individuals to whom Saint Just had proposed that people should offer a white robe and a bunch of orange blossoms.

As the cortège every moment increased in numbers, — for even at this epoch a virtuous man was a rare sight to behold, — there were several thousand young citizens present when the bouquet was offered to Arthémise, a homage which made several other "Reasons" who had joined the ranks very ill with sick headache next day. It was on the same evening that the famous distich was circulated through Paris, —

"Long life to Goddess Reason —
The pure, clear dawn of day."

And as it has come down to us without any knowledge of the author, — a fact which has powerfully exercised the sagacity of revolutionary archæologists, — we have almost the audacity to affirm that it was composed for the fair Arthémise by our friend, Hyacinthe Lorin.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PRODIGAL CHILD.

Maurice could not have been quicker, had he even possessed wings. The streets were crowded, but Maurice only remarked the crowd as it retarded his course. It was said everywhere that the Convention was besieged; that the majesty of the people was offended through its representatives, whom they prevented from coming out; and of this there seemed some probability, as the ring of the tocsin was heard, and the thunder of the cannon sounding an alarm. But what at this moment, to Maurice, mattered either the tocsin or the cannon? What cared he whether the deputies were or were not able to come out, when the prohibition did not extend to him? So he quickened his pace, that was all. While running, he pictured to himself Geneviève waiting at the little window overlooking the garden, in order to see him; and that she would perceive him far off; and then her smile, more than ever charming, would welcome him back again.

Dixmer also was no doubt informed of this happy return, and would tender him his coarse, large hand, so frank and loyal in its greeting. He loved Dixmer; now even his love almost extended to Morand with his black locks and his green spectacles, behind which he fancied he could see the glitter of his brilliant but saturnine eyes.

He loved the whole world, for he was happy, and would willingly have showered flowers on the heads of all mankind that they might be as happy as himself.

But for once he was deceived. Poor Maurice! he deceived himself, as a man generally does when he reckons according to his wishes.

Instead of the sweet smile awaiting Maurice, which was to receive him when he would be seen from afar, Geneviève had determined on meeting Maurice with the most distant politeness, — a feeble rampart with which to oppose the torrent that threatened to invade her heart. She had retired to her chamber on the first floor, and did not intend coming down till sent for.

Alas! she also deceived herself.

Dixmer alone was not deceived; he watched for Maurice through a wired lattice, and smiled ironically.

Morand was gravely occupied in dyeing black some tails which are placed on white cat-skin to imitate ermine.

Maurice pushed open the little door of the alley, to enter unceremoniously through the garden; as of old, the door opening rang a little bell which indicated the arrival of Maurice.

Geneviève, who had stationed herself behind the closed window, started, and let fall the curtain she had drawn on one side.

The first sensation experienced by Maurice on entering his friend's house was disappointment. Not only was Geneviève absent from the window on the ground-floor, but on entering the little salon where he had uttered his last adieu, he found her not, and was compelled to announce himself, as if an absence of three weeks' duration had transformed him into a stranger. His heart was oppressed.

It was Dixmer whom Maurice first saw. He came forward, and embraced him with exclamations of joy.

Geneviève then came down. She had tried in vain to restore some color to her pallid cheek; but before she

had proceeded twenty steps the blood receded to her heart.

Maurice saw Geneviève appear in the shadow of the door; he advanced toward her smiling, intending to kiss her hand, and then only perceived how sadly she was changed. She on her part noticed with anxiety the attenuated frame of Maurice, and his fevered look of wild excitement.

"You are here then, sir," said she, in a voice whose emotion she could not subdue.

She had determined to address him with perfect indifference.

"Good-day, Citizen Maurice; why have your visits been so rare of late?"

This fickleness appeared more strange still to Maurice, and now what a shadow was cast upon all!

Dixmer cut short this examination, and put an end to all reciprocal reproaches by ordering dinner to be served; it was nearly two o'clock. They passed into the *salle-à-manger*, where Maurice saw a cover was placed for him. Then the Citizen Morand arrived, dressed in the same chestnut-colored coat and in the same waistcoat — he always wore his green spectacles — and white frilled shirt, and had the same long thick black hair. Maurice felt so well-disposed toward him that he wondered now when he had Morand before him that he should have ever felt the least concern about his rivalry at a distance. In short, what probability was there that Geneviève loved this little chemist? He was in love, and in consequence a fool to allow such folly to enter into his head.

Besides, the moment would have been badly chosen for jealousy. Maurice carried within his waistcoat pocket Geneviève's last letter, and his heart, bounding with joy, beat beneath it.

Geneviève had recovered her serenity. There is this peculiarity in the organization of women, that the present is able to efface all hues of the past, and distances all fears for the future.

Geneviève felt happy, having resumed her self-command: that is to say, she became calm and dignified, though still kind, — another shade which Maurice had not the requisite skill to comprehend. Lorin would have found the explanation in "Parny," in "Bertin," or the "Gentil Bernard."

The conversation turned upon the Goddess Reason. The fall of the Girondins, and the new mode of worship by which the kingdom of heaven had fallen to the lot of the distaff were the prevailing topics of the day. Dixmer pretended he should not have been sorry to see this unparalleled honor offered to Geneviève. Maurice felt inclined to laugh. Geneviève, however, concurred in the opinion of her husband, while Maurice regarded them both with astonishment, wondering that patriotism could so far mislead a sensible man like Dixmer and a woman of so poetical and refined a nature as Geneviève.

Morand developed the theory of female politicians. He cited Théroigne de Méricourt, the heroine of the 10th of August, and Madame Roland, the "Soul" of the Girondins. Then, *en passant*, he launched out against the "Tricoteuses." These words made Maurice smile. It was, however, a cruel joke against these female patriots that they were latterly termed "the female leeches of the guillotine."

"Ah! Citizen Morand," said Dixmer, "we respect patriotism even when it is mistaken."

"As for me," said Maurice, "as far as I know of patriotism, I always find the women sufficiently good patriots, when not too high aristocrats."

"You are quite right," said Morand; "and as for myself, I frankly confess I consider a woman very contemptible when she affects the demeanor of a man, and a man a coward, unworthy of the name, when he insults a woman, even were she his bitterest enemy."

Morand was gradually drawing Maurice on to delicate ground. Maurice on his side replied by an affirmative sign. The lists being opened, Dixmer, like the sounding herald, added, —

"One moment, one moment, Citizen Morand; you except, I hope, those women who are known enemies of the nation?"

A silence of some moments succeeded this "parry and thrust" to the response of Morand and the sign of Maurice. Maurice first interrupted the silence.

"Let us except no one," said he, sadly; "those females who have been enemies to the nation are now, it appears to me, sufficiently punished."

"You allude to the prisoners of the Temple, — to the Austrian, the sister and daughter of Capet?" cried Dixmer, with a rapidity which deprived his words of all expression.

Morand changed color while awaiting the reply of the young Republican, seeming to sink his nails into his breast in the intensity of his interest.

"Just so," said Maurice, "it is of them I am speaking."

"Who?" said Morand, in stifled tones. "Is what they say, true?"

"What do they say?" demanded the young man.

"That the prisoners are cruelly maltreated, sometimes even by those whose duty it is to protect them."

"There are individuals," said Maurice, "who do not deserve the name of men. There are some cowards who, totally deficient in real courage, retain a desire to torture

the vanquished in order to persuade themselves that they are the conquerors."

"You are not one of those men, Maurice, I am quite certain," said Geneviève.

"Madame," replied Maurice, "I who now speak to you mounted guard near the scaffold on which perished the late king. My drawn sabre in my hand, I was prepared to slay any one who attempted to rescue him. Notwithstanding, on his approach I removed my hat, and turning toward my men said, —

"'Citizens, I here warn you that I shall run my sword through the body of the first man that insults the king.'

"And I defy any one to assert that a single shout was heard to proceed from my company. From my hand first emanated those ten thousand placards affixed to the walls of Paris after the king's return from Varennes, —

"'Whoever acknowledges the king shall be flogged. Whoever insults the king shall be hanged.'

"Well," continued Maurice, without noticing the deep impression his words had produced on his listeners, — "well, I have proved to you that I am a frank, good patriot, that I hate all kings and their partisans. Yet I declare, notwithstanding my opinion, which is nothing short of a firm conviction, that, notwithstanding the certainty I feel that the Austrian is in a great measure the cause of the miseries that desolate France, never, never shall any man, — let him be who he may, even Santerre himself, — insult the ex-queen in my presence."

"Citizen," said Dixmer, shaking his head as if he disapproved of so much hardihood, "are you aware you ought to be very sure of us before you make such declarations in our presence?"

"I make them before you, and would do so before all the world, Dixmer; and I will add, she may perhaps

perish on the same scaffold as her husband, but I am not one to fear a woman; on the contrary, I have a kindly regard for all those who are weaker than myself."

"And the queen, Monsieur Maurice?" demanded Geneviève, timidly; "has she sometimes evinced her sense of this delicacy, to which she is so little accustomed?"

"The prisoner has thanked me several times for my consideration for her, Madame."

"Then she must expect your turn to guard with pleasure?"

"I believe she does, Madame," replied Maurice.

"Then," said Morand, tremulous as a woman, "since you have confessed what no one nowadays confesses, — that you have a generous heart, — you will not surely persecute the children either?"

"I!" said Maurice; "ask the infamous Simon the weight of the arm of the municipal before whom he had the audacity to beat the little Capet."

This answer produced a spontaneous movement at Dixmer's table. All the guests rose respectfully; Maurice alone remained seated, and had not the slightest idea that he had elicited this mark of admiration.

"Why, what on earth is the matter?" said he, astonished.

"I thought some one called from the manufactory," said Dixmer.

"No," said Geneviève; "at first I thought so too; but we are mistaken." And all resumed their seats.

"Ah! it is you then, Citizen Maurice," said Morand, in a tremulous voice, "who are the municipal so much talked about, and who so nobly defended a child."

"Talked about?" said Maurice, with the utmost *naïveté*.

"Yours is a noble heart," said Morand, rising from

the table. That he might give way to his feelings, he retired to the manufactory, as if some pressing business there awaited him.

"Yes, Citizen," replied Dixmer; "they do speak about it, and it should be said that all those possessed of brave, generous hearts applaud without knowing you."

"And let him remain unknown," said Geneviève. "The glory he would acquire would be replete with danger."

Thus in this singular conversation, without knowing it, each had contributed his word of heroism, devotion, and sensibility. There had been love and admiration which could not be expressed in words.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MINERS.

At the moment they left the table, Dixmer was told that his notary awaited him in his study. He excused himself to Maurice; besides, he was accustomed to leave him thus, and proceeded to attend his man of business.

He was negotiating for the purchase of a small house, Rue de la Corderie, facing the garden of the Temple. It was rather, as to the rest, a lot than a house that Dixmer was purchasing, for the present building was in a state of dilapidation; but it was his intention to rebuild it.

The bargain had not been delayed with the proprietor; that same morning the notary had seen him and agreed to pay 19,500 francs. He therefore brought the agreement for signature, and came to receive the requisite money for the purchase, as the proprietor would that day clear out the building that the workmen might commence operations on the morrow.

The contract signed, Dixmer and Morand accompanied the notary to the Rue de la Corderie, to view this new acquisition; for they had purchased without seeing it.

It was a house situated near where No. 20 now stands, — three stories in height, and surmounted by a curved roof. The lower part at one time had been let to a wine-merchant, and contained some most excellent cellarage.

The proprietor, above all things, vaunted his cellars; they were the best part of the house. Dixmer and

Morand appeared to attach very little interest to these cellars, yet both, as if from mere politeness, descended with the proprietor into what he called his vaults.

An exception to the general rule, he had not exaggerated. The cellars were magnificent; one of them extended under the Rue de la Corderie, and from this cellar they could hear the carriages roll over their heads.

Dixmer and Morand did not appear to appreciate this advantage. They even spoke of filling them up, observing that however convenient they might be to a wine-merchant, they became perfectly useless to honest burgesses, who intended to occupy the whole of the house.

After the cellars they visited the first, second, and third story; from the third they completely over-looked the garden of the Temple. It was, as usual, invaded by the National Guard, who enjoyed this privilege, since the queen never walked there now.

Dixmer and Morand recognized their friend, the Widow Plumeau, with her usual activity, doing the honors of her tavern; but doubtless their anxiety to be in their turn remembered by her was not very great, as they kept themselves concealed behind the proprietor, while he expatiated on the advantages of this view, at once so varied and agreeable.

The purchaser then wished to see the attics.

The proprietor, doubtless, was unprepared for this demand, since he had not got the key; but soothed by the bundle of bills shown him, he descended to search for it.

"I was not deceived," said Morand, "and this house will answer our purpose exactly."

"And what do you say to the vaults?"

"That it is an interposition of Providence, which will spare us two days' labor at least."

"Do you think that it is in the direction of the cantine?"

"It inclines a little to the left; but that is of no consequence."

"But," said Dixmer, "how will you be able to follow your subterranean line with the certainty of its terminating where you wish?"

"Rest assured," said Morand; "that is my affair."

"If we were every day to give a signal from here that we are watching?"

"But from the platform the queen could not see it; for the attics alone are as high as the platform, and I am doubtful even about them."

"Never mind," said Dixmer, "either Maury or Toulan may see it from some opening, and they will inform the queen."

And Dixmer tied several knots in a white calico curtain, passing it backward and forward before the window as if shaken by the wind.

Then both, as if impatient to visit the attic, awaited the proprietor's return on the staircase, having first closed the door, not wishing to afford the worthy man a sight of his waving curtain.

The garrets, as Morand had foreseen, did not reach the height of the summit of the tower. This was at once an advantage and disadvantage, — a disadvantage, because they could not communicate by signs with the queen; and an advantage, because the very impracticability alone disarmed all suspicion. The highest houses were naturally the objects of the strictest surveillance.

"It is necessary, either by means of Toulan, Maury, or Tison's daughter, to find some way to tell her to keep upon the watch," murmured Dixmer.

"I have thought of that," said Morand.

They descended; the notary waited in the salon with the contract signed.

"It is all right," said Dixmer; "the house suits me; so hand over to the proprietor the sum of 19,500 francs in payment, and let him give a receipt."

The proprietor did so, first scrupulously counting the money.

"You understand, Citizen," said Dixmer, "the principal clause, that the house must be vacated this evening; that, in short, I must put the workmen in to-morrow."

"Well, Citizen, I agree to do so. You can take the keys this evening at eight o'clock; all will be free."

"Pardon me," said Dixmer, "but did you not tell me, Citizen Notary, there was a way out leading into the Rue Portefoin?"

"Yes, Citizen," said the proprietor; "but I had it closed; for having only one official, the poor devil had too much fatigue, being obliged to watch both doors. But it is so built up that at any time it can be reopened in two hours at least. Would you wish to convince yourselves, citizens?"

"Thanks, it is not necessary," said Dixmer, "I attach no importance to this way out; it is useless to me."

They then both left, having for the third time reminded the landlord of his promise that the apartments should be empty at eight o'clock that evening.

At nine o'clock they both returned, followed by five or six men at a distance, of whom, in the confusion then reigning in Paris, no one took any notice. They both entered first. The landlord had kept his word; the house was totally empty.

They closed the shutters with the greatest care, and with the aid of a tinder-box, lighted some wax candles which Morand had taken in his pocket.

Then one after another the six men entered. These were the ordinary guests of the master-tanner, the same contrabandists who one evening wished to kill Maurice, but had now become his friends.

They closed the doors, and descended into the vault.

This vault, so contemptuously treated during the day, had become at night the most important part of the house.

Having first stopped up every crevice through which a curious eye might penetrate to the interior, Morand placed a cask upright, and began to trace with a crayon geometrical lines upon a piece of paper.

While he was thus engaged, his companions, conducted by Dixmer, left the house, following the Rue de la Corderie, and at the corner of the Rue de Beauce stopped before a covered carriage. In this carriage was a man who silently distributed to each one the instrument of a pioneer, — to one a spade, to another a mattock, to this one a lever, to that a pickaxe ; each man concealed his tool under his overcoat, or mantle. The miners retraced the road to the small house, and the carriage disappeared.

Morand had finished his calculation.

He went straight to an angle of the cave.

" There," said he, " dig ! "

And the work of deliverance immediately commenced.

The situation of the unhappy prisoners in the Temple became daily more serious and hourly more wretched. For an instant the queen, Madame Elizabeth, and Madame Royale had indulged some hope. The municipals Toulan and Lepître, touched with compassion for the august prisoners, had evinced some interest in them. At first little habituated to the marks of sympathy, the poor women were suspicious ; but suspicion ceases to

exist where there is hope. Besides, what now could happen to the queen, separated from her son by a prison, from her husband by death? To follow him to the scaffold, — this idea had possessed her for some time, and she had now become accustomed to it.

The first time Toulan and Lepître returned on guard, the queen particularly requested, if they really felt any interest in her misfortunes, they would describe to her the last moments of the king. This was putting their sympathy to a sad test. Lepître had assisted at the execution; he obeyed the order of the queen.

The queen demanded the journals containing the report of the execution. Lepître promised to bring them when next on guard; it would be his turn again in three weeks. In the king's time they had at the Temple four municipals; the king dead, they had only three, — one to watch during the day, two during the night. Toulan and Lepître invented a stratagem, that they might always keep watch together at night.

The hours of guard were drawn by lot; they wrote on one ballot "day," on two others "night." Each drew his ballot from a hat, and chance decided the night-watch.

Every time that Toulan and Lepître were on guard they wrote "day" on three ballots, and presented the hat to the municipal they wished to oust, and he, thrusting his hand into the improvised urn, necessarily drew forth a ballot on which was inscribed "day." They then destroyed the other two, murmuring against the hazard which always decreed them the most wearisome watch of the two, — that is to say, the night.

When the queen was sure of her guards she corresponded with the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge. Then an escape was attempted, but the attempt was detected. The queen and Madame Elizabeth were to flee disguised

as municipal officers, with cards that would be provided for them. As to the two children, — that is to say, Madame Royale and the young dauphin, — they had remarked that the man who came to light the lamps of the Temple was always accompanied by two children, of the same age apparently as the Princess Royale and the dauphin. It was therefore arranged that Turgy, of whom we have previously spoken, should dress himself as the lamplighter, and carry away the prince and princess.

We will mention in a few words who Turgy was.

Turgy was an old waiter of the king's, introduced at the Temple with part of the family from the Tuileries, for the king had at first been permitted a well-appointed table. The first month this consideration cost the nation thirty or forty thousand francs.

It may easily be understood this prodigality could not last. The Commune decreed otherwise. They dismissed the chefs, the cooks, and scullions; one single man-servant only was retained, — that man was Turgy.

He was naturally the medium of communication between the prisoners and their partisans, for Turgy was permitted to go out, and consequently was enabled to forward their letters, and introduce the replies. These billets were generally twisted round the stoppers of the *carafes* containing the milk of almonds brought to the queen and Madame Elizabeth. They were written with lemon-juice, and perfectly illegible till held near the fire.

All was prepared for the escape, when one day Tison lighted his pipe with the paper-stopper of a *carafe*. As the paper burned, the writing became visible. He instantly extinguished the half-burned paper, and carried the remaining fragment to the Council of the Temple, when, being held near the fire, they could only read a

few disjointed words, the other part being burned to ashes. But they recognized the handwriting of the queen. Tison, being questioned, mentioned some slight marks of attention and sympathy he fancied he had observed on the part of Lepître and Toulan toward the prisoners. The two guards were immediately denounced to the municipality, and allowed no more to enter the Temple.

Turgy remained.

But suspicion was now excited to the highest degree. He was never left a single moment alone with the princesses. All communication with the exterior was now utterly impossible.

Madame Elizabeth had nevertheless one day given Turgy a little gold knife to clean, with which she used to cut fruit. Turgy suspected something, and when wiping the knife drew off the handle, and in the handle found a letter.

This letter contained an alphabet of signs.

He returned the knife to Madame Elizabeth; but a municipal then present prevented him, and in his turn securing the knife, took the blade and handle apart; but fortunately the letter was no longer there. The municipal nevertheless confiscated the knife.

It was at that time that the indefatigable Chevalier de Maison-Rouge meditated this second attempt, which they intended to carry into execution by means of the house which Dixmer had purchased.

The prisoners, however, had by degrees lost all hope. That day the queen, terrified by the noise in the streets which reached her ears, and learning from these cries that they were debating the trial of the Girondins, the last supporters of moderation, felt dreadfully depressed. The Girondins dead, the royal family lost their only defence in the Convention.

At seven o'clock the supper was served. The municipals examined every plate as usual, unfolded each napkin successively, searched the bread, the one with a fork, the other with his fingers, and concluded by breaking into pieces the macaroons and walnuts, for fear any letter should reach the prisoners. These precautions being concluded, the royal family were invited to their meal in these simple words: —

"Widow Capet, you may eat."

The queen shook her head, signifying she was not hungry. But at this moment Madame Royale advanced, as if to embrace her mother, and whispered, —

"Seat yourself at table, Madame. I fancied Turgy made a sign."

The queen, tremblingly, raised her head. Turgy was opposite to her. The napkin laid over his left arm, and with his right hand he touched his eye.

She immediately rose, without any further objection, and resumed her usual place at table.

The two municipals assisted at the meal, being strictly prohibited from leaving the princesses alone for an instant with Turgy.

The feet of the queen and Madame Elizabeth met, and pressed each other under the table.

As the queen was seated opposite Turgy, not one of his gestures escaped her notice; besides, they were all so natural that they neither could nor did inspire the municipals with any suspicion whatever.

At the removal of the supper the same precautions were used as before; the smallest pieces of bread were taken up and examined. After which, Turgy went out first, the two municipals following; the woman Tison remained.

This woman had become ferocious since her separation

from her daughter, of whose fate she was totally ignorant. Every time the queen lavished a caress on Madame Royale, it threw her into an excess of rage almost bordering on frenzy; so much so, that the queen, who so well understood the griefs of a mother, often denied herself this consolation — now, alas! the only one left her — of pressing her daughter to her heart.

Tison came now to seek for his wife, who at first declared she would not leave till Widow Capet was in bed.

Madame Elizabeth then wished the queen good-night, and entered her chamber.

The queen and princess having also retired, Tison's wife took the candle and went out.

The municipals had already thrown themselves upon their beds in the corridor.

The moon, pale visitant of the unhappy princesses, shone through the window of the roof, casting her rays across the foot of the queen's bed.

For an instant everything remained calm and silent in the chamber.

Then a door turned softly on its hinges, a shadow passed across the rays of the moon, and approached the queen, — it was Madame Elizabeth.

"Did you notice?" said she, in a whisper.

"Yes," replied the queen.

"And you understood?"

"So well that I dare not believe it."

"Let us see; repeat the signs."

"First, then, he touched his eye to indicate he had some news for us; then he passed his napkin from his left to his right, which meant that they were occupied in our deliverance. Then he put his hand to his face, to signify that the expected aid would reach us from the in-

terior, and not from a stranger; then when you asked him not to forget the milk of almonds to-morrow, he made two knots in his pocket-handkerchief. Thus it is again the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge, — noble-hearted man that he is."

"It is he," said Madame Elizabeth.

"Are you asleep, my child?" demanded the queen.

"No, *ma mère*," replied Madame Royale.

"Then pray for you know whom."

Madame Elizabeth quietly regained her chamber, and for some minutes during the silence of the night the soft, sweet voice of the youthful princess might be heard addressing her prayer to God. It was at that moment, at a signal from Morand, the first stroke of the pick-axe sounded in the small house at Rue de la Corderie.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CLOUDS.

Aside from the intoxication of renewed visits, Maurice was certainly much disappointed at the reception of Geneviève, and reckoned upon solitary interviews to regain the road he had lost, or seemed to have lost, in her affections.

But Geneviève had wisely arranged her plan, and did not intend to allow him an opportunity for a *tête-à-tête*, being conscious of their danger even from the happiness they afforded her.

Maurice trusted to the morrow. A kinswoman of Geneviève's, no doubt previously invited, came to call upon her, and Geneviève had retained her. This time there was nothing to be said; it could not be the fault of Geneviève. When leaving, Maurice was requested to escort this relation to Rue des Fossés Saint Victor, where she resided. Maurice went away pouting, but Geneviève smiled, and he construed this smile into a promise.

Alas! Maurice deceived himself. The next day, the 2d of June, that terrible day that witnessed the downfall of the Girondins, Maurice dismissed his friend Lorin, who absolutely wished to carry him off to the Convention, and put everything aside that he might visit his fair friend. The Goddess of Liberty had a powerful rival in Geneviève.

Maurice found Geneviève in her little salon, all grace and amiability, but near her was a young *femme-de-*

chambre with the tricolored cockade, engaged in marking pocket-handkerchiefs in the corner of the window, who never left her place.

Maurice knitted his brows, and Geneviève, perceiving he was not in the best temper possible, redoubled her assiduities; but since her amiability was not carried so far as to dismiss the young official, he impatiently left an hour earlier than usual.

All this might have perhaps happened by chance. Maurice took patience. The political situation, besides, was so terrible that long as it was since he had interested himself in public affairs, the report reached even him. It required nothing less than the downfall of a party who had reigned in France for ten months to withdraw his attention from his all-engrossing passion for Geneviève.

The next day witnessed the same management on the part of Geneviève, and Maurice, having foreseen this, had arranged his plan. So ten minutes after his arrival, seeing that the young woman, having finished marking a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs, commenced six dozen of table napkins, Maurice, we say, drew out his watch, rose, bowed to Geneviève, and went out without saying one word.

Still more, as he left, he did not even once look back.

Geneviève, who had risen to watch him across the garden, remained an instant speechless, pale, and trembling, then dropped into her chair, thunderstruck at the effect of her diplomacy.

At this moment Dixmer entered.

"Maurice gone?" said he, with astonishment.

"Yes," stammered Geneviève.

"But he had only just arrived."

"He was here a quarter of an hour, or nearly so."

"Then he will return?"

"I much doubt it."

"Leave us, Muguet [lily of the valley]," said Dixmer.

The *femme-de-chambre* had assumed the name of the flower from hatred to her baptismal name of Marie, which was unfortunately that of the Austrian.

She rose at the command of her master, and quitted the room.

"Well, dear Geneviève," said Dixmer, "is peace restored between you and Maurice?"

"On the contrary, I think we are cooler than ever."

"And this time, who is to blame?" said Dixmer.

"Maurice, without the slightest doubt."

"Permit me to judge."

"What!" said Geneviève, blushing, "you cannot guess —"

"Why he is angry? No."

"It seems to me, it is some whim about Muguet."

"Bah! truly; then you must send the girl away. I will not deprive myself of a friend like Maurice for the sake of a *femme-de-chambre*."

"Oh!" said Geneviève, "he is not, I think, so angry as to require her to be sent away; it will suffice to —"

"What?"

"To exile her from my chamber."

"And Maurice is right," said Dixmer; "it is you he comes to visit, and not Muguet; it is therefore quite unnecessary that she should be present."

"But, my dear Dixmer," replied she, regarding her husband with astonishment.

"Geneviève," replied Dixmer, "I hoped to have found in you an ally who would render more easy the task imposed upon me, and find, on the contrary, that your fears redouble our dangers and difficulties. Four days since

I thought all was settled between us, and now everything must be done over again. Have I not told you that I confide in you, in your honor? Have I not told you that it is positively necessary that Maurice should become our friend, more intimate than before, but less suspicious than ever? Oh, *mon Dieu!* these women are an everlasting obstacle to our projects."

"But, is there no other way? I have told you before, that for all our sakes it would be better if Monsieur Maurice returned here no more."

"Yes, for our sakes, perhaps; but for the sake of her who is far above us, of her for whom we have promised to sacrifice our lives, fortune, and happiness, it is necessary that this young man should return. Are you aware they begin to suspect Turgy, and talk of placing another servant near the queen?"

"Well, I will send away Muguet."

"Gracious Heaven! Geneviève," said Dixmer, with a movement of impatience very unusual with him, "why do you speak to me thus; why stifle the ardor of my ideas by your own; why strive to create difficulties where too many already exist? Geneviève, act like an honorable, devoted woman; act as you feel you ought to act. I tell you, to-morrow I go out — to-morrow I take Morand's place as engineer. I shall not dine with you, but he will; he has something to ask Maurice, and will explain to you what it is. What he has to request you may imagine, Geneviève, is a thing of vital import; it is not indeed the goal to which we march, but the way leading to it. It is the last hope of that devoted, noble-minded man, our protector, to whom we are bound to dedicate our lives."

"And for whom I will freely give mine," cried Geneviève, with enthusiasm.

"Well, this man, Geneviève, I cannot tell why, as you must have seen is not loved by Maurice, by whom, above all things, it is necessary he should be respected. In short, from the bad temper in which you have put Maurice to-day, he may perhaps refuse Morand that which it is so imperative we should obtain at any price. Do I now need to tell you, Geneviève, to what dread end your petty delicacy and sentimentality are leading Morand?"

"Oh, sir!" cried Geneviève, clasping her hands and turning pale, "let us never mention that!"

"Then," said Dixmer, pressing his lips to his wife's forehead, "reflect upon it, and form your resolution;" and he went out.

"O my God!" murmured Geneviève, with anguish, "with what violence do they compel me to accept this love toward which my whole soul inclines!"

The next day, as we have already said, was Sunday.

It was customary in the family of Dixmer, as in all the bourgeoise families at that period, that the dinner should be longer and more ceremonious on that day than on any other. Since their intimacy, Maurice, having received a general invitation, never omitted to dine with them on that day. Although they did not dine till two o'clock, Maurice used to come at noon.

From the manner of their parting, however, Geneviève almost despaired of seeing him that Sunday.

In short, twelve o'clock struck, then half-past, then one.

It would be impossible to describe what passed in the heart of Geneviève during this period of anxious expectation.

She was at first dressed with the greatest simplicity; then, seeing that he delayed his coming, she, with a feeling of coquetry natural to the heart of woman, had

placed a flower at her side, a flower in her hair, and still listened, her heart each moment beating faster and faster. The dinner-hour had almost arrived, and Maurice had not appeared.

At ten minutes to two, Geneviève heard the sound of a horse's feet, that sound she knew so well.

"Oh!" cried she, "his pride could not wrestle against his love. He loves me! he loves me!"

Maurice dismounted, and gave his horse to the gardener, desiring him to remain where he was. Geneviève saw with anxiety that the gardener did not lead the horse to the stables.

Maurice on this day looked superlatively handsome. A splendid black coat, a white waistcoat, breeches of chamois leather designed for limbs after the model of Apollo, a white cambric stock, and his waving hair, displaying a fresh, beaming face, formed altogether a type of manly beauty.

He entered. As we have already said, his presence swelled the heart of Geneviève, who received him joyfully. "Ah!" said she, holding out her hand, "you have come to dine with us, have you not?"

"On the contrary, Citizen," said Maurice, coldly, "I have come to ask your permission to absent myself."

"To absent yourself?"

"Yes; the sectional affairs claim my attention. I feared you might wait, and would accuse me of being wanting in politeness, therefore came to make my excuses in person."

Geneviève again felt her heart sink within her.

"Ah, *mon Dieu!*" cried she, "and Dixmer, who does not dine at home, counted upon finding you here on his return, and desired me to detain you."

"Ah, then, Madame! I comprehend your importunity,

it is a command of your husband's; and I not to guess all this! I shall never cure myself of conceit."

"Maurice!"

"It is for me, Madame, to draw my inference from your actions rather than your words; it is for me therefore to comprehend that if Dixmer is absent the greater the reason I should not remain. His absence would surely add to your constraint."

"Why so?" timidly inquired Geneviève.

"Because you appear, since my return, sedulously to avoid me, notwithstanding I returned for your sake, and yours only; and you well know, *mon Dieu!* that ever since my return I have invariably found some one with you."

"Then," said Geneviève, "you are still angry, *mon ami*, although I endeavor to act for the best."

"No, Geneviève; you would do much better to receive me as before, or drive me away altogether."

"Maurice," said Geneviève, tenderly, "understand my situation, consider my anguish, and do not enact the tyrant over me any longer."

And the young woman regarded him mournfully.

Maurice remained silent.

"What do you require then?" continued she.

"I require your love, Geneviève; since I now feel I cannot live without that love."

"Maurice! have pity on me."

"Then, Madame, you leave me to die."

"To die?"

"Yes, to die, or to forget."

"You could then forget?" said Geneviève, the tears rushing from her heart to her eyes.

"Ah, no, no!" said Maurice, falling on his knees before her; "no, Geneviève, I may die, perhaps, but forget you, never, never!"

"And yet," replied Geneviève, with firmness, "that would be the best, Maurice; for this love is criminal."

"Have you said this to Monsieur Morand?" said Maurice, recalled to himself by her sudden frigidity of manner.

"Monsieur Morand is not a madman like yourself, and has never yet compelled me to indicate to him how he should conduct himself in the house of a friend."

"I wager," said Maurice, smiling ironically, "that if Dixmer dines out Morand is not absent. Ah, Geneviève, by this means you can always deter me from loving you; for while Morand is here, forever at your side, not quitting you even for a single moment," continued he, contemptuously, "I should not love you, or rather I should not confess that I loved you."

"And I," cried Geneviève, driven to extremity by this eternal suspicion, and seizing the young man's arm with a species of frenzy, "I swear solemnly — now, Maurice, mark me well, and let it be once for all — that Morand has never breathed to me a word of love, that he neither loves me nor ever will love me. I swear this on my honor; I swear this by the soul of my mother.

"Alas! alas!" said Maurice, "I wish I could believe you."

"Oh, believe me, poor foolish youth!" said she, with a smile which, to any one else than one blind with jealousy, would have been a charming confession of the state of her heart, — "believe me. Besides, if you wish to know more, Morand loves a woman in whose presence all others sink into insignificance, as the flowers of the field fade before the stars of heaven."

"And who is this woman who is able to eclipse all other women," demanded Maurice, "when among the number we find Geneviève?"

"Do we not always," said Geneviève, smiling, "consider the one we love as the *chef d'œuvre* of the creation?"

"Then," said Maurice, "if you do not love me, Geneviève—"

The young woman waited with anxiety the end of the sentence.

"If you do not love me," continued Maurice, "will you at least swear never to love another?"

"Ah! that, Maurice, I will swear with all my heart," cried the young woman, delighted that he had thus compromised with her conscience.

Maurice seized the hands she was raising to Heaven, and covered them with ardent kisses.

"And now," said he, "I will be kind, indulgent, and confiding. I will even be generous. I wish to see you smile, and myself to be happy."

"And you will ask me nothing more?"

"I will endeavor."

"And now," said Geneviève, "I think it will be useless to hold the horse any longer. The section will wait."

"Oh, Geneviève! the whole world might wait, if I could only stay with you!"

Steps were heard in the court-yard.

"They come to tell us that dinner is ready," said Geneviève. They silently pressed each other's hands.

It was Morand, who came to tell them they only awaited their presence at table. He also was in full dress for the Sunday's dinner.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE REQUEST.

In the mean time Morand did not a little excite the curiosity of Maurice. The most refined of fops could not discover a fault in the tie of his cravat, the folds of his boots, or the texture of his linen; but it must be allowed his hair and spectacles were always the same. It then appeared to Maurice, so much was he reassured by the oath of Geneviève, that he now for the first time viewed these locks and spectacles in a proper light.

"The devil!" said Maurice to himself as he went to meet him, — "the devil take me if I am now ever again jealous of this worthy Citizen Morand. Put on every day, if you choose, your full-dress coat, or even make yourself one of cloth of gold, since from this time I promise to see nothing but your hair and spectacles, and above all, never again to accuse you of loving Geneviève."

We can easily understand that the shake of the hand bestowed upon the Citizen Morand at the conclusion of this soliloquy was more frank and cordial than usual. Contrary to custom, the party was small, covers being placed for only three on a narrow table.

Geneviève was seated nearly opposite Maurice, between himself and the light, which reflected on her luxuriant black curls, tingeing them with the blue hue of the raven's wing, and enhancing the brilliancy of her eyes and complexion.

Beyond his pigeon-colored suit, Morand appeared to have dismissed all recollection of the day from his mind, — that brilliant wit which Maurice had sometimes heard burst fresh from the lips of this singular man, which would no doubt have been accompanied by flashes from his eyes, had they not been totally obscured by the green spectacles.

He uttered a thousand witticisms, but never himself smiled; indeed, what added piquancy to his witticisms and a strange charm to his sallies was his own imperturbable gravity. This merchant, who had made numerous voyages and visited various countries, trading in every sort of skin, from the skin of the panther to that of the rabbit; this chemist, with arms dyed with his own chemical preparations, — was as conversant with Egypt as Herodotus, Africa as Lavaillant, and the Opera and the boudoir as any fop.

"But the devil take me, Monsieur Morand," said Maurice, "you are not only a clever man, but a scholar also."

"Ah! I have both seen and read much," said Morand; "and then it is necessary I should prepare myself in some degree for the life of pleasure I intend to lead when I retire on my fortune. It is time, Citizen Maurice, it is time."

"Bah!" said Maurice; "you talk like an old man. What age then are you?"

Morand turned round, startled by this question, natural as it certainly was.

"I am thirty-eight," said he. "Ah! see what it is to be a scholar, as you term it. It makes one old."

Geneviève began to laugh, and Maurice joined in; but Morand merely smiled.

"You have, then, made several voyages?" demanded Maurice, pressing Geneviève's foot between his own.

"Part of my youth," replied Morand, "was passed in a foreign land."

"And you have seen much? — pardon me, I ought to say, have observed much; for a man like yourself cannot see without observing," replied Maurice.

"*Ma foi!* yes; seen much?" replied Morand, "I have seen almost everything."

"Everything, Citizen," replied Maurice, laughing; "that is saying a great deal. If you were to search — "

"Ah, yes! you are right; there are two things I have never seen. It is true, in our days, these two things are becoming more and more rare."

"What are they, then?" demanded Maurice.

"The first," said Morand, gravely, "is a god."

"Ah!" said Maurice, "but in lieu of a god I shall be able to show you a goddess, Citizen Morand."

"How so?" interrupted Geneviève.

"Yes; a goddess of quite modern creation, — the Goddess Reason. I have a friend, of whom you have sometimes heard me speak, — my dear and brave Lorin, — with a heart of gold, whose only fault is that of making verses and vile puns."

"Well?"

"Well, he selected for Paris a Goddess Reason, in good condition, and in whom they can discover nothing at all objectionable. It is the Citizeness Arthémise, ex-dancer at the Opera, and at present dealer in perfumes, Rue Martin. As soon as she is definitely received as goddess, I will show her to you."

Morand bowed his head in token of thanks, and continued, —

"The other," said he gravely, "is a king."

"Ah! that is more difficult," said Geneviève; "there are no more of them," she added, forcing a smile.

"You should have seen the last," said Maurice; "it would have been prudent to do so."

"The result is," said Morand, "I have not the least idea of a crowned head; it must be very sad?"

"Very sad, indeed," said Maurice; "I will answer for it, — I who see one nearly every month."

"A crowned head?" demanded Geneviève.

"At least," said Maurice, "one that has borne the weight and miserable burden of a crown."

"Ah, yes! the queen," said Morand; "truly, Monsieur Maurice, it must be a melancholy sight — "

"Is she as proud and beautiful as they say?" demanded Geneviève.

"Have you never seen her then, Madame?" demanded Maurice, surprised in his turn.

"I? never!" replied the young woman.

"Indeed!" said Maurice, "that is strange."

"And why strange?" said Geneviève. "We lived in the country till '91; since '91 we have resided in the old Rue Saint Jacques, which much resembles the country, only here they have neither light nor air, and still less flowers. You are acquainted with my life, Citizen Maurice? It has always been the same. How do you suppose I could have seen the queen, when I have had no opportunity whatever of so doing?"

"And I do not think you will avail yourself of that which unfortunately, perhaps, may present itself," said Maurice.

"What do you mean?" demanded Geneviève.

"The Citizen Maurice," replied Morand, "alludes to a thing no longer a secret."

"To what?" demanded Geneviève.

"To the probable condemnation of Marie Antoinette, and to her death upon the same scaffold where her hus-

band died. The citizen said, in short, that you would not avail yourself of the opportunity offered you of seeing her the day when she will quit the Temple for the Place de la Revolution."

"Oh, certainly not!" cried Geneviève, as Morand pronounced these words with the utmost sang-froid.

"Then you can only lament," said the impassible chemist; "for the Austrian is well guarded, and the Republic a fairy that renders invisible whatever she pleases."

"I acknowledge, however," said Geneviève, "I have been very desirous to see this poor woman."

"Let us see," said Maurice, anxious to gratify all the wishes of Geneviève; "have you really such an inclination? Then only say the word. I agree with the Citizen Morand that the Republic is a fairy; but I, in quality of municipal, am somewhat of a wizard."

"Could you procure me a sight of the queen, you, Monsieur?" cried Geneviève.

"Certainly, I can."

"And how?" demanded Morand, exchanging a rapid glance with Geneviève, which escaped the notice of the young man.

"Nothing more simple," said Maurice. "There are certainly some municipals of whom they are distrustful; but as for me, I have given sufficient evidence of my devotion to the cause of liberty to render me above all suspicion. Besides, admittance to the Temple depends conjointly on the municipals and the chiefs of the post. Now, the chief of the post is, just at this moment, my friend Lorin, who appears to me to be called indubitably to replace General Santerre, seeing that in three months he has risen from the rank of corporal to that of adjutant-major. Well, come and see me at the

Temple the day I shall be on guard, — that is to say, next Thursday."

"Well," said Morand, "I hope now your wishes will be gratified. There is the whole matter arranged."

"Oh! no, no," said Geneviève; "indeed, I would not have it thus."

"And wherefore not?" said Maurice, who only anticipated in this visit to the Temple an opportunity of seeing Geneviève on a day when he had expected to be deprived of this happiness.

"Because," answered Geneviève, "it might perhaps, dear Maurice, expose you to some unpleasant dispute; and if anything were to happen to you through gratifying a whim of mine, I should never, while I lived, forgive myself."

"You have spoken wisely, Geneviève," said Morand. "Suspicion is at present very rife; the best patriots even are now suspected. Renounce this project, which, as you say, is after all a mere caprice of curiosity."

"They will say that you are envious, Morand, and that not having yourself seen either king or queen, you do not wish others to do so. Come, to end all discussion, join the party."

"I! good faith! No."

"It is then no longer the Citizen Dixmer who wishes to visit the Temple; it is I who entreat both her and you to come there, to divert a poor prisoner. For the great door once closed upon me, I remain for twenty-four hours as much a prisoner as the king would be, or a prince of the blood." And pressing between his own feet the foot of Geneviève, "Come then," said he, "I entreat you!"

"What do you say, Morand," said Geneviève, "will you come with me?"

"It will be losing a day," said Morand, "and will retard by just so long the time when I expect to retire from business."

"Then I shall not go," said Geneviève.

"But why?" demanded Morand.

"Because I cannot depend upon my husband to escort me; and if you will not accompany me — you, a respectable man, thirty-eight years of age — I have not the hardihood to encounter alone all the chasseurs, artillerymen, and grenadiers, requesting to speak to one of the municipals only three or four years older than myself."

"Then," said Morand, "since you deem my presence indispensable, Citizeness —"

"Come! come! learned Citizen, be as gallant as if you were simply an ordinary man, and sacrifice half a day to the wife of your friend," said Maurice.

"Well, let it be so," said Morand.

"Now," said Maurice, "I only require one thing from you, — that is, discretion. Visiting the Temple is considered a suspicious proceeding, and should any accident occur in consequence, we should all be guillotined. The Jacobins do not jest. *Peste!* you see how they have treated the Girondins."

"The devil!" said Morand, "this observation of the Citizen Maurice requires consideration. This would be a sort of retiring from business that would not suit me at all."

"Did you not hear," said Geneviève, smiling, "that the Citizen Maurice said *all?*"

"Well, what of that? All?"

"All together."

"Yes, without doubt," said Morand, "company is very agreeable; but I much prefer, fair sentimentalist, to live in your society than to die in it."

"What the devil was I thinking of," said Maurice to himself, "when I imagined this man loved Geneviève?"

"Then it is all settled," said Geneviève. "I address myself to you, Morand, thoughtful, absent man that you are, — remember it is on Thursday next; so do not on the Wednesday evening commence some chemical experiment that will occupy your time and attention for the next twenty-four hours, as very frequently happens."

"You may be perfectly easy on that point," said Morand. "Besides, you can remind me."

Geneviève then rose from table, and Maurice followed her example. Morand was about to leave also, and perhaps to follow them, when one of the workmen brought the chemist a small vial containing some liquid which instantly engrossed all his attention.

"Let us make haste," said Maurice, drawing away Geneviève.

"Oh, be assured," said she, "he will remain there for an hour at the very least."

And the young woman allowed him to take her hand, which he tenderly pressed between his own. She felt remorse for her treachery, and tried to compensate for it by her kindness.

"Do you see," said she to Maurice, crossing the garden and showing him the carnations, which had been removed into the air with the hope of reviving them, — "do you see my flowers are all dead?"

"What killed them?" said Maurice; "your neglect? Poor carnations!"

"It was not my neglect, but your desertion, kind sir."

"They required, my little Geneviève, some water, that was all; besides, my absence should have left you plenty of time."

"Ah!" said Geneviève, "if flowers were watered with

tears, the poor carnations, as you call them, would not have died."

Maurice threw his arms round Geneviève, and drawing her to him, before she had time to prevent him, pressed his lips upon the half-smiling, half-languishing eye, now fixed upon the drooping, dying flowers.

Geneviève felt so much self-reproach it made her lenient to others.

Dixmer returned home late, and on his return found Morand, Maurice, and Geneviève talking botany in the garden.

CHAPTER XX.

THE FLOWER-GIRL.

At length the anticipated Thursday, the day of Maurice's guard, arrived. It was now the month of June. The sky was of a deep and cloudless blue, and against this sheet of blue rose the heavy white mass of new houses. The coming of the dreadful dog-star was already foreseen, — that dog represented by the ancients as thirsting with an unquenchable thirst, and which, to borrow the phraseology of the plebeian Parisians, licked the pavement very dry. Paris was clean as a carpet, and perfumes filled the air, mounting from the trees, emanating from the flowers, circulating and intoxicating with joy, as if to render the inhabitants of the capital forgetful for a few moments of that vapor of blood which rose without intermission from the pavement of their streets.

It was Maurice's duty to enter the Temple at nine o'clock; his two colleagues were Mercevault and Agricola. At eight o'clock he was in the old Rue Saint Jacques, in grand costume as citizen municipal, — that is to say, with a tricolored scarf tightly fastened round his lithe, muscular frame. He as usual rode there on horseback, and on his route won the sincere approbation, admiration, and eulogiums of the fair patriots who saw him pass. Geneviève was already prepared; she wore a simple muslin dress, a species of light taffeta mantle, and a small bonnet ornamented with the tricolored cockade. Thus attired, she was of dazzling beauty.

Morand, who, as we have seen, had been earnestly solicited to accompany them, had, no doubt for fear of being mistaken for an aristocrat, attired himself in his usual costume, — half-burgess, half-artisan. He had just entered, and his countenance betrayed great fatigue; he said he had been at work all night, in order to complete some urgent business.

Dixmer had gone out immediately on the return of his friend Morand.

"Well," demanded Geneviève, "what have you decided on, Maurice; and how are we to see the queen?"

"Listen," said Maurice, "I have arranged everything. I shall arrive at the Temple with you, and then introduce you to my friend Lorin, who commands the guard; I then take my post, and on the first opportunity will come for you."

"But," demanded Morand, "where are we to see the prisoners, and how are we to see them?"

"At either their breakfast or their dinner, if that will suit you, through the glazed partition of the municipals."

"Perfectly," said Morand.

Maurice then saw Morand approach a cupboard at the farther end of the *salle-à-manger*, and drink hastily a glass of pure wine, which rather surprised him, as Morand was usually very abstemious, his strongest beverage being water merely colored with wine.

Geneviève saw that Maurice regarded him with astonishment.

"Only imagine," said she, "he must be half-dead with fatigue; he has taken nothing since yesterday morning."

"Did he not dine here?" asked Maurice.

"No; he was trying some experiments in the city."

Geneviève took a useless precaution with respect to Maurice, since lover-like he was an egotist, and had merely

bestowed upon the action of Morand that superficial attention which an amorous man accords to everything except the woman whom he loves.

To his glass of wine Morand added a crust of bread, which he hastily swallowed.

"And now," said he, "dear Citizen Maurice, I am quite ready; when you choose we will depart."

Maurice, who was stripping the decayed petals from one of the dead carnations he had plucked in passing, now offered his arm to Geneviève, saying, —

"Let us start."

On their way Maurice felt so happy that he could scarcely contain himself; he would have uttered cries of joy had he not restrained his emotion. What could he desire more? Not only had he acquired the certainty that she did not love Morand, but also the hope that he possessed her affection. The glorious sun shone upon the world, the arm of Geneviève was reposing within his own, while the public criers, shouting at the top of their voices the triumph of the Jacobins and the defeat of Brissot and his party, announced that the country was saved.

There are truly moments in life when the heart of man seems too small to contain the joy or grief concentrated there.

"Oh, what a lovely day!" exclaimed Morand.

Maurice turned round in surprise. This was the first burst of feeling he had ever heard issue from the lips of this singularly reserved and absent man.

"Oh, yes; it is indeed lovely," said Geneviève, pressing closer the arm of Maurice; "would that it may continue till evening pure and cloudless as it is now!"

Maurice applied these words to himself, and his happiness redoubled each moment.

Morand at the same time regarded Geneviève through

his green spectacles with a peculiar, grateful expression. Perhaps he also applied her wish to himself.

They thus crossed the Petit Pont, the Rue de la Juiverie, and the Bridge Notre Dame; they then proceeded to the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, the Rue Barre-du-Bec, and the Rue Sainte Avoie. As they progressed, Maurice's step became more and more elastic, while on the contrary those of his male and female companions waxed slower and slower.

They had reached the corner of the Rue des Vieilles-Audriettes, when all at once a flower-girl impeded their passage, by offering them her basket filled with flowers.

"Oh, what magnificent carnations!" cried Maurice.

"Oh, yes, very beautiful!" said Geneviève; "it seems the cultivator of these had no pre-occupation to distress him, for they are not withered and dead."

This speech sank deep into the heart of the young man.

"Ah! my brave Municipal," said the flower-girl, "purchase a bouquet for the pretty citizen. She is dressed in white; look at these superb crimson carnations; white and purple look well together. She will place the bouquet upon her heart, and as her heart is near to your blue coat, you will have there the national colors."

The flower-girl was young and pretty; her compliment was well-turned and well-chosen, for had it been made expressly for that occasion, it could not have better applied to the circumstances. Besides, the flowers were almost symbolical; they were similar to those now dead.

"I will purchase some," said Maurice, "since they are carnations; all other flowers I detest."

"Ah, Maurice," said Geneviève, "it is useless, we have so many of them in the garden."

But although her lips uttered the refusal, her eyes expressed a longing desire to possess them.

Maurice selected the most beautiful of the bouquets. It was the one the pretty flower-girl had presented to him.

It consisted of twenty deep red carnations, emitting an odor at once sweet and pungent; in the centre, towering above the rest, rose a magnificent carnation.

"Here," said Maurice to the seller, throwing on her basket a bill of five francs, "that is for you."

"Thanks, my brave Municipal," said the flower-girl, "a thousand thanks."

And she went toward another couple, trusting the day commenced thus auspiciously would so continue till its close. During this apparently simple scene, which had only occupied a few seconds at most, Morand seemed scarcely able to support himself, and wiped the perspiration from his pallid brow, while Geneviève also turned pale and trembled. She took the nosegay which Maurice presented to her, and clasping it in her lovely hand, held it to her face, less to inhale the odor than to conceal her emotion.

The remainder of the journey was pleasant, at least so far as concerned Maurice. As for Geneviève, her gayety seemed affected, and Morand evinced his enjoyment in a fashion peculiar to himself, — that is to say, in smothered sighs or startling bursts of laughter, and occasionally uttering some formidable witticisms which fell upon the passers-by like sparks of fire.

At nine o'clock they reached the Temple.

Santerre called over the municipals.

"I am here," said Maurice, leaving Geneviève under the care of Morand.

"Welcome," said Santerre, holding out his hand to the young man.

Maurice took care not to refuse the hand thus offered

to him. The friendship of Santerre was certainly most valuable at this epoch. At sight of this man who had commanded the famous rolling of drums, Geneviève shuddered, and Morand turned pale.

"Who is this lovely citizeness?" demanded Santerre of Maurice, "and what does she here?"

"She is the wife of the brave Citizen Dixmer; you have heard this excellent patriot spoken of, Citizen General?"

"Yes, yes," replied Santerre; "the chief of a tannery, captain of chasseurs of the legion Victor."

"The same."

"Good! good! My faith, she is pretty. And this ugly fellow who has given her his arm?"

"That is the Citizen Morand, her husband's partner, and chasseur in Dixmer's company."

Santerre approached Geneviève.

"Good-day, Citizeness," said he.

Geneviève made an effort.

"Good-day, Citizen General," replied she, smiling.

Santerre felt flattered by both title and smile.

"And what brings you here, fair patriot?" continued Santerre.

"The citizeness," replied Maurice, "has never seen Widow Capet, and would like to see her."

"Yes," said Santerre, "before—" and he made an atrocious gesture.

"Precisely," replied Maurice, coldly.

"Very well," said Santerre, "only mind they are not seen entering the keep: it would be a bad example; in other respects, do as you think fit."

Santerre again shook hands with Maurice, made an inclination of his head to Geneviève in a friendly and protecting manner, and went to attend to his other duties.

After a great many evolutions of gendarmes and chasseurs, after some manœuvring with cannon, the heavy reverberations of which, it was considered, carried to the environs a salutary admonition, Maurice gave Geneviève his arm, and followed closely by Morand, advanced toward the post, at the door of which Lorin was vociferating loudly, commanding the manœuvres of his battalion.

"Good!" cried he, "why there is Maurice; *peste!* with a female too who appears to me rather agreeable. Does the sly rascal wish to bring her into competition with my Goddess Reason? If it were so, poor Arthémise!"

"Hallo! Citizen Adjutant," said the captain.

"Ah! that's right; attention!" said Lorin; "file to the left, left — Good-day, Maurice; not so quickly —"

The drums rolled, the company dispersed to their respective places, and when each was at his post, Lorin hastened to exchange compliments with his friend. Maurice presented Lorin to Geneviève and Morand. Then an explanation commenced as to the purport of their visit.

"Yes, I understand," said Lorin; "you wish your friends to enter the keep; that is easily managed. I will go directly and station the sentinels, then I will order them to admit you and your friends."

In ten minutes afterward Geneviève and Morand entered behind the three municipals, and placed themselves behind the glazed partition.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CRIMSON CARNATION.

THE queen had just risen. Having been indisposed for two or three days, she had remained in bed longer than usual; but having heard from her sister that there had been a splendid sunrise, she made an effort to quit her couch, and that she might be enabled to breathe the pure air with her daughter, had requested permission to walk on the platform, which had been granted her without the slightest difficulty.

She had also been induced to act thus from another cause. Once, and it is true once only, from the height of the tower she had seen the dauphin playing in the garden. But at the first signal of recognition between the mother and child, Simon interfered, and compelled the boy to retire immediately.

Nevertheless, she had seen him; that was a great source of happiness to her. True, the poor little prisoner was very pale and much changed. Then he was dressed as a child of the people, in a blouse and coarse trousers. But his beautiful fair waving curls were still left him, forming around him a glory which God no doubt intended the infant martyr to retain in heaven.

If she could only see him once again, oh, what a cordial to the heart of the unhappy mother!

There was yet another motive.

"My sister," Madame Elizabeth had said to her, "you know we found in the corridor a straw standing upright

in a corner of the wall. In the language of our signs this desires us to be watchful, as a friend is coming near us."

"That is true," replied the queen; who, regarding her sister and child with pity, would not on their account permit herself to despair of their ultimate safety.

The duties of the service accomplished, Maurice was then highest in authority in the keep of the Temple, since chance had elected him as guard during the day, and the other municipals, Agricola and Mercevault, as guards during the night.

The municipals had left, after laying their *procès-verbal* before the Council of the Temple.

"Ah, Citizen Municipal," said the woman Tison, coming forward to salute Maurice, "you bring company, then, to see our caged pigeons? It is only I who am condemned no more to see my poor Sophie."

"They are friends of mine," said Maurice, "who have never yet seen the Widow Capet."

"Ah! well, they will see admirably behind the partition."

"Assuredly," said Morand.

"Only," said Geneviève, "we shall seem to be actuated by that cruel curiosity which induces some persons to mock the misery of unfortunate prisoners from the outside of an iron grating."

"Ah! then why not take your friends to the tower walk, since the woman Capet will take an airing there today with her sister and her daughter; for they have left her a daughter, while I who am not guilty, have been deprived of mine. Oh, these aristocrats! it will always be the case; let us do what we will, favor is always shown to them, Citizen Maurice."

"But they have taken from her her son," replied he.

"Ah! if I had a son," murmured the female jailer, "I should lament my daughter less."

Geneviève during this time had exchanged looks with Morand several times.

"*Mon ami*," said the young woman to Maurice, "the citizen is in the right. If you could by any means place me in the way of Marie Antoinette, it would be less repugnant to my feelings than gazing at her here. It seems to me that this manner of viewing people is at once humiliating both to them and to us."

"Kind Geneviève," said Maurice, "you possess true delicacy of mind."

"Egad! Citizen," said one of Maurice's colleagues who was at that moment breakfasting in the antechamber on bread and sausages, "if you were the prisoner, and Capet's wife felt curiosity to see you, she would not be so very particular about the indulgence of her fancy, — the jade!"

Geneviève, with a movement quicker than lightning, threw a rapid glance toward Morand, to note the effect of these words upon him. In effect, Morand quivered, a strange phosphorescent light gleamed from under his eyelids, and his hands were clinched for an instant; but all this was so momentary that it passed unperceived.

"What is the name of this municipal?" asked she of Maurice.

"It is the Citizen Mercevault," replied the young man; and then added, as if to apologize for his coarseness, "a stone-cutter."

Mercevault heard it, and cast a sidelong glance at Maurice.

"Come! come!" said the woman Tison; "finish your sausage and your half-bottle, that I may clear the table."

"It is not the fault of the Austrian if I finish them now," grumbled the municipal; "for if she could have murdered me on the 10th of August she would have done so; thus the day when she 'sneezes in the sack' I shall be in the first rank, firm at my post."

Morand turned as pale as death.

"Come! Citizen Maurice," said Geneviève, "let us go where you promised to take us; here it seems as if I were a prisoner. I feel suffocated."

Maurice conducted Geneviève and Morand out, when the sentinels, previously instructed by Lorin, allowed them to pass without any difficulty. They installed themselves in a little passage on the upper story, so that the moment when the queen, Madame Royale, or Madame Elizabeth ascended to the gallery, these august personages could not do otherwise than pass before them.

As the promenade was fixed for ten o'clock, and they had only a few minutes to wait, Maurice not only did not quit his friends, but further, in order that the slightest suspicion might not be excited by this rather illegal proceeding, having met Agricola, he took that municipal with him.

It struck ten.

"Open!" cried a voice from the base of the tower, which Maurice knew to be that of General Santerre.

Immediately the guard assumed arms and closed the iron gratings; the sentinels also presented arms. There was then heard in all the court a confused noise of iron, stones, and footsteps, which vividly impressed both Morand and Geneviève, for Maurice observed them both turn pale.

"All these precautions to guard three poor women," murmured Geneviève.

"Yes," said Morand, endeavoring to smile; "if those who tempt them to escape were now here, and in our place saw what we see, it would disgust them with their trade."

"In fact," continued Geneviève, "I begin to think they will never escape."

"I hope they never will," said Maurice, inclining over the staircase as he spoke.

"Attention," cried he; "here are the prisoners."

"Name them to me," said Geneviève, "for I do not know any of them."

"The first two who are ascending are the sister and daughter of Capet. The last one, preceded by a little dog, is Marie Antoinette."

Geneviève made a step forward. Morand, on the contrary, instead of looking at them, pressed himself close against the wall, his lips more livid and earthy than the stones of the keep.

Geneviève, with her white robe and bright pure eyes, appeared like an angel awaiting the prisoners to cheer them on their dark and dreary road, and to administer in passing a ray of comfort to their desolate and blighted hearts.

Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale pursued their way, having only thrown a glance of astonishment at the strangers. No doubt the former imagined they were those whom the signals announced, for turning round quickly to Madame Royale, she pressed her hand, and while so doing, dropped her handkerchief, as if to inform the queen.

"Pay attention, my sister," said she; "I have dropped my handkerchief."

And she passed on with the young princess.

The queen, with panting breath accompanied with a

short dry cough indicating ill-health, stooped to pick up the handkerchief which had fallen at her feet, when her little dog, more agile than its mistress, seized it, and ran forward with it to Madame Elizabeth. The queen continued her ascent slowly, and after some steps found herself in her turn before Geneviève, Morand, and the young municipal.

"Flowers!" cried she; "oh, how long it is since I have seen any flowers! How deliciously they smell! You are happy to possess these flowers, Madame."

Quick as the idea formed in her mind, prompted by these melancholy words, Geneviève extended her hand to offer her bouquet to the queen.

Then Marie Antoinette raised her head, looked at her, and an almost imperceptible blush passed over her colorless face.

But by a natural movement, from an habitual passive obedience to regulation, Maurice put out his hand to arrest the arm of Geneviève.

The queen then remained hesitating, when, looking at Maurice, she recognized him as the young municipal who had always spoken to her with so much firmness, but at the same time tempered with equal respect.

"Is this forbidden, sir?" said she.

"No, no, Madame. Geneviève, you can offer your bouquet," said Maurice.

"Oh, thanks, thanks, sir," said the queen, with grateful acknowledgments; and bowing with gracious affability to Geneviève, the queen extended her emaciated hand, and selected at random a single carnation from the mass of flowers.

"Take them all, Madame, take them all," timidly said Geneviève.

"No," said the queen, with a fascinating smile; "this

bouquet may come perhaps from one you love. I will not deprive you of it."

Geneviève blushed, and at this blush the queen smiled.

"Move on! Citizen Capet," said Agricola, "you must continue your route."

The queen bowed, and ascended the steps, but before she disappeared, turned around and murmured, —

"How sweet these carnations smell! and what a beautiful young lady!"

"She has not seen me," murmured Morand, who, almost kneeling in the shade of the corridor, had quite escaped the notice of the queen.

"But you had a good view of her, had you not, Morand? Had not you, Geneviève?" said Maurice, doubly happy, first from the sight he had procured his friends, and also that he had afforded ever so slight a gratification to the unhappy prisoner.

"Oh, yes, yes!" said Geneviève; "I saw her very well, and were I to live for a thousand years, I should never forget her."

"And what do you think of her?"

"She is charming."

"And you, Morand."

Morand clasped his hands, but made no reply.

"Tell me," said Maurice, laughing, in a whisper to Geneviève, "is it the queen of whom Morand is enamoured?"

Geneviève started, but recovering herself instantly, replied smilingly, —

"It really looks like it."

"You have not yet told me what you think of her, Morand," persisted Maurice.

"I thought her very pale," replied he.

Maurice retook the arm of Geneviève, to descend toward the court. In the dark staircase it seemed to him that Geneviève kissed his hand.

"Ha! what does that mean, Geneviève?"

"It means, Maurice, that I shall never forget that to gratify a whim of mine you have risked your life."

"Oh!" said Maurice, "what exaggeration, Geneviève! Between you and me, you well know that gratitude is not the sentiment I wish to inspire you with."

Geneviève pressed his arm softly.

Morand followed with faltering steps.

When they reached the court, Lorin came and identified the two visitors, showing them to the gate.

Before leaving the Temple, Geneviève made Maurice promise to dine the next day in the old Rue Saint Jacques.

CHAPTER XXII.

SIMON THE CENSOR.

When Maurice returned to his post, in a state of transcendent happiness, he found Tison's wife weeping.

"What have they done to you now, mother?" asked Maurice.

"All this makes me furious," replied the female jailer.

"Why?"

"Because there is nothing but injustice for poor people in this world."

"But how?"

"You are rich, you are a bourgeois, you come here only for a day, and they permit pretty women to visit you here, who present bouquets to the Austrian; while I who nestle everlastingly in this dove-cot am not allowed to see my poor Sophie."

Maurice took her hand, and slipped into it a bill of ten francs.

"There, good woman, take that, and do not despair. Goodness! the Austrian will not last forever."

"Ten francs," said the female jailer, "that is kind of you; but I would rather have even a curl-paper from my poor girl's hair."

As she finished these words, Simon, who was then coming up, heard them, and saw the female jailer put in her pocket the bill Maurice had given her.

We will mention what sort of a temper Simon was in.

He came from the court where he had encountered Lorin. Now, a decided antipathy existed between these two men.

This hatred was less induced by the violent scenes with which our readers are already familiar than by difference of race, an everlasting source of detestation, which, however mysterious it may at first appear, is easily explained.

Simon was hideous, Lorin handsome; Simon was vulgar, Lorin the very opposite; Simon was a Republican bully, Lorin one of those ardent patriots who had sacrificed everything to the Revolution; and then, if they had on a former occasion come to blows, Simon instinctively felt that the fist of the fop, no less effectually than that of Maurice, would have inflicted upon him a plebeian punishment.

Simon on perceiving Lorin, stopped short, and turned pale.

"It is still this battalion that mounts guard," growled he.

"Well," said a gendarme who overheard this apostrophe, "it is as good as another, it seems to me."

Simon drew a pencil from his pocket, and pretended to note down something on a piece of paper almost as black as his hands.

"Ah!" said Lorin, "you know how to write then, Simon, since you are tutor to young Capet? Look, citizens, upon my honor he takes notes; he is Simon the Censor."

A universal shout of laughter proceeded from the ranks of the young National Guards, almost all men of education, at the ridiculous title bestowed upon the wretched cobbler.

"Very well, very well," said he, grinding his teeth,

and turning white with rage; "they say you have permitted strangers to enter the keep, and that without the consent of the Commune. Very well, I am going to draw out the *procès-verbal* by the municipal."

"He at least knows how to write," said Lorin; "it is Maurice, Maurice with the Iron Hand; don't you know him?"

At this moment Morand and Geneviève went out.

On seeing this, Simon rushed into the keep, at the very moment, as we have said, when Maurice, by way of consoling her, presented the woman Tison with the bill of ten francs.

Maurice paid no attention to the presence of this miserable wretch, whom by a natural instinct he always avoided if he by any chance encountered him, regarding him in the light of a disgusting and venomous reptile.

"Ah, well!" said Simon to Tison's wife, who was wiping her eyes with her apron; "so you wish to bring yourself to the guillotine, Citizen?"

"I!" said the woman, "what put such a thought into your head?"

"Why, because you receive money from the municipal for allowing aristocrats entrance to the Austrian."

"I!" said the woman Tison; "be silent, you are mad!"

"This shall be entered in the *procès-verbal*," said Simon, emphatically.

"Come, now, they are friends of the Municipal Maurice, one of the best patriots that ever existed."

"Conspirators, I tell you. Besides, the Commune shall be informed; it will judge for itself."

"What! you mean to lodge information about me then, spy of the police!"

"Exactly so, if you do not lodge information yourself."

"Information about what? About what do you wish me to lodge information?"

"About what has happened."

"But nothing has happened."

"Where were these aristocrats?"

"There, upon the staircase."

"When Capet's wife ascended the stairs?"

"Yes."

"And they spoke to her?"

"They exchanged two words."

"Two words! Besides, there is a perfume of the aristocrat here."

"It is the scent of carnations."

"Carnations! what carnations?"

"Why, the citizen had a bunch of them, which perfumed the whole place."

"What citizen?"

"The one who saw the queen pass."

"Oh, the thing is clear; you say *the queen!* Ma'am Tison; this consorting with aristocrats will be your ruin! Ah, what is this I am treading upon?" continued Simon, stooping down.

"Ah!" said the woman Tison, "it is a flower, a carnation; it must have fallen from the hand of the Citizeness Dixmer, when Marie Antoinette took one from her bouquet."

"The woman Capet took a flower from the Citizen Dixmer's bouquet?" said Simon.

"Yes; and it was I who gave her the bouquet," said Maurice, in a loud and menacing tone, who had been for some moments listening to this colloquy, and whose patience was nearly exhausted.

"It is all very well, it is all very well; one sees what one sees, and one knows what one says," growled Simon,

who still held in his hand the carnation crushed by his huge foot.

"And I also know one thing," replied Maurice, "which I am now going to tell you; it is that you have nothing whatever to do in this keep, and that your honorable post of hangman is down there with the little Capet, whom I would, for your own sake, recommend you not to chastise to-day, as I am here to defend him."

"Do you threaten me? Do you call me hangman?" cried Simon, crushing the flower in his hand. "Ah! we shall see if it is permitted these aristocrats — why, what is this?"

"What?" asked Maurice.

"That I feel in this carnation? Ah! ah!"

The eyes of Maurice were transfixed with astonishment as Simon drew from the calyx of the flower a small paper, rolled with the most exquisite care, which had been artistically introduced into the centre of the clustering leaves.

"My God!" said Maurice, "what can this mean?"

"We shall know, we shall very soon know," said Simon, approaching the window. "Ah! you and your friend Lorin told me I did not know how to read. Well! you shall see."

Lorin had calumniated Simon; he could read all kinds of print, and manuscript also when sufficiently large. But the writing in the little billet was so minute that Simon was obliged to have recourse to his spectacles. He consequently placed it on the window, while he proceeded to take an inventory of the contents of his pockets; but while thus engaged, the Citizen Agricola opened the door of the antechamber exactly facing the little window, thereby causing a current of air which blew away the little paper, light as a feather from a bird's wing, so that

when Simon, after a moment's exploration, had discovered his spectacles, placed them on his nose, and turned himself round, his labor was lost, — the paper had disappeared.

"There was a paper here," roared Simon, crimson with rage and disappointment, — "there was a paper here. Look to yourself, Citizen Municipal, for it must and shall be found."

And he descended precipitately, leaving Maurice in a state of stupefaction.

Ten minutes afterward three members of the Commune entered the keep. The queen was still upon the platform, and strict orders had been issued that she should be kept in total ignorance of all that had just occurred. The members of the Commune desired to be conducted to her presence.

The first object which met their view was the crimson carnation, which she still held in her hand. They regarded her with surprise, and approaching her, —

"Give us this flower," said the president of the deputation. The queen, who had not expected this intrusion, started and hesitated.

"Surrender your flower, Madame," said Maurice, in a sort of alarm, "I entreat you."

The queen tendered them the carnation. The president took it and retired, followed by his colleagues, into a neighboring apartment to make an examination, and draw up the *procès-verbal*.

They opened the flower — it was empty.

Maurice breathed afresh.

"Wait a moment," said one of the members, "the heart of the carnation has been removed. The calyx is empty, it is true, but in this calyx most unquestionably a letter has been concealed."

"I am quite ready and willing," said Maurice, "to furnish all necessary explanation; but first of all, I request to be arrested."

"We shall make a minute of your proposal, but shall not act upon it," said the president. "You are known as a stanch patriot, Citizen Lindey."

"And I will answer with my life for the friends I had the imprudence to bring with me."

"Answer for no one," replied the procurator.

A tremendous hubbub was now heard in the court. It was Simon, who having long and vainly sought for the little billet wafted away by the wind, went to Santerre and informed him that an attempt had been made to carry off the queen, with all the accessories which the powers of his excited imagination could lend to such an event. Santerre was in great haste; he investigated the Temple, and changed the guard, to the great disgust of Lorin, who stoutly protested against this offence offered to his battalion.

"Ah! vile cobbler," said he to Simon, menacing him with his sabre, "I have you to thank for this pleasantry; but only wait a little, and I will pay you back in your own coin."

"I think rather that the entire nation will pay you," said the shoemaker, rubbing his hands.

"Citizen Maurice," said Santerre, "hold yourself at the disposal of the Commune, who will examine you."

"I await your orders, Commandant; but I have already said that I desire to be arrested, and I repeat my request."

"Wait, wait," murmured Simon, with a malicious smile; "since you are so bent upon it, we shall try to settle that little matter for you," and he went to find the woman Tison.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ARTHÉMISE.

THEY searched during the whole day in the court, in the garden and its environs, for the little billet which had caused all this tumult, and which they no longer doubted contained the whole plot.

They interrogated the queen, after having separated her from her daughter and sister, but elicited nothing more from her than that she had, on the staircase, encountered a young woman carrying a bouquet, and had drawn a single flower from the centre.

Moreover, she would not have plucked this flower had she not first obtained the consent of the Municipal Maurice.

She had nothing more to tell. This was the truth in all its force and simplicity.

This was all reported to Maurice when his turn came to be questioned, and he declared that the deposition of the queen was quite correct.

"But," said the president, "there was then a plot."

"Impossible," said Maurice; "I was dining at Madame Dixmer's, and proposed that she should see the prisoners, hearing her remark she had never done so; but neither the day nor the manner of so doing was arranged."

"But the flowers were purchased," said the president; "the bouquet had been made beforehand."

"Not at all; I myself purchased these flowers from a flower-girl, who offered them to us at the corner of the Rue des Vieilles-Audriettes."

"But at least this flower-girl presented the bouquet to you?"

"No, Citizen; I selected it myself from ten or twelve others. Certainly, I purchased the most beautiful."

"But was there a possibility of secreting this billet on your road to the tower?"

"Impossible, Citizen. I never left Madame Dixmer's side for a moment, and to perform the operation named on each flower, — for remark that every flower, according to Simon's account, must have contained a like billet, — would at least occupy half a day or more."

"But, in short, could not two prepared billets have been placed in the flowers?"

"The prisoner in my presence took one at random, after having declined the rest."

"Then, in your opinion, Citizen Lindey, there was not a plot at all?"

"Oh, there must have been a plot!" replied Maurice, "and I am the first not only to believe but to affirm it; my friends, however, were not concerned in it. Nevertheless, as the nation must necessarily be alarmed, I offer security by surrendering myself prisoner."

"Not at all," said Santerre; "should we act thus with tried friends like you? If you surrender yourself prisoner to answer for your friends, I surrender myself prisoner to answer for you. The thing is simple. There is no positive accusation. No one will know what has passed. Let us henceforth act with redoubled vigilance, — you especially, — and we shall succeed in probing this matter to the bottom, and at the same time avoid publicity."

"Thanks, Commandant," said Maurice; "but I shall answer as you would answer were you in my place. We must not stop here; we must discover the flower-girl."

"The flower-girl is far away, but be perfectly easy on that point; she shall be sought for. As for you, watch your friends, while I will guard the prison correspondence."

No one had thought of Simon, but he had formed his own project.

He arrived toward the conclusion of the sitting, and learned the decision of the Commune.

"Ah! then all that is needed is a formal accusation," said he, "to make sure work. Wait five minutes and I will lay one before you."

"What is it?" said the president.

"It is," said Simon, "the courageous Citizeness Tison who accuses of secret practices that partisan of the aristocracy, Maurice, and denounces the intrigues of another equally false patriot, one of his friends named Lorin."

"Take care, take care, Simon; your zeal for the nation perhaps misleads you. Maurice and Lorin are tried patriots."

"That will be seen at the tribunal," replied Simon.

"Consider well, Simon; this will be a disgraceful proceeding in the sight of all true patriots."

"Disgraceful or not, what is that to me? Do I dread disgrace? We shall at least learn the whole truth about traitors."

"Then you persist in lodging an accusation in the name of the woman Tison?"

"I will accuse them myself this very night to the Cordeliers, and you too, Citizen President, if you do not at once command the arrest of that traitor Maurice.

"Well, so be it," said the president, who, after the manner of those wretched times, trembled before those who clamored the loudest; "he shall be arrested."

While this decision was forming against him, Maurice had returned to the Temple, where the following billet awaited him, —

Our guard being violently broken up, I shall not be able, in all probability, to see you before to-morrow morning. Come then and breakfast with me ; during that meal you shall give me a true and particular account of the plots and conspiracies discovered by Simon.

A pink the culprit was, —
So honest Simon does depose ;
But I shall information seek
This morning from a lovely rose.

And to-morrow, in my turn, I shall lay before you all Arthémise's answers to my questions.

Yours faithfully,

LORIN.

Maurice replied, —

There is nothing new ; so sleep in peace to-night, and breakfast without me to-morrow, as, on reviewing the incidents of the day, I find I shall not, in all probability, be able to leave till noon.

I should like to be a zephyr to waft a kiss to the rose of which you speak.

I give you leave to whistle at my prose as much as I do at your verse.

Yours faithfully,

MAURICE.

P. S. For the rest, I believe the conspiracy was only a false alarm, after all.

Lorin had indeed left at one o'clock with the whole of his battalion, thanks to the brutal conduct of the shoemaker ; he however consoled himself with a quatrain, and went to visit Arthémise.

Arthémise was delighted to see Lorin. The weather, as we have said, was magnificient; she therefore proposed a walk along the quay, to which Lorin of course assented. They had walked some distance, discoursing on politics, Lorin recounting his expulsion from the Temple and vainly endeavoring to divine the cause, when, on reaching the vicinity of Rue des Barres, they perceived a flower girl, who, like themselves, was walking up the right bank of the Seine.

"Ah, Citizen Lorin!" said Arthémise, "I hope you are going to present me with a bouquet?"

"Two, if you wish it," said Lorin; and they both redoubled their speed to overtake the flower-girl, who walked at a rapid pace.

On arriving at the Bridge Marie, the young girl stopped, and leaning over the parapet, emptied the contents of her basket into the river.

The flowers separated, whirled round for an instant in the air, while the bouquets, dragged down by their weight, fell more quickly, till at last both flowers and bouquets floated upon the surface, following the course of the water.

"Stop!" said Arthémise, regarding the flower-girl thus strangely occupied; it is said — but yes — but no — but if — ah! this is strange."

The flower-girl placed her finger on her lips, as if to entreat Arthémise to be silent, and disappeared.

"Who is this, then?" said Lorin; "do you know this mortal, goddess?"

"No; I fancied at first—but certainly I am deceived."

"She, however, made a sign to you," persisted Lorin.

"But why is she a flower-girl this morning?" said Arthémise to herself.

"You acknowledge, then, that you know her, Arthémise?" asked Lorin.

"Yes," replied Arthémise; "she is a flower-girl I sometimes deal with."

"At all events," said Lorin, "she has a strange method of disposing of her merchandise."

And both, after having looked for the last time at the flowers, which had already reached the wooden bridge and received a fresh impetus from the arm of the river passing under its arches, continued their route toward the Rapée, where they anticipated dining *tête-à-tête*.

This incident was forgotten for the moment; but as it was at least singular, and of rather a mysterious character, it vividly impressed Lorin's poetic imagination.

In the mean time, the accusation brought by Tison's wife against Maurice and Lorin caused a great tumult at the club of the Jacobins; and Maurice was informed at the Temple by the Commune that his safety was endangered by the public indignation. This was a recommendation to the young municipal to conceal himself if he were guilty; but with conscious rectitude Maurice remained at the Temple, where he was found at his post when they came to arrest him, and at the same time to interrogate him.

Remaining firm in his resolution not to endanger the safety of his friends, in whom he felt the most implicit confidence, Maurice was not the man to sacrifice himself by a ridiculous silence worthy of a hero of romance, and therefore demanded that the flower-girl should be arrested.

It was five o'clock in the evening when Lorin returned home, and heard, at the same moment, of the arrest of Maurice, and also of the demand made by him.

The flower-girl of the Bridge Marie instantly recurred to him like a sudden revelation. This singular individual casting her flowers into the Seine; the coincidence of place; the half admission of Arthémise,—all these facts combined convinced him that this was the solution of the mystery demanded by Maurice.

He bounded from his chamber, flew rather than ran down four flights of stairs, and precipitated himself into the presence of the Goddess Reason, who was engaged in embroidering golden stars on a robe of blue gauze. It was her robe of divinity.

"A truce to the stars, sweetheart," said Lorin; "they have arrested Maurice this morning, and, in all human probability, this evening I shall share the same fate."

"Maurice arrested!"

"By Heaven, he is! In these times nothing is more common than the occurrence of such troubles; but they excite little attention because they come in troops, that is all. Almost all important matters originate in trifles. Never neglect trifles. Who was that flower-girl we met this morning, sweetheart?"

Arthémise started.

"What flower-girl?"

"The one who so recklessly cast her flowers into the Seine."

"Ah, my goodness!" said Arthémise; "is this circumstance, then, so serious that you return to question me so urgently about it?"

"So serious, sweetheart, that I entreat you to answer my question without loss of time."

"Dear Lorin, I cannot do so."

"Goddess, with you nothing is impossible."

"I am in honor bound to keep silence."

"And I am bound in honor to make you speak."

"But why do you insist upon it thus?"

"Why? Zounds! that Maurice may not have his throat cut!"

"Merciful Heavens! Maurice guillotined!" cried the young woman, much alarmed.

"Without speaking of myself; for to tell you the truth my head feels by no means secure upon my shoulders."

"Ah! No, no!" said Arthémise, "to speak would be the poor girl's utter ruin."

At this moment Lorin's official rushed into the apartment.

"Ah! Citizen," cried he, "save yourself! save yourself!"

"And why?" demanded Lorin.

"Because the gendarmes have arrived; and while they were forcing an entrance, I gained the next house by the roof, and hastened to prevent your return."

Arthémise uttered a heart-rending cry, for she truly loved Lorin.

"Arthémise," said Lorin, "do you really place the life of a flower-girl in comparison with that of Maurice and that of your lover? If so, I declare to you that I no longer regard you as the Goddess Reason, but shall proclaim you the Goddess Folly."

"Poor Héloïse!" exclaimed the ex-dancer of the Opera; "if I betray you, it is not my fault."

"Well done, my darling!" said Lorin, presenting a paper to Arthémise, "you have already favored me with her Christian name, oblige me now with her surname and address."

"Oh, write it! never, never!" cried Arthémise; "I would rather tell you."

"Tell me, then, and rest assured I shall not forget."

And Arthémise, in an agitated voice, gave the name and address of the pretended flower-girl to Lorin.

"She is called Héloïse Tison, and lives, Rue des Nonandières, No. 24."

At this name, Lorin uttered an exclamation, and fled. He had not reached the corner of the street when a letter was delivered to Arthémise. It only contained three lines, —

Not a word concerning me, dear friend ; the revelation of my name would infallibly ruin me. Wait till to-morrow. I quit Paris to-night.

Thine,

HÉLOÏSE.

"Oh, my God!" cried the future goddess, "if I could only have divined this I should have waited till to-morrow," and she rushed to the window to recall Lorin, if there was yet time ; but he had disappeared.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

We have already said that in a few hours the news of this event had circulated through Paris. In short, there were at this epoch various indiscretions easy to comprehend on the part of a government of which the political schemes were made and unmade in the street.

The rumor gradually gained ground, till it at length reached the old Rue Saint Jacques, and two hours after the arrest of Maurice they heard of his detention.

Thanks to the activity of Simon, the details of the plot were quickly reported beyond the Temple; but as every one embellished the original according to his fancy, the truth was somewhat altered by the time it reached the master-tanner's. One said a poisoned flower had been conveyed to the queen, by means of which the Austrian would stupefy her guards, and thus be enabled to escape from the Temple; it was also said that certain suspicions were entertained of the fidelity of the battalion dismissed by Santerre on the preceding evening, — so that already several victims were consigned to the hatred of the people.

But the inhabitants of the old Rue Saint Jacques were not, of course, deceived as to the real nature of the event; and Morand on one side, and Dixmer on the other, went out immediately, leaving Geneviève a victim to the most violent despair.

If this misfortune had befallen Maurice, it was she who had been the sole cause of it. It was her hand that had conducted the young man blindfold to the entrance of the dungeon which now enclosed him, and which, in all human probability, he would quit only for the scaffold.

But under any circumstances Maurice should not lose his head on account of his devotion to her wishes. If Maurice were condemned, she would accuse herself before the tribunal, and would confess all. She would take all the responsibility upon herself, and at the expense of her life would save Maurice. And Geneviève, instead of feeling any fear of death, experienced, on the contrary, a melancholy happiness at the idea of dying for Maurice.

She loved the young man, she loved him more than was right in a woman who belonged not to herself; and to die would be for her the means of giving back to God her soul, pure and unspotted as she had received it from him.

On quitting the house, Dixmer and Morand separated, the former took the road to the Rue de la Corderie, the latter hastened to the Rue des Nonandières. Arriving at the end of the Bridge Marie, Morand perceived that crowd of idlers and common people which in Paris during or after the occurrence of anything remarkable collects at the place, as crows assemble on the field of battle.

At this sight Morand stopped short, a universal tremor shook his frame, and he leaned for support against the parapet.

At length, after a few seconds, he regained the almost miraculous power which under trying circumstances he exercised over his feelings, and mingling with the various groups, commenced his inquiries, and learned that a short time before they had taken from the Rue des Nonandières,

No. 24, a young woman, most certainly guilty of the crime of which she stood then accused, as they surprised her in the act of making these packets. Morand inquired before what club the poor girl would be interrogated, and found they had conducted her to the section Mère, where he immediately followed her.

The club was thronged, but by making free use of his elbows and fists, he succeeded in forcing an entrance. The first sight he encountered was the tall and noble figure of Maurice, standing haughtily in the place of the accused, and annihilating Simon by his looks.

"Yes, Citizens," cried Simon, who was concluding his accusation; "the Citizen Tison accuses the Citizen Lindey and the Citizen Lorin. The Citizen Lindey mentions a flower-girl, upon whom he endeavors to cast all the blame; but, as I told you before, the flower-girl will not be found, and that it is a vile plot formed by a body of aristocrats who toss back the ball from one to the other, like cowards as they are. You have seen, besides, that the Citizen Lorin had decamped when his presence was required; and he will return no more than the flower-girl."

"Then you have lied, Simon," cried a furious voice; "he will return, for he is here."

And Lorin strode into the hall.

"Room for me!" said he, pushing aside the spectators. "Room for me!" And he placed himself near Maurice.

The entrance of Lorin, so natural, and without affectation, yet combining all the freedom and strength inherent in the character of the young man, produced an immense effect upon the Tribunes, who instantly greeted him with cries of applause.

Maurice contented himself by smiling and holding out his hand to his friend, — the friend concerning whom he

had said to himself, "I shall not long stand alone at the bench of the accused."

The spectators gazed with visible interest on these two handsome young men whom the foul shoemaker of the Temple, like a demon envious of their youth and beauty, had accused.

He soon perceived the unfavorable impression he had made, and determined to strike the last blow.

"Citizens!" roared he; "I demand that the generous Citizen Tison should be heard; let her speak, and bring forward her accusation."

"Citizens," said Lorin, "I demand that the flower-girl who has just been arrested, and who no doubt will be brought before you, may be first heard."

"No, no," said Simon; "it is just some false evidence, — some partisan of the aristocrats. Besides, the woman Tison is most impatient to forward the means of justice."

Meanwhile Lorin took the opportunity to whisper to Maurice.

"Yes," cried the Tribunes; "the deposition of the woman Tison; let her testify!"

"Is the woman Tison in the hall?" demanded the president.

"Without doubt she is here," cried Simon. "Citizen Tison, answer for yourself."

"I am here, President; but if I depose, will they give me back my daughter?" said the female jailer.

"Your daughter has nothing at all to do with the affair with which we are at present engaged," said the president. "Make your deposition first, and then appeal to the Commune to restore your child."

"Do you hear?" said Simon; "the citizen president commands you to make your deposition. Do so at once!"

"A moment," said the president, turning toward Maurice, astonished at the calmness of a man generally so impetuous. "One moment. Citizen Municipal, have you nothing to say first?"

"No, Citizen President, — except that before Simon attached the words 'traitor and coward' to a man like myself, it would have been better to have waited till he was more correctly informed."

"You say that? you say that?" replied Simon, with the sneering accent peculiar to the plebeian Parisian.

"I say, Simon," replied Maurice, with more of sorrow than anger, "that you will be most cruelly punished immediately, when you see what is about to happen."

"What is about to happen, I should like to know?" demanded Simon.

"Citizen President," said Maurice, without deigning to notice the question of his hideous accuser, "I unite with my friend Lorin in demanding that the young girl who has just been arrested may be heard before this poor woman is compelled to speak, who, no doubt, has been prompted to this deposition."

"Listen, Citizeness!" said Simon; "listen! They say down there that you are a false witness?"

"I a false witness!" cried the woman Tison. "You shall see; you shall see! Wait!"

"Citizen," said Maurice, "in pity desire this woman to remain silent."

"Ah! you are afraid," said Simon, — "you are afraid! Citizen President, I require the deposition of the woman Tison."

"Yes! yes! the deposition!" cried the Tribunes.

"Silence!" cried the president; "the Commune returns."

At this moment the sound of a carriage was heard outside, amid the noise of shouts and arms.

Simon turned uneasily toward the door.

"Quit the box," said the president to him; "you have nothing more to tell." Simon descended.

At this moment some gendarmes entered, with a crowd of curious idlers, which was soon driven back, and a woman was pushed toward the judgment-hall.

"Is it she?" whispered Lorin to Maurice.

"It is," replied Maurice. "Miserable woman, she is lost!"

"The flower-girl! the flower-girl!" murmured the Tribunes, whose curiosity was raised to the highest pitch. "Is this the flower-girl?"

"I demand, before everything else," roared Simon, "the deposition of the woman Tison. You commanded her to testify, President, and she has not yet done so."

The woman was recalled, and entered upon a dreadful and circumstantial deposition. The flower-girl, it was true, was alone criminal; but Maurice and Lorin were her accomplices.

This denunciation produced an incredible effect upon the public mind; and now, indeed, Simon was in the ascendant.

"Gendarmes," said the president, "bring forward the flower-girl."

"Oh, this is frightful!" said Maurice, concealing his face in his hands.

The flower-girl was called, and placed before the Tribune, exactly opposite to Tison's wife, whose testimony had convicted her of a capital crime.

She raised her veil.

"Héloïse!" cried the woman Tison; "my child. You here!"

"Yes, mother," replied the young woman, gently.

"And why do you enter between two gendarmes?"

"Because I am accused, mother."

"You! Accused, and by whom?" cried the woman, in anguish.

"By you, mother."

A frightful silence, like the precursor of death, fell suddenly upon the noisy assemblage, while the painful feeling excited by this horrible scene oppressed every heart.

"Her daughter," was whispered, as if by voices in the distance, — "her daughter! Unhappy woman!"

Maurice and Lorin regarded both the accuser and the accused with sentiments of deep commiseration, mingled with respectful pity for their unhappy fate.

Simon, anxious to witness the conclusion of this tragedy, in which he hoped both Maurice and Lorin would remain actors, endeavored to withdraw from the attention of the woman Tison, who gazed wildly around.

"What is your name, Citizeness?" said the president to the young girl, himself affected at the scene.

"Héloïse Tison, Citizen."

"What is your age?"

"Nineteen years."

"Where do you reside?"

"Rue des Nonandières, No. 24."

"Did you sell the Citizen Lindey, whom you now see in the dock, a bouquet of carnations this morning?"

The young girl turned round and looked at Maurice.

"Yes, Citizen, I did," said she.

The mother herself gazed at her daughter, her eyes dilated with terror.

"Are you aware that every carnation contained a billet addressed to the widow Capet?"

"I know it," replied the accused.

A movement of horror and admiration spread itself through the hall.

"Why did you offer these carnations to the Citizen Maurice?"

"Because I perceived that he wore the scarf of a municipal, and I imagined he was going to the Temple."

"Who are your accomplices?"

"I have none."

"What! have you then concocted this plot alone?"

"If it is a plot, I alone am concerned in it."

"But did the Citizen Maurice know —"

"That the flowers contained the billets?"

"Yes."

"The Citizen Maurice is a municipal; the Citizen Maurice could converse with the queen at any hour of the day or the night. The Citizen Maurice, if he had wished to say anything to the queen, had no occasion to write; he could speak."

"And you do not know the Citizen Maurice Lindey?"

"I had sometimes seen him come to the Temple while I was there with my poor mother, but I only know him by sight."

"Do you see, miserable wretch," said Lorin, shaking his fist at Simon, who, dismayed at the turn of affairs, with his head lowered, was attempting to sneak away unperceived, — "do you see what you have done?"

Every one regarded Simon with looks of deep indignation.

The president continued.

"Since you made up these bouquets, you of course are aware that each flower contained a paper, and therefore must know also what was written upon that paper?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, then, tell us what it was?"

"Citizen," said the young girl, with firmness, "I have told all I either can, or will, tell."

"Then you refuse to answer this question?"

"Yes."

"Do you know to what you expose yourself?"

"Yes."

"You trust perhaps to your youth and beauty?"

"I trust in God."

"Citizen Maurice Lindey, Citizen Hyacinthe Lorin," said the president, "you are free. The Commune recognizes your innocence, and admires your loyal spirit. Gendarmes, conduct the Citizeness Héloïse to the prison of the section."

At these words the woman Tison seemed to awake, and uttering a piercing cry, attempted to rush forward once more to embrace her daughter, but was withheld by the guards.

"I forgive you mother," said the young girl, as they led her ayay.

The woman Tison uttered a savage roar, and fell down as if dead.

"Noble girl!" murmured Morand, filled at once with grief and admiration.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CONSPIRACY.

IMMEDIATELY following the events we have just narrated, a last scene came to fill up the complement of the drama which was unfolding its sombre turns of fortune.

The woman Tison, struck as by a thunderbolt at what had occurred, and totally abandoned by those who had escorted her, — for there is something revolting even in an involuntary crime, and it certainly amounts to a great crime when a mother condemns her own daughter to an ignominious death, were it even from excess of zealous patriotism, — the woman, we say, after remaining for some time in a state of insensibility, at length raised her head, looked wildly around, and finding herself deserted and alone, uttered a loud cry, and rushed toward the door.

At this door a few idlers more curious than the rest still remained congregated together, who dispersed when they beheld her, and pointing with their fingers, said one to another, —

"Do you see that woman? It is she who denounced her daughter."

The wretched woman uttered a cry of despair, and rushed toward the Temple. But when she was a third of the way through Rue Michel le Comte, a man placed himself in front of her, impeding her progress, and concealing his face in his mantle.

"Are you content," said he, "now you have killed your child?"

"Killed my child!" cried the poor mother, — "killed my child! no, no, it is not possible!"

"It is so, notwithstanding, for your daughter has been arrested."

"And where have they taken her?"

"To the Conciergerie; from there she will be sent to the Revolutionary Tribunal, and you know what becomes of those who are sent there."

"Stand aside," said the woman Tison, "and let me pass."

"Where are you going?"

"To the Conciergerie."

"What are you going there for?"

"To see her again."

"They will not allow you to enter."

"They will permit me to lie at the door, to live there, to sleep there. I will remain there till she comes out, and then at least I shall see her once more."

"Suppose some one promised to restore you your child?"

"What do you say?"

"I ask you, supposing a man were to promise to give you back your child, would you do what that man required of you in return?"

"Anything for my child! anything for my Héloïse!" cried the woman, wringing her hands in despair, — "Anything! anything! anything!"

"Listen," said the unknown. "It is God who now punishes you."

"And for what?"

"For the tortures you have inflicted so mercilessly on a poor mother as unhappy as yourself."

"Of whom do you speak? What do you mean?"

"You have often driven the unhappy prisoner to the

very verge of that despair where you are yourself at this moment, by your revelations and brutalities. God now punishes you for all this by conducting this daughter, whom you love so much to the scaffold."

"You said there was some man who could save her. Where is that man; what does he want; what does he demand?"

"This man requires that you cease to persecute the queen; that you ask her pardon for the outrages already committed against her; and that if at any time you perceive that this woman, who is also a weeping, despairing mother, by any unforeseen circumstance, or by some miracle from Heaven, is upon the point of saving herself, instead of opposing her flight, you do all in your power to aid and abet it."

"Listen, Citizen," said the woman Tison. "You are the man, — is it not so?"

"Well."

"It is you who promise to save my child?"

The unknown remained silent.

"Will you engage to do it? Will you promise; will you swear it? Answer me."

"All that a man can do to save a woman, I will do to save your daughter."

"He cannot save her!" cried the woman, uttering piercing cries, — "he cannot save her! When he promised me he lied."

"Do what you can for the queen, and I will do all in my power for your daughter."

"What care I for the queen? She is a mother who has a daughter. But if they come to cutting off heads it will not be her daughter's they will cut off, but her own. They may cut my throat so that they spare my child. They may lead me to the guillotine, so that they

do not harm a hair of her head, and I will go there singing, —

"Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Les aristocrates à la lanterne. . . . "

And she commenced singing in a frightful voice, then suddenly stopped short, and burst into a fit of frenzied laughter.

The man in the mantle himself appeared alarmed at this burst of madness, and retreated a step or two from her.

"Ah! you shall not escape me thus," said the woman Tison, in despair, and retaining her hold of his mantle; "you shall not at one moment come and say to a mother, 'Do this, and I will rescue your child,' and afterward say, 'Perhaps.' Will you save her?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"The day she is conducted from the Conciergerie to the scaffold."

"But why wait — why not to-night? this evening — this moment, even?"

"Because I cannot do so."

"Ah! you know you cannot; you well know you cannot!" cried the woman Tison; "but as for me, I can."

"What can you do?"

"I can persecute the prisoner, as you call her; I can watch the queen, as you term her, aristocrat that you are! and I can enter the prison any hour of the day or night. All this will I do. And as to her escaping, we shall see. Yes, we shall very well see — since they will not save my daughter — if that woman will escape. Head for head. Do you like that? Madame Veto has been queen; that I know. Héloïse Tison is only a poor girl; that I know. But under the guillotine we are all equal."

"Well, be it so," said the man in the mantle. "But you perform your part, and I will fulfil mine."

"Swear!"

"I swear it."

"By what do you swear?"

"Anything you choose."

"Have you a daughter?"

"No."

"Well, then," said the woman, in a disappointed tone, "by what then will you swear?"

"Listen. I swear by God."

"Bah!" exclaimed the woman Tison, "you know very well they have demolished the old one, and have not yet decided on the new."

"I swear by the tomb of my father."

"Swear not by a tomb, for that is prophetic of evil. Oh, my God! my God! When I think that perhaps in three days I may swear by the tomb of my child also! My daughter! My poor Héloïse!" cried the woman Tison, frantically, till at the sound of her voice, raised to a shrill scream, several windows were opened.

At sight of the opened windows, another man, who seemed to detach himself from the wall, advanced toward the first.

"Nothing can be done with this woman," said the first; "she is mad."

"No; she is a mother," replied the other, and dragged his companion away.

When she saw them leaving her, the woman Tison seemed to come back to herself.

"Where are you going?" cried she. "Are you going to rescue Héloïse? Wait for me then; I will go with you. Wait for me; do wait for me!"

And the poor wretch followed them, screaming, till at

the corner of the nearest street, she lost sight of them altogether; and not knowing which way to turn, she remained for an instant undecided, looking on every side, when seeing in the silence and darkness of the night only a double symbol of death, she uttered a cry of horror and fell on the pavement without sense or motion.

The clock struck ten.

During this time, and while the same hour was resounding from the Temple clock, the queen as usual sat in her chamber, between her daughter and her sister, near a smoky lamp. She was concealed from the sight of the municipals by Madame Royale, who, pretending to embrace her, was reading over again a small billet written on the smallest piece of paper imaginable, and in characters so minute that her eyes, already nearly blinded by her scalding tears, scarcely retained strength to decipher it.

The billet contained the following lines, —

"To-morrow, Tuesday, ask permission to walk in the garden; this will be accorded without objection, as an order has been issued to grant you this favor whenever you think proper to solicit it. After two or three turns, feign to feel fatigued, approach the cabin, and ask the Widow Plumeau to allow you to sit down. Then, in a moment, pretend to feel worse, and faint away. They will then close all the doors that they may be able to render you assistance, and you will remain with Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale. Immediately the trap-door of the cellar will open Precipitate yourself, your sister, and daughter through this aperture, and you are all three saved."

"*Mon Dieu!*" said Madame Royale, "does our evil destiny tire in the pursuit?"

"If this billet should prove only a trap," said Madame Elizabeth.

"No, no," said the queen; "these characters have always indicated to me the presence of a mysterious but equally brave and faithful friend."

"Is it the Chevalier?" demanded Madame Royale.

"He himself," replied the queen.

Madame Elizabeth clasped her hands.

"Let us each read the billet again very softly," replied the queen, "so that if one of us forget any particular, another will remember."

They all three re-read the letter, and had just finished so doing, when they heard the door of their chamber turn slowly on its hinges. The two princesses turned round; the queen alone remained stationary, except that by an almost imperceptible movement she raised her hand to her hair and hid the billet in her head-dress. It was a municipal who opened the door.

"What is your business, Monsieur?" demanded Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale, at the same moment.

"Hum!" said the municipal, "it appears to me that you retire very late to-night?"

"Is there, then," said the queen, with her usual dignity, "a new decree from the Commune, stating the hour at which I am to go to bed?"

"No, Citizen," said the municipal; "but if necessary they will make one."

"In the mean time, Monsieur," said Marie Antoinette, "respect, I do not say the chamber of a queen, but that of a woman."

"Truly," growled the municipal, "these aristocrats always speak as if they were something—"

But in the mean time, subdued by that dignity, haughty in her prosperity, but which three years of suffering had calmed down, he withdrew.

An instant afterward the lamp was extinguished, and the three females retired in darkness, as usual.

The next morning at nine o'clock, the queen, having re-read the letter before she arose, in order that she might not misconstrue any of the instructions contained there, tore it into almost invisible fragments. She then hastily finished her toilet, awoke her sister, and entered the chamber of the princess.

A minute afterward she came out, and called the municipals on guard.

"What do you want, Citizeness?" said one of them, appearing at the door, while the other did not even discontinue his breakfast to answer the royal appeal.

"Sir," said Marie Antoinette, "I have just left my daughter's chamber, and find her very ill. Her limbs are pained and swollen for want of exercise; and you know, sir, it is I who have doomed her to this life of inaction. I received permission to walk in the garden, but in descending I had necessarily to pass before the door of the room occupied by my husband in his lifetime. When I made the attempt my heart failed me, and I had not courage to do so, and have since limited my walks to the platform. Now, however, I find this exercise insufficient for my poor child. I therefore entreat you, Citizen Municipal, to request of General Santerre, in my name, the renewal of this privilege."

The queen had pronounced these words in a manner at once so mild, yet dignified; had so strenuously avoided all allusions to anything that could wound the feelings of the Republican, — that he who had entered her presence with his head covered, as for the most part was the custom of these men, gradually raised his red cap, and when she had finished, said, bowing respectfully, —

"Rest assured, Madame, your request shall be laid before the citizen general."

Then on retiring, as if to convince himself he had yielded to justice rather than weakness. "It is just," said he, "after all; it is only right."

"What is just?" demanded the other municipal.

"That this woman should be permitted to walk in the garden with her child, who is an invalid."

"Bah!" said the other, "when she asks to be allowed to walk from the Temple to the Place de la Revolution, that will be permitted her fast enough."

The queen heard these words, and grew pale, but still drew from them fresh courage for the great attempt she meditated.

The municipal finished his breakfast, and descended. The queen requested permission to take hers in her daughter's room, which was granted.

Madame Royale, to confirm the statement concerning her ill-health, did not quit her bed; the queen and Madame Elizabeth remained near her.

At eleven o'clock Santerre arrived. His coming was, as usual, announced by the drums beating the march, and by the entrance of a fresh battalion and other municipals, who came in their turn to relieve those on guard.

When Santerre had fully reviewed the battalion leaving, and the one about to take its place, and had paraded his large heavy-limbed horse round the court of the Temple, he stood still for a moment. This was for the purpose of receiving any claims, denunciations, or requests.

The municipal, availing himself of this halt, approached him.

"Well, what do you want?" said Santerre, bruskly.

"Citizen," said the municipal, "I come to entreat on the part of the queen—"

"Who is the queen?" interrupted Santerre.

"I see;" said the municipal, astonished at his own mistake. "What have I said—I must be mad: I come to speak on the part of Madame Veto—"

"All in good time," said Santerre. "Now I understand you, what have you to say to me?"

"The young Veto is ill, it appears, from want of proper air and exercise."

"Well, is it necessary again to bring this before the public? The nation granted her permission to walk in the garden, and she refused it. Good-morning."

"That is exactly it. She regrets this now, and requests you will permit her to do so."

"There is no difficulty about that. You all hear," said Santerre, "that Capet's wife will come down to walk in the garden. Now," addressing the whole battalion, "take care she does not abuse this favor granted her by the nation, by making her escape over the wall; for if that happens I will cut off every one of your heads." A roar of laughter followed this pleasantry of the citizen general. "Now that is settled," said Santerre, "adieu. I am going to the Commune. It appears that they have reunited Roland and Barbaroux, and the question under debate is to deliver them a passport to another world."

It was this intelligence that had put the citizen general in such good humor.

He then galloped away.

The battalion who were removing the guard followed him; then the municipals also gave place to those who had received Santerre's instructions respecting the queen.

One of the municipals went up to Marie Antoinette

"Rest assured, Madame, your request shall be laid before the citizen general."

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The battalion who were removing the guard followed him; then the municipals also gave place to those who had received Santerre's instructions respecting the queen.

One of the municipals went up to Marie Antoinette

and informed her that the general had granted her request.

"Oh!" thought she, looking through the window toward heaven, "does thy wrath abate, Lord? and does thy terrible right hand grow weary of pressing so heavily upon us?"

"Thanks, Monsieur," said she to the municipal, with that fascinating smile which had proved the ruin of Barnave, and turned the heads of so many of his fellow-men, — "thanks!"

Then turning round to her little dog, who leaped after her, walking on his hind-legs, for he well understood from the looks of his mistress that something unusual was about to take place, —

"Come, Jet," said she, "we are going for a walk."

The little animal began to yelp and jump, and after looking at the municipal attentively, comprehending, no doubt, that from this man originated the intelligence which had made his mistress so happy, ran toward him, and wagging his long and silky tail, ventured even to caress him.

This man, who perhaps might be insensible to the prayers of a queen, could not resist the caresses of a little dog.

"If only on account of this little beast, you should go out more frequently, Citizeness Capet. Humanity commands us to take care of every creature."

"At what hour shall we go out, sir?" asked the queen. "Do you not think the sun would do us good?"

"You may go out when you please," said the municipal; "there has been no restriction on the subject. If you like to go out at mid-day, as that is the time they change the sentinels, there will be less bustle in the court."

"Then let it be at mid-day," said the queen, pressing her hand to her side to still the beating of her heart.

And she looked at this man, who appeared to her less stern than his associates, and who, perhaps, for kindly yielding to the wishes of the prisoner might fall a sacrifice to the conspiracy which they meditated.

But at the moment when compassion was stealing over the heart of the woman, the soul of the queen was aroused. She thought of the 10th of August and of the corpses of her faithful friends strewed upon the floors of the palace; she recalled to memory the 2d of September, and the head of the Princess Lamballe carried on a pike before her windows; she remembered the 21st of January when her husband died upon the scaffold, the noise of drums drowning his feeble voice; finally, she thought of her son, poor child! whose cries of distress had more than once reached her ears when she had no power to render him help, — and her heart became hardened.

"Alas!" cried she, "misfortune is like the blood of the ancient Hydras, — it teems with crops of future evils!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE LITTLE DOG JET.

The municipal left to call his colleagues and to read the *procès-verbal* left by the former municipals.

The queen remained alone with her sister and child. They all three looked at one another. Then Madame Royale threw her arms round the queen, and warmly embraced her. Madame Elizabeth approached her sister, and held out her hand.

"Let us offer up our prayers to God," said the queen, "but in such a manner that no one can hear us."

There are fatal epochs when prayer, that natural hymn of praise which God has implanted in every human heart, becomes suspicious in the eyes of men, since prayer is an act of praise and acknowledgment for mercies received. But in the ideas of her keepers hope and gratitude afforded subject for inquietude; since the queen could hope only for flight, and could thank God only for affording her the means of effecting it.

This mental prayer concluded, all three remained without uttering a word.

Eleven o'clock struck, then twelve. At the moment when the last stroke resounded from the bronze bell, the noise of arms was heard on the spiral staircase ascending to the queen.

"They are relieving sentinels," said she; "they come for us."

She saw her sister and daughter turn very pale.

"Courage!" said she, trembling herself with emotion.

"It is noon," cried a voice from below. "Bring down the prisoners."

"We are here, gentlemen," replied the queen, who, with a sentiment almost of regret, took a parting glance at the black walls and the rude appurtenances which had been more or less the companions of her captivity.

The first wicket opened, they gained the corridor, which, being dark, enabled the three captives to conceal their emotions. Before them frolicked little Jet; but when they arrived at the second, — that is to say the door from which Marie Antoinette endeavored to turn her eyes, — the faithful little animal first placed his nose to the ground, then laid his head upon his paws, and gave utterance to a succession of plaintive cries which terminated in a prolonged howl.

The queen passed on quickly, not having strength sufficient to recall her dog, and supported herself against the wall.

After advancing a few steps, her limbs refused their office, and she felt herself compelled to stop. Her sister and daughter approached her, and for a few moments the three females remained motionless, forming a melancholy group, the mother resting her face upon the head of her daughter, when little Jet rejoined them.

"Well!" cried the voice, "is she coming down or not?"

"We are coming," said the municipal, who had remained standing, respecting the queen's grief, so great in its simplicity.

"Come," said the queen, and again continued to descend.

When the prisoners had reached the bottom of the winding stair opposite the last door, under which the

sun shed his rays of bright gold, the rolling of the drum was heard summoning the guard; then a profound silence, the effect of curiosity, ensued, and the massive door opened, revolving slowly upon its creaking hinges.

A woman was seated on the ground, or rather on the corner of the stone contiguous to this door. It was the woman Tison, whom the queen had not seen for four and twenty hours, and whose absence at supper the preceding evening and at their morning's meal had excited her surprise.

The queen already saw the light, the trees, the garden, and beyond the barrier which enclosed the garden her eyes eagerly sought the little hut of the canteen, where her friends doubtless awaited her; when, at the sound of footsteps, the woman Tison removed her hands, and the queen beheld a pale and care-worn face beneath a mass of gray dishevelled locks.

The change wrought in these few hours was so great that the queen stood overwhelmed with astonishment.

Then, with the deliberation peculiar to those deficient in reason, the woman Tison knelt down before the door, impeding the passage of Marie Antoinette.

"What do you want, my good woman?" demanded the queen.

"He said it was necessary that you should pardon me."

"Who said so?" demanded the queen.

"The man in the mantle," replied the woman Tison.

The queen looked at Madame Elizabeth and her daughter, surprised at this appeal.

"Go along, go!" said the municipal; "let the Widow Capet pass; she has permission to walk in the garden."

"I know it," said the old woman; "that is why I

came to wait for her here, since they will not allow me to go up; and as I had to ask her forgiveness, I was obliged to wait for her coming out, to see her."

"But why then are you not permitted to go up?" demanded the queen.

The woman began to laugh.

"Because they pretend that I am mad," said she.

The queen looked at her and saw indeed that the wild eyes of the unhappy being reflected a strange light, — that vague light denoting aberration of intellect.

"Good Heaven!" said she. "Poor woman! what has happened to you?"

"Happened! Do you not know?" said the woman; "but if— You know very well, since it was on your account she was condemned."

"Who?"

"Héloïse."

"Your daughter?"

"Yes, she, my poor child!"

"Condemned! by whom; how; why?"

"Because she sold a bouquet."

"What bouquet?"

"A bouquet of carnations. She is not a flower-girl, though," continued the old woman, as if endeavoring to collect her thoughts; "then how could she sell the bouquet?"

The queen shuddered; an invisible link connected this scene with her present situation. She understood that the time must not be lost in useless conversation.

"My good woman," said she, "allow me to pass, I entreat you; you can tell me all this by-and-by."

"No, now; you must pardon me, and I must assist you to escape, that he may save my daughter."

The queen turned as pale as death.

"My God!" murmured she, raising her eyes to heaven, then turning toward the municipal, —

"Sir," said she, "have the kindness to remove this woman; you see that she is mad."

"Come, come, mother," said the municipal; "decamp!"

But the woman clung to the wall, still reiterating, —

"She must pardon me, that he may save my daughter."

"But who is he?"

"The man in the mantle."

"Sister," said Madame Elizabeth, "try to console her."

"Oh, willingly," said the queen; "I believe, indeed, that will be the shortest way;" then turning toward the mad woman, —

"What do you desire, good woman?" said she.

"I wish you to pardon me all the suffering I have caused you by my unjust behavior; all the accusations I have made against you; and trust that when you see the man in the mantle, you will command him to save my daughter; for he will do all that you desire."

"I do not know whom you mean by the man in the mantle," said the queen; "but if all that is necessary to your peace of mind is to obtain my pardon for the offences you imagine you have committed against me, I freely forgive you, my poor woman, from the depths of my heart, and trust only that any one I may have offended will as sincerely pardon me."

"Oh!" cried the woman Tison, with an indescribable accent of joy, "he will save my child, since you have forgiven me. Your hand, Madame! your hand —"

The queen astonished, and at a loss to comprehend the meaning, presented her hand to the woman, who seized it, and ardently pressed it to her lips.

At this moment the hoarse voice of a hawker was heard in the Rue de Temple.

"Here," cried he, "is the judgment and decree condemning Héloïse Tison to the penalty of death for the crime of conspiracy!"

Scarcely had these words reached the ears of the woman Tison, than rising from her knees, with an air of dogged resolution, she extended her arms to impede the passage of the queen.

"O God!" cried the queen, who had not lost one word of the hawker's terrible cry.

"Condemned to death!" cried the mother; "my child condemned! — my Héloïse lost! He has not then saved her, and now he cannot save her! Too late! too late!"

"Poor woman," said the queen, "believe me, I feel for you."

"You!" said she, looking at her fiercely with her blood-shot eyes. "You pity me? Never! never!"

"You are mistaken. I pity you from my heart; but do pray allow me to pass."

The woman burst into a hoarse laugh.

"Let you pass? No, no! I would have assisted you to escape, because he promised if I did so and asked your forgiveness he would rescue my daughter; but since she is condemned to death you shall not escape."

"Gentlemen!" cried the queen, "help! Do you not see that this woman is mad?"

"No, I am not mad; I know well what I am saying!" cried the woman. "It is the truth, — there was a conspiracy, and Simon discovered all. It was my poor daughter who sold the bouquet. She confessed it before the Revolutionary Tribunal — A bouquet of carnations — They had papers concealed in them."

"Madame," exclaimed the queen, "in the name of Heaven!"

The voice of the crier was again heard, repeating, —

"This is the judgment and decree condemning the girl Héloïse Tison to the punishment of death for the crime of conspiracy!"

"Do you hear it?" screamed the lunatic, around whom the National Guards had now gathered; "do you hear? Condemned to death; it is you who have killed my daughter — you, Austrian, you!"

"Gentlemen," said the queen, "for pity's sake, if you will not release me from this poor mad creature, allow me at least to return to my apartments. I cannot support the reproaches of this woman; unjust though they are, they crush my heart," and she turned away, sighing deeply.

"Yes, yes; weep, hypocrite!" cried the maddened wretch; "your bouquet cost her dear — She might have known it. Thus it is with all those who serve you. You bring misery, Austrian, everywhere! Your friends are dead, — your husband and your defenders have all perished, — and now they will sacrifice my unhappy child! When will your turn come, that no more may die for you?" And the miserable creature accompanied these last words with threatening gestures.

"Unhappy woman!" observed Madame Elizabeth, venturing to speak, "do you forget that she whom you address is the queen?"

"The queen!" repeated the maniac, whose madness every moment increased, "if she is the queen, let her defend my poor girl from the hangmen who seek her life — Let her show mercy to my poor Héloïse! — Kings show mercy — Render me back my child, and

I will acknowledge you as queen. Till then, you are only a woman, and a woman who brings misery upon all, and kills all — "

"Oh, have pity, Madame!" cried Marie Antoinette; "you see my tears and distress," and she again made an attempt to pass, no longer from any hope of escape, but to free herself from this cruel attack.

"You shall not pass!" roared the old woman. "You want to escape, Madame Veto — I know it all, the man in the mantle told me; you want to go and rejoin the Prussians. But you shall not escape," continued she, clasping the robe of the queen; "I will prevent you. *À la lanterne*, Madame Veto! To arms, citizens! let us march — "

And with her arms wrestling, her grizzled locks dishevelled and hanging over her haggard countenance, her eyes blood-shot, the unfortunate creature fell to the ground, in her fall tearing the robe she still held in her hand.

The queen, terrified, but freed at last from the maniac, was flying to the side of the garden, when all at once a terrible cry resounded, mingled with loud barking, and accompanied with a strange uproar, arousing the National Guards from their stupor, who, attracted by the uproar, immediately surrounded Marie Antoinette.

"To arms! to arms! Treason!" shouted a man, whom from his voice the queen recognized as the shoemaker Simon.

Near this man, who, sword in hand, guarded the threshold of the cabin, little Jet was barking furiously.

"To arms! every one to his post!" cried Simon; "we are betrayed. Compel the Austrian to turn back. To arms! to arms!"

An officer ran up, when Simon spoke to him, pointing

with enraged gestures to the interior of the hut. The officer in his turn then cried "To arms!"

"Jet! Jet!" called the queen, advancing some steps.

But the dog only continued to bark more furiously.

The National Guard ran to arms, and rushed toward the hut, while the municipals took possession of the queen, her daughter, and sister, and compelled them to re-enter the wicket, which they closed behind them.

"Prepare your arms!" cried the municipals to the sentinels. And the sound of firearms being made ready for action was heard.

"It is there! it is there!" cried Simon, "under the trap. I saw it move, I am certain of it. Besides, the Austrian's dog, a good little animal who was not in the plot, barked at the conspirators, who are no doubt still in the cellar. Hold! he barks again."

Indeed, Jet, instigated by Simon's cries and shouts, began to bark again more strenuously than before.

The officer seized the ring of the trap, but seeing he was unable to raise it, two of the gendarmes went to his assistance, but without the slightest success.

"You perceive they hold the trap-door from below. Fire through the trap-door, my friends, fire!" said Simon.

"Oh!" cried Madame Plumeau, "you will break my bottles."

"Fire!" repeated Simon, "fire!"

"Be silent, brawler!" said the officer, "bring some hatchets, and open the planks. Now let a platoon make ready, and fire into the trap-door the instant an opening is made." The groaning of planks and a sudden jerk informed the National Guards that some movement was taking place in the interior. Directly afterward they heard a motion under ground, like an iron portcullis being closed.

"Courage!" cried the officer to the sappers, who worked indefatigably.

The hatchets severed the planks. Twenty guns were lowered in the direction of the opening, which enlarged every moment.

But through the aperture no one could be seen.

The officer lighted a torch and threw it into the cave. It was empty.

They then raised the trap-door, which now offered no resistance. "Follow me!" said the officer, bravely leaping down the steps.

"Forward! forward!" cried the National Guards, following the example of their officer.

"Ah! Madame Plumeau," said Simon, "you lend your cellar to aristocrats!"

The wall was broken down; the humid soil had been trampled by numerous feet; and a conduit of three feet wide and five feet high, like the branch of a trench, plunged in the direction of Rue de la Corderie. The officer ventured into this opening, resolved to follow these aristocrats into the bowels of the earth; but when he had advanced three or four steps he found all farther progress impeded by an iron grating.

"Halt!" cried he, to those who were closely pressing behind him; "we can proceed no farther until this portcullis is removed."

"Well," said the municipal, who having placed the prisoners in security anxiously awaited the news, — "well, what have you discovered?"

"*Parbleu!*" said the officer, reappearing, "it was doubtless a conspiracy; the aristocrats wanted to carry off the queen during her walk, and she was probably in collusion with them."

"Plague take it!" cried the municipal, "send

some one for the Citizen Santerre, and inform the Commune!"

"Soldiers," said the officer, "remain in this cellar, and if any one presents himself, kill him!"

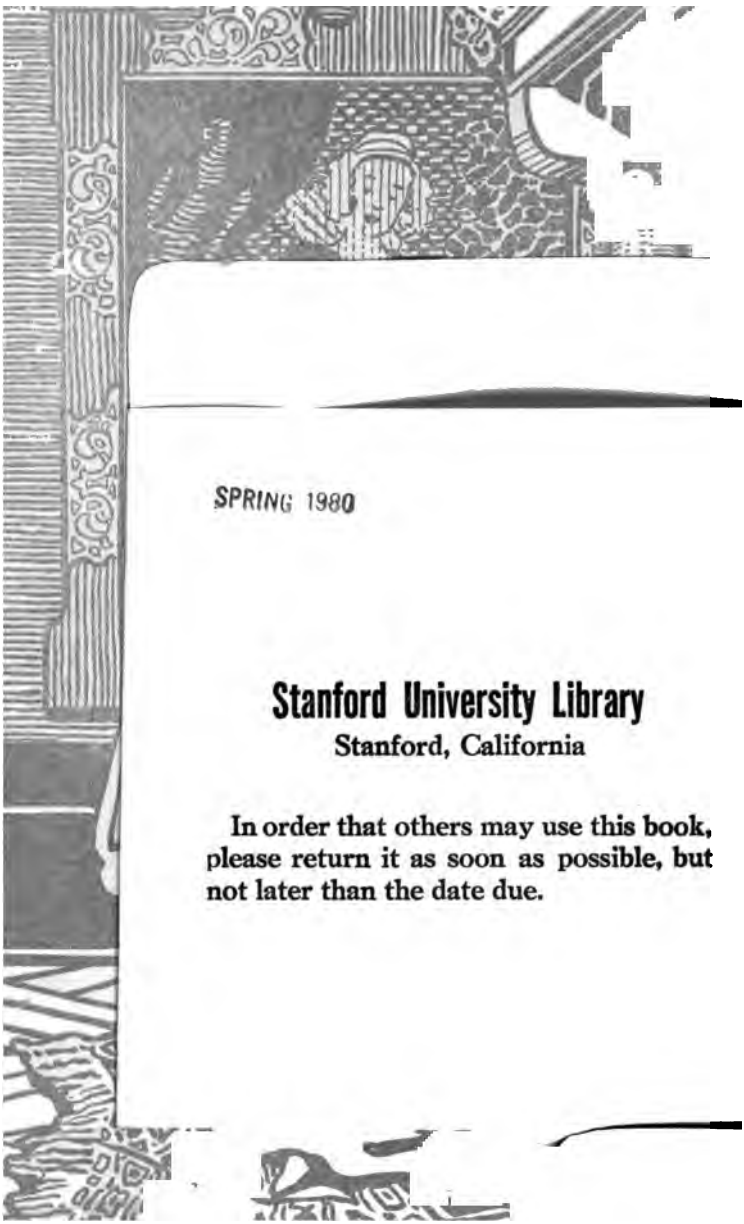
And the officer, having given this order, ascended the winding stair to make his report.

"Ah! ah!" said Simon, rubbing his hands, "ah! ah! will they still say I am a fool? Brave Jet! Jet is a famous patriot; Jet has saved the Republic. Come here, Jet, come!"

And the brute who had coaxed the poor little dog, the moment he approached him, raised his foot and kicked him to a distance of several feet.

"I like you, Jet," said he; "ah, you will cut your mistress's throat! Come here, Jet, come!"

But this time instead of obeying him, Jet ran away howling, on the road toward the keep.



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